

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

# MILITARY

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MAY  
NO. 19

## COMICS

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**KING COBRA**  
VERSUS  
**BLACKHAWK!**



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STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

# MILITARY

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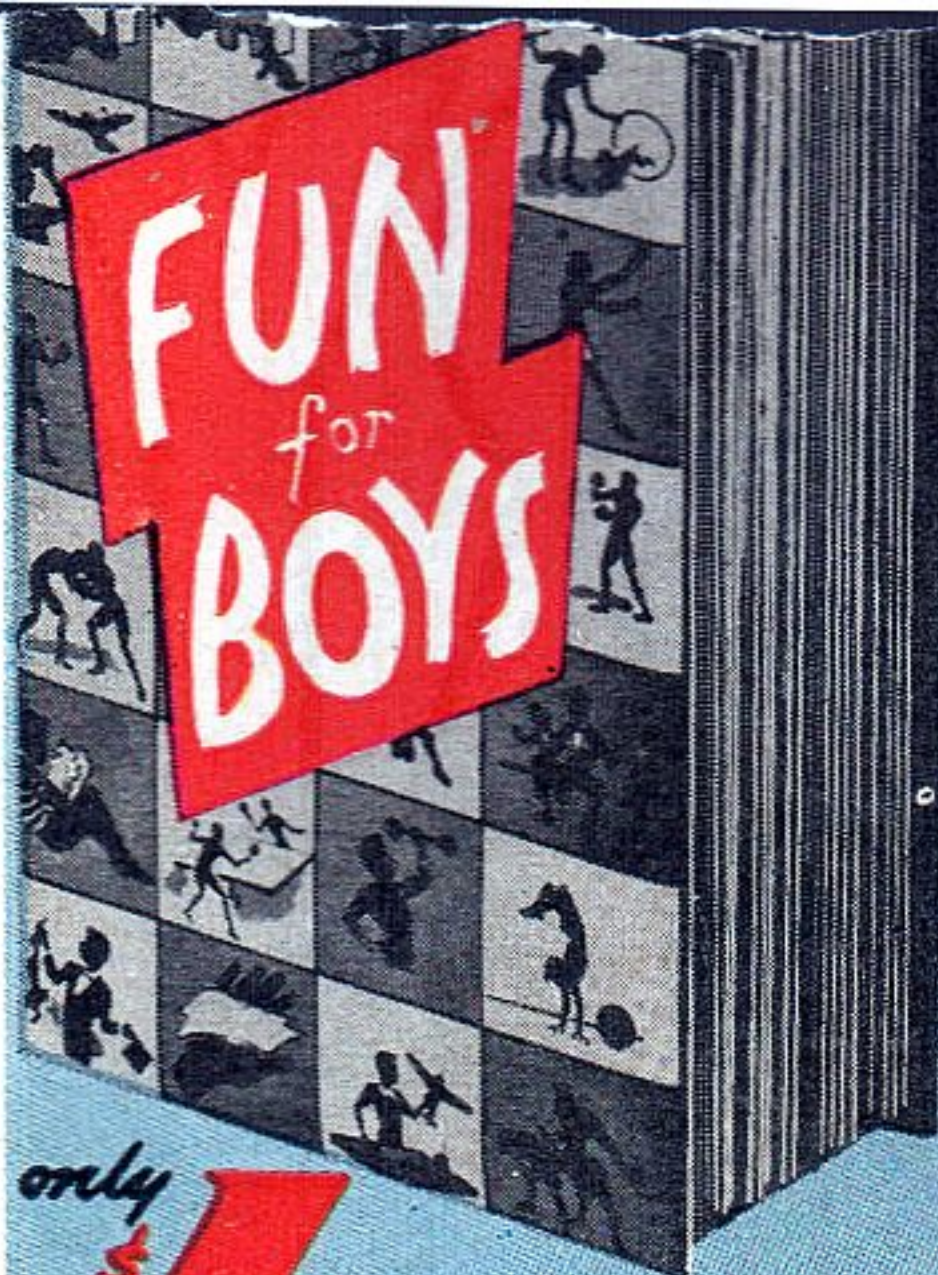
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# ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION ON LAND  
*Section 1*



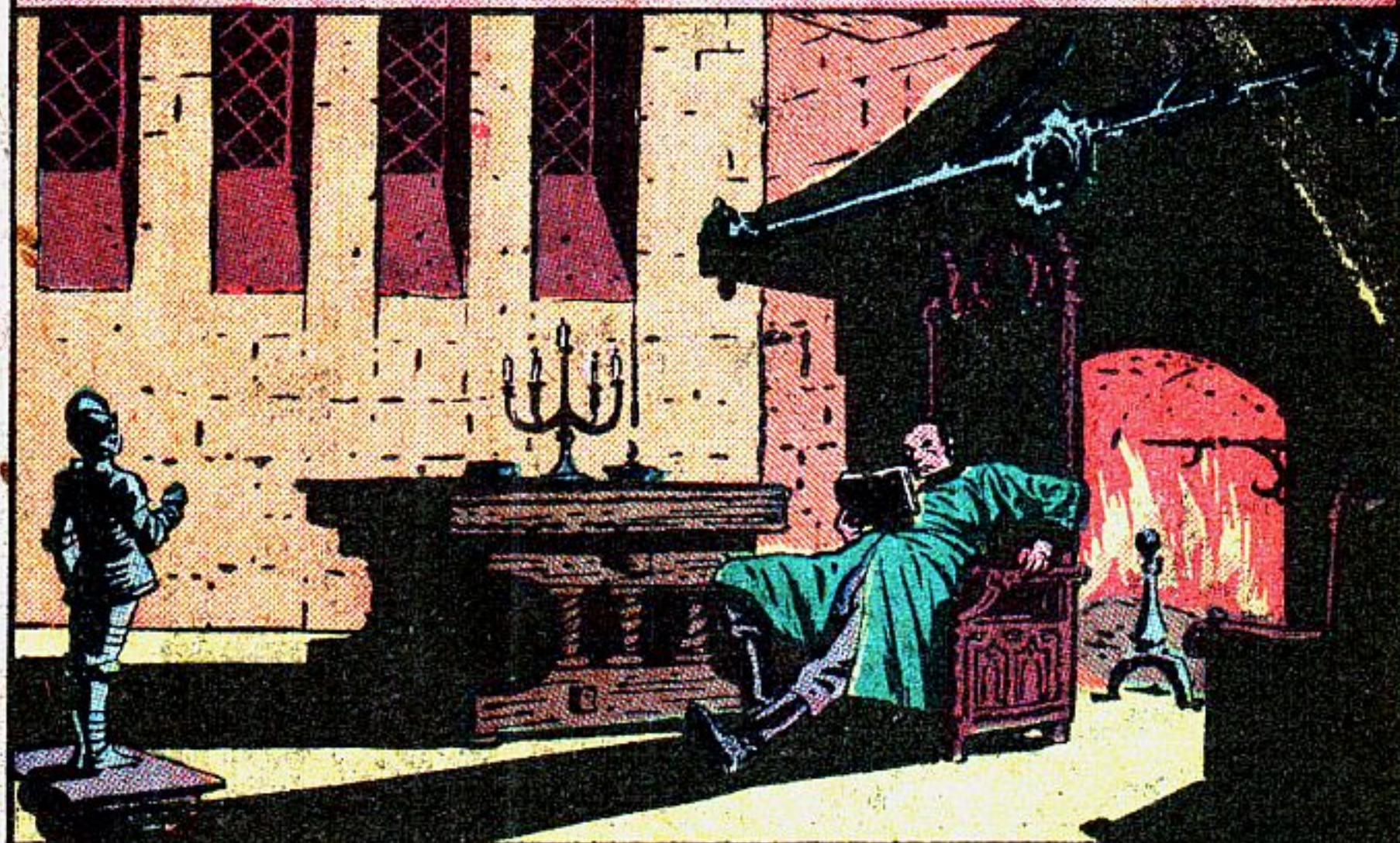
**THE FINEST FIGHTING MEN**  
IN THE WORLD!...  
They're the BLACKHAWKS,  
known and feared by the forces  
of tyranny everywhere.  
But there's another group of  
men... equally feared... equally  
deadly! They call themselves  
RATTLESNAKES! And their  
leader is the greatest flying ace  
spawned by Hitler's winged  
legions-- a throw-back to the  
fantastic barbarism of the  
middle ages...  
**King Cobra!**

What happens when Blackhawk  
and Rattlesnakes meet in head on  
collision over Europe's skies?  
Buy a ringside seat for  
the titanic sky battle between  
Blackhawk, freedom's valiant  
champion, and the black  
knight of the Swastika... the  
vicious and cruel, the  
invincible...  
**King Cobra!**



DEEP IN THE LEGENDARY BLACK FOREST OF GERMANY THERE LIES AN ANCIENT FEUDAL CASTLE, MOSS GROWN AND SINISTER, WHOSE CRUMBLING STONES SEEM TO SPEAK OF EVIL ---

HERE LIVES THE THIRTEENTH BARON OF VYBERG, LAST OF A LONG, ACCURSED AND CRUEL FAMILY OF TYRANTS WHOSE HISTORY REACHES INTO THE DARKNESS BEFORE THERE WAS A GERMANY...



HA! IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO READ ABOUT THESE ANCESTORS OF MINE! EVEN THEN, FOUR CENTURIES AGO, THEY HAD EXPLORED THE DEPTHS OF EVIL!

THE FIRST BARON OF VYBERG, FOR INSTANCE! THERE WAS A MAN! HE SET AN EXAMPLE OF WICKEDNESS FOR THE REST TO FOLLOW!



ONE DAY while he hunted pheasant on the farm lands adjoining his estate...

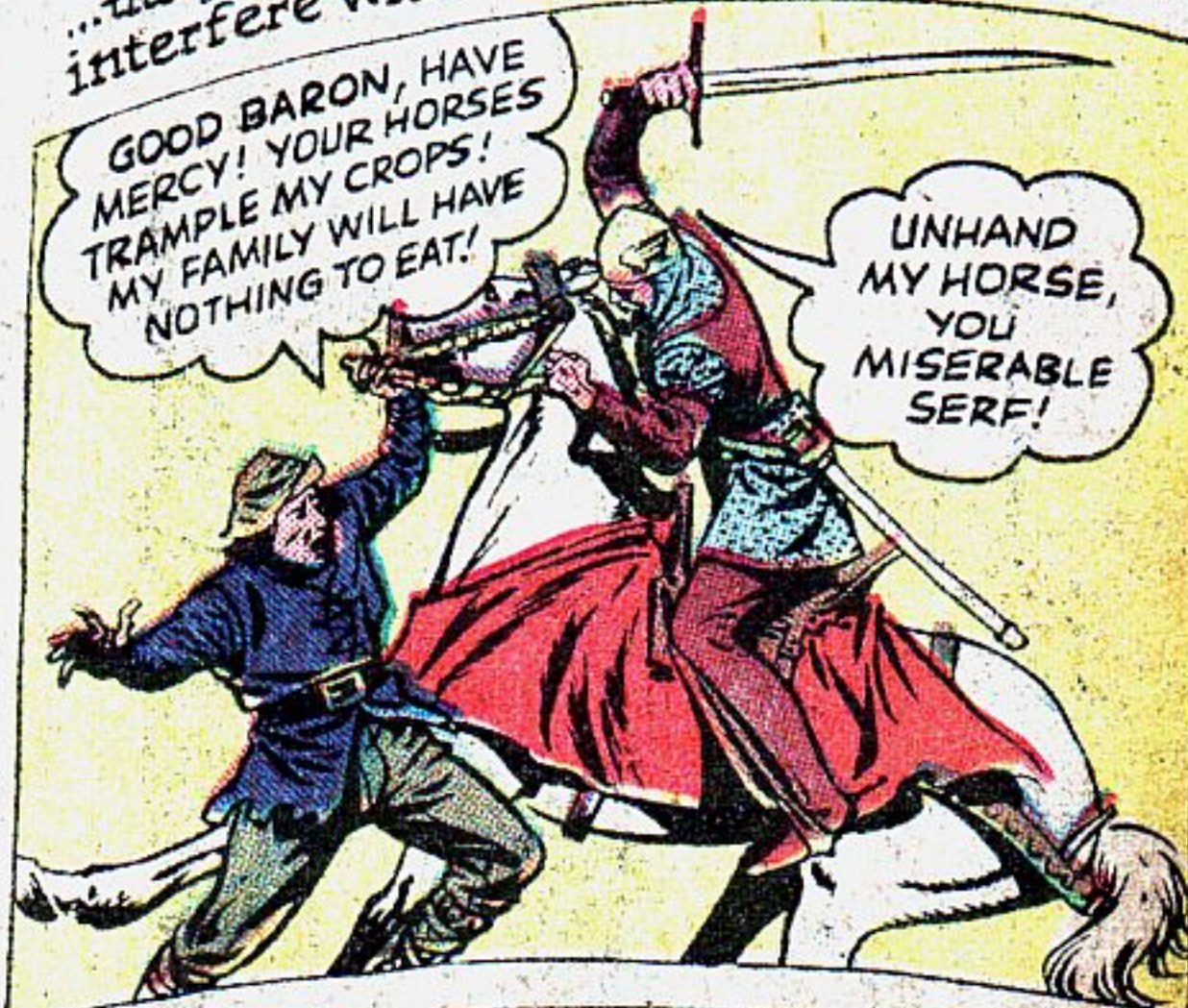
THIS WAY! CUT THEM OFF ERE THEY REACH THE WOODS!



...the poor serf who owned the farm dared interfere with the pleasure of the chase!...

GOOD BARON, HAVE MERCY! YOUR HORSES TRAMPLE MY CROPS! MY FAMILY WILL HAVE NOTHING TO EAT!

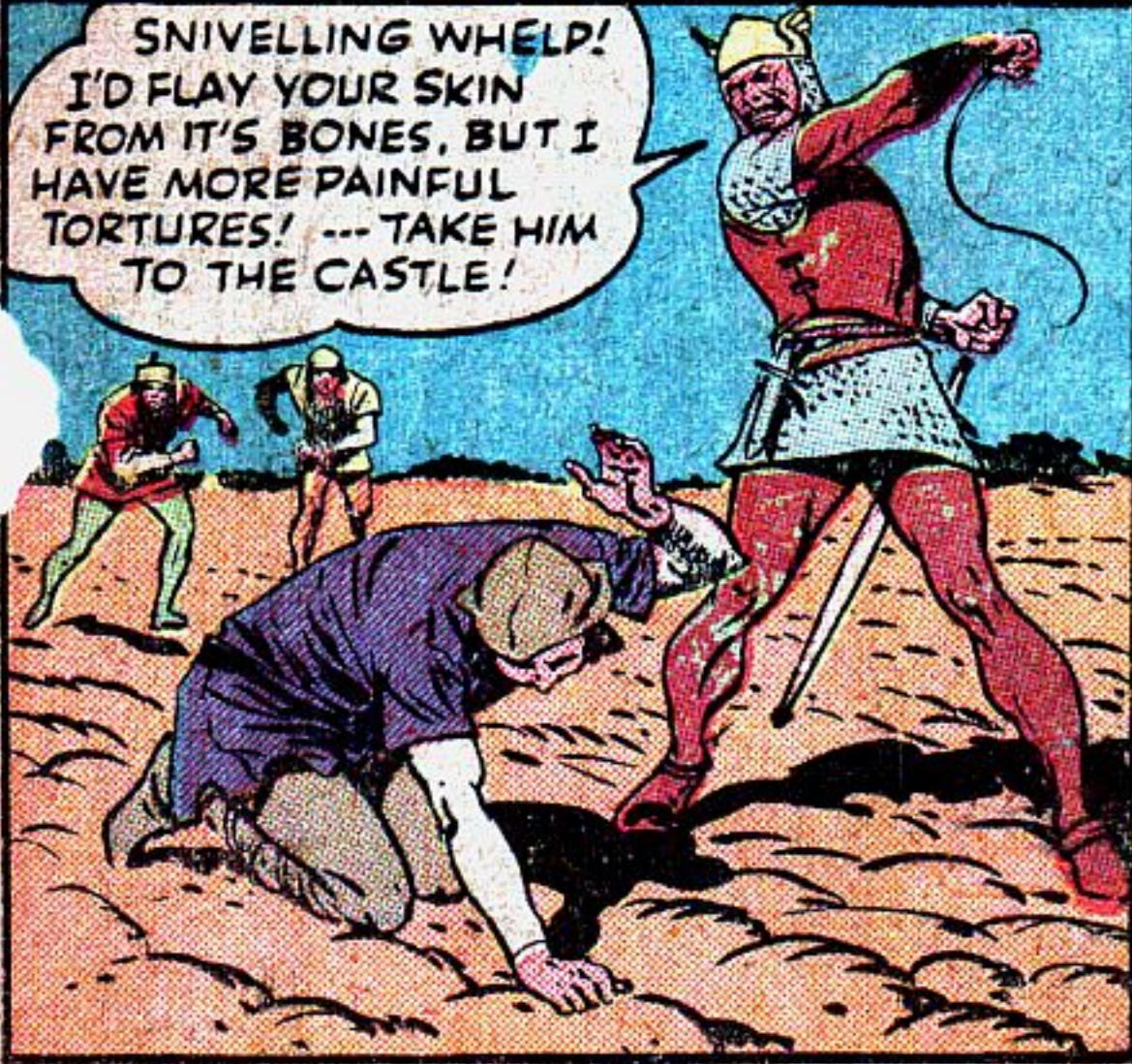
UNHAND MY HORSE, YOU MISERABLE SERF!





"... THAT FIRST BARON OWNED A PASSIONATE TEMPER, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND ...

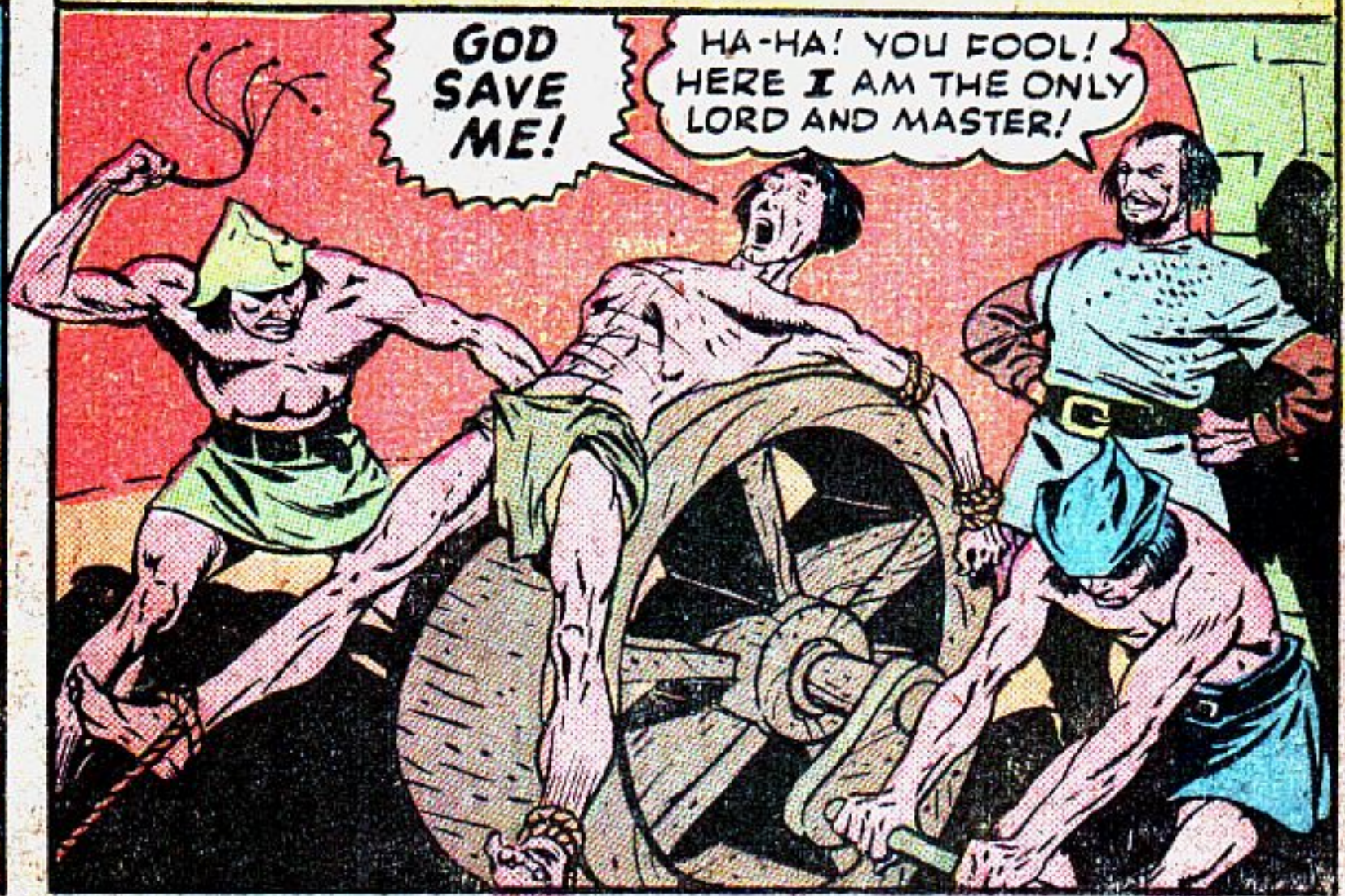
SNIVELLING WHELP!  
I'D FLAY YOUR SKIN  
FROM IT'S BONES, BUT I  
HAVE MORE PAINFUL  
TORTURES! --- TAKE HIM  
TO THE CASTLE!



"... YES, THE BARON OF VYBERG HAD A DELICATE AND EXQUISITE NATURE ... HE LOVED THE TENDER REFINEMENTS OF CRUELTY ...

GOD  
SAVE  
ME!

HA-HA! YOU FOOL!  
HERE I AM THE ONLY  
LORD AND MASTER!



"... BUT HIS RAGE WHEN  
DISAPPOINTED WAS  
TERRIBLE INDEED! ...

FORGIVE ME, BARON!  
THIS MAN IS DEAD! HIS  
HEART WAS WEAKER  
THAN I THOUGHT!

IDIOT!  
HE SHOULD HAVE  
LIVED TO SUFFER  
FOR HOURS! FOR  
THIS MISTAKE YOU  
WILL LOSE YOUR  
FEET IN THE  
IRON BOOTS!



"... BUT, LIKE ALL GREAT MEN, THE BARON HAD A FAULT ... IN HIS CASE, THE FAULT WAS HIS UNDOING!

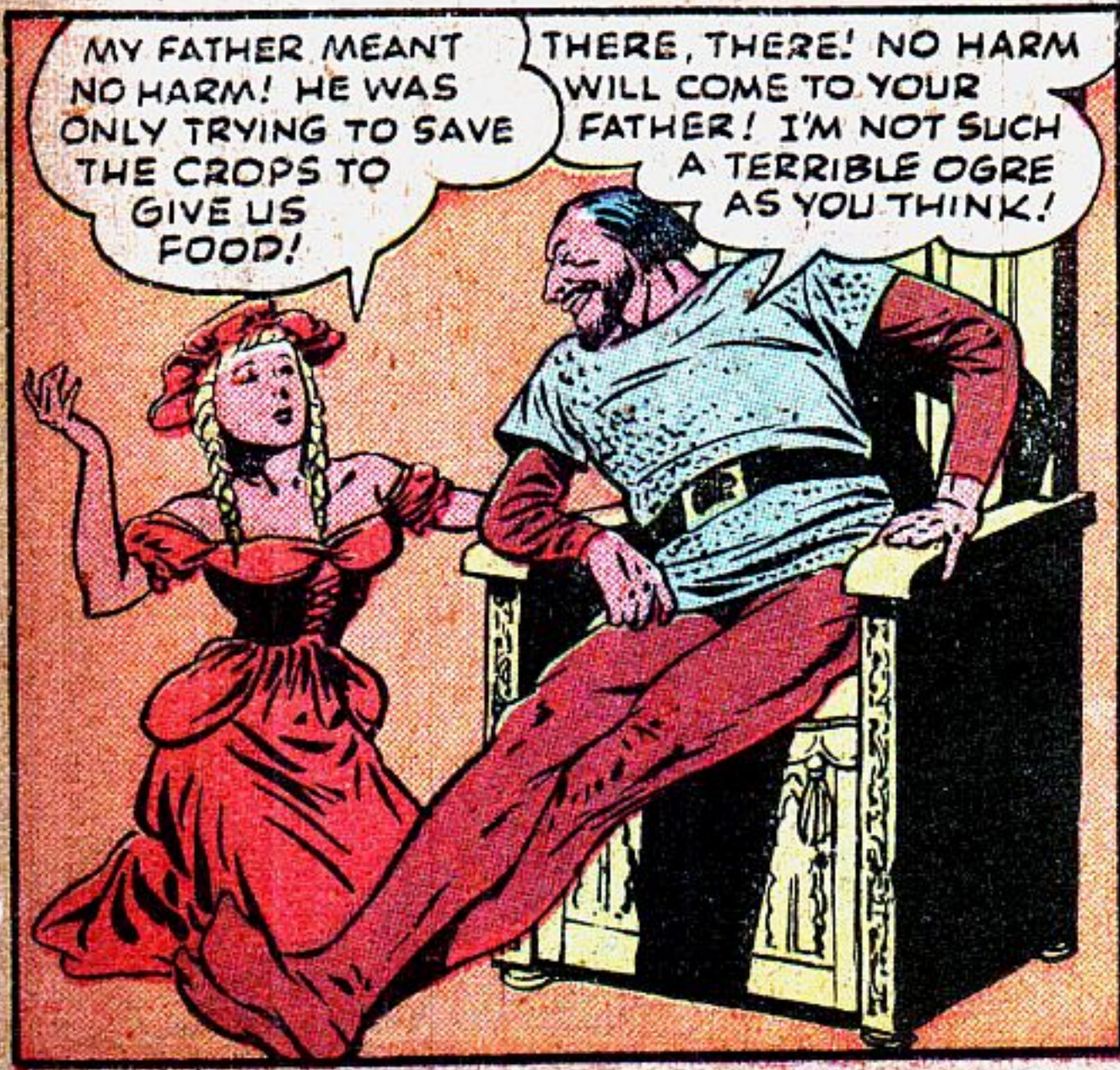
THE SERF'S COMELY  
DAUGHTER IS  
HERE, BARON!

PRETTY, EH? I LIKE  
PRETTY GIRLS!  
I'LL SEE HER  
AT ONCE!



MY FATHER MEANT  
NO HARM! HE WAS  
ONLY TRYING TO SAVE  
THE CROPS TO  
GIVE US  
FOOD!

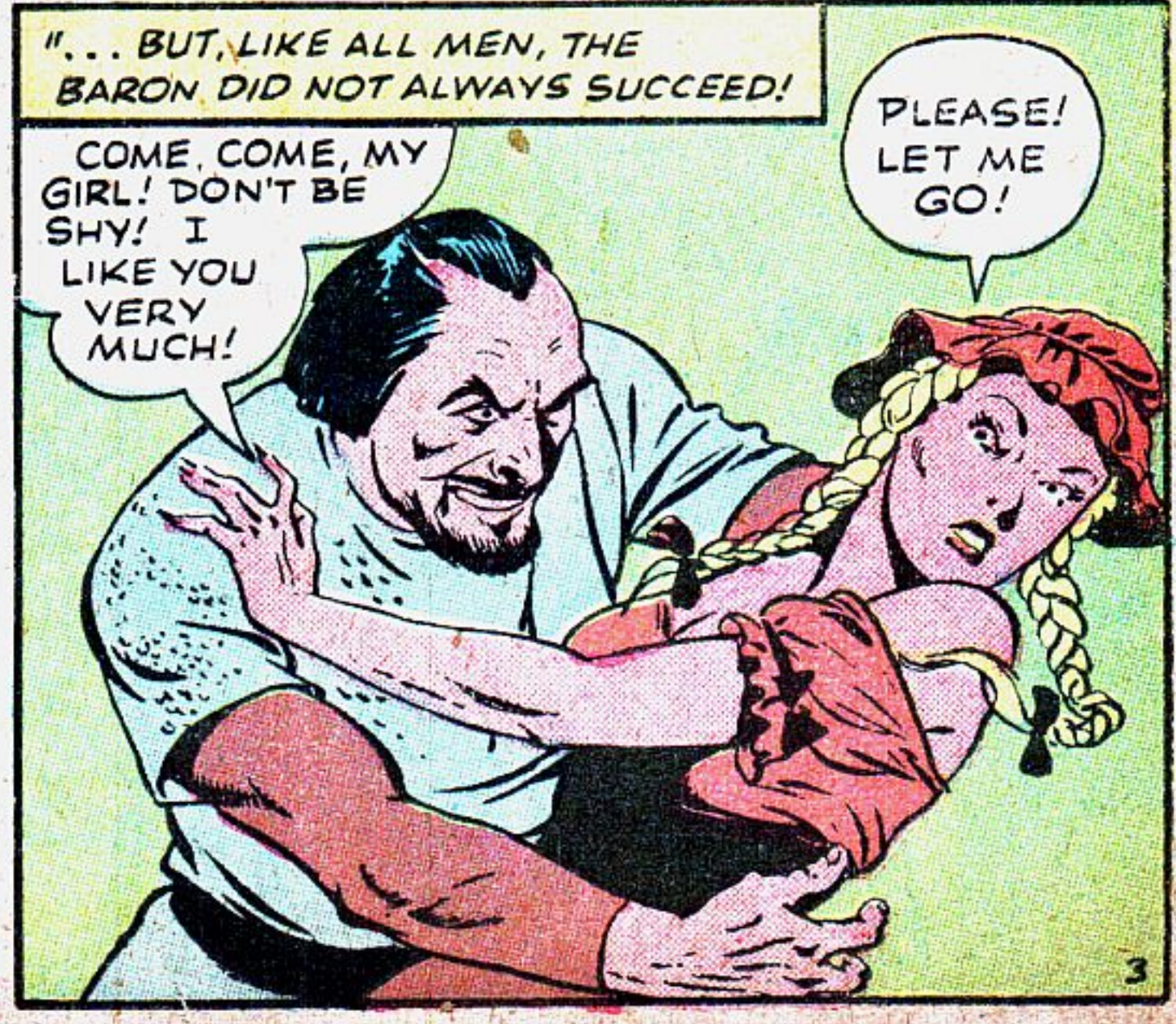
THERE, THERE! NO HARM  
WILL COME TO YOUR  
FATHER! I'M NOT SUCH  
A TERRIBLE OGRE  
AS YOU THINK!



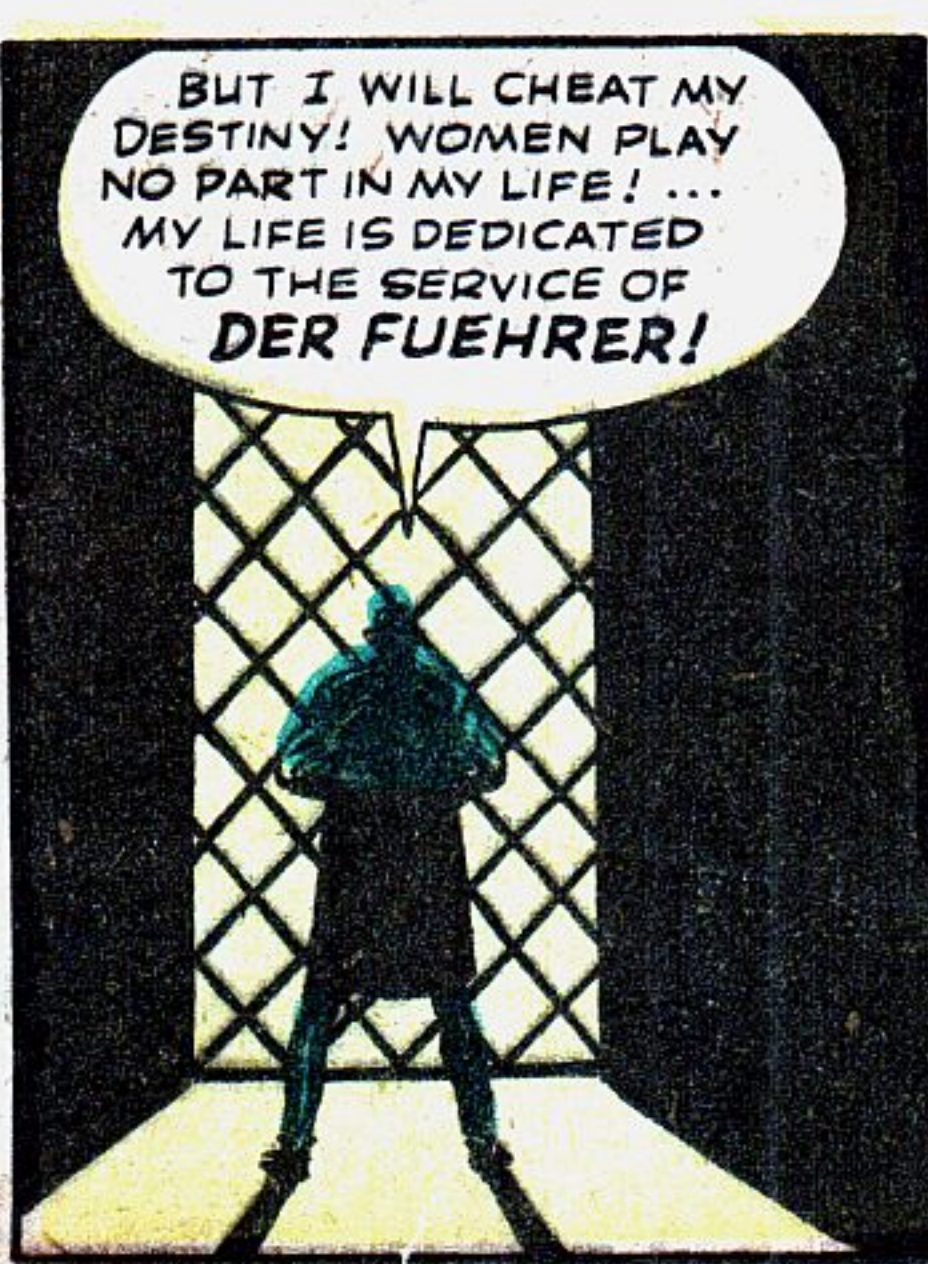
"... BUT, LIKE ALL MEN, THE  
BARON DID NOT ALWAYS SUCCEED!

COME, COME, MY  
GIRL! DON'T BE  
SHY! I  
LIKE YOU  
VERY  
MUCH!

PLEASE!  
LET ME  
GO!









THE NEXT DAY, A BAND OF HARD-FACED NAZI VETERANS MEET IN THE COUNCIL HALL AT BERCHTESGADEN...

YOU ARE THE BEST FLYERS IN THE WORLD! EACH ONE OF YOU HAS DESTROYED AT LEAST FIFTY ENEMY PLANES! SO NOW YOU WILL FIGHT-TOGETHER!

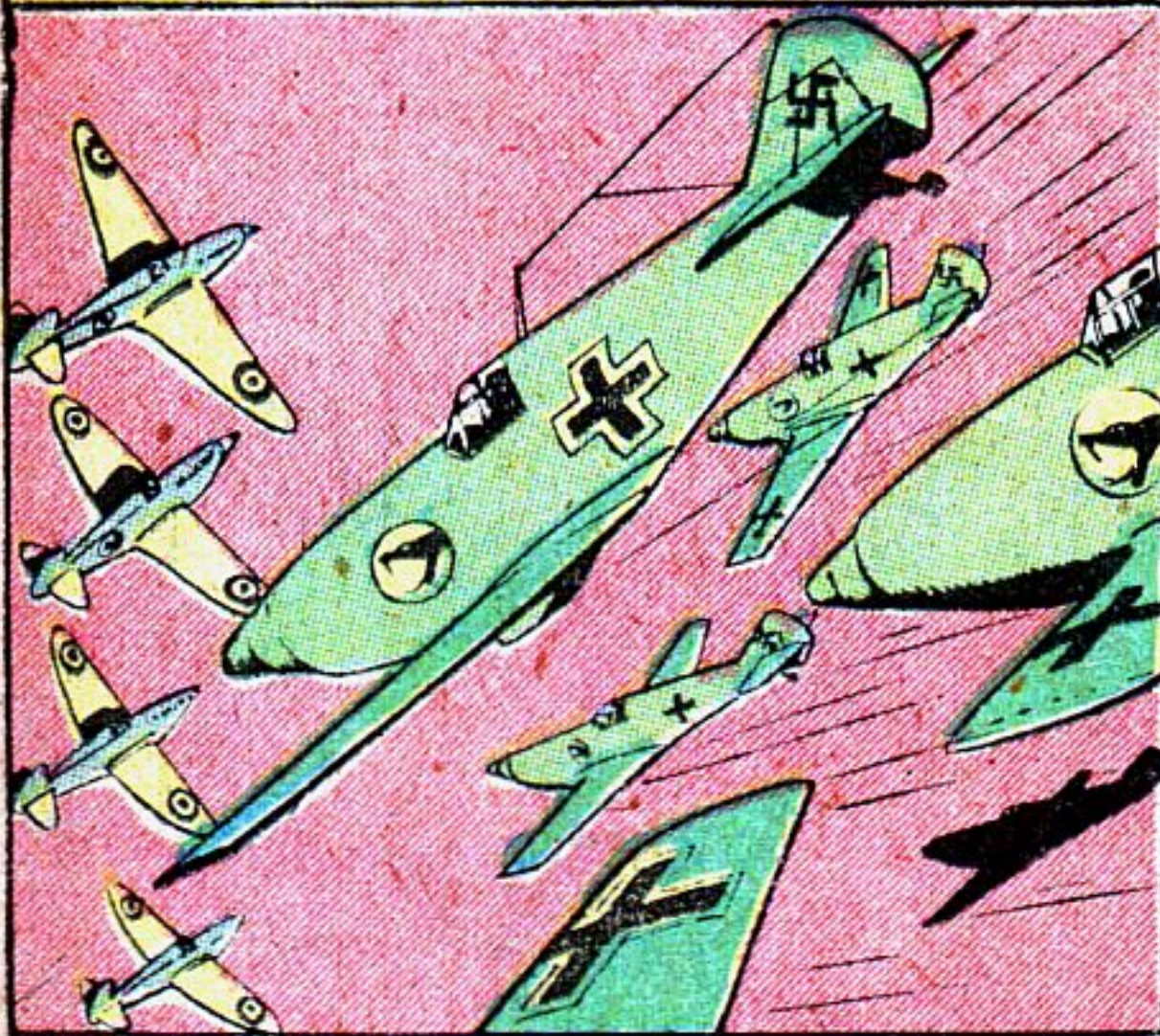
YOU WILL HAVE ONLY ONE JOB-TO DESTROY THE **BLACKHAWKS!**

THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN IN ALL GERMANY GREAT ENOUGH TO BE YOUR LEADER! I HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE TO MEET YOU!





THE NEXT DAY ... AS AN ENGLISH FIGHTER SQUADRON MAKES A DAYLIGHT SWEEP OVER OCCUPIED FRANCE! ...

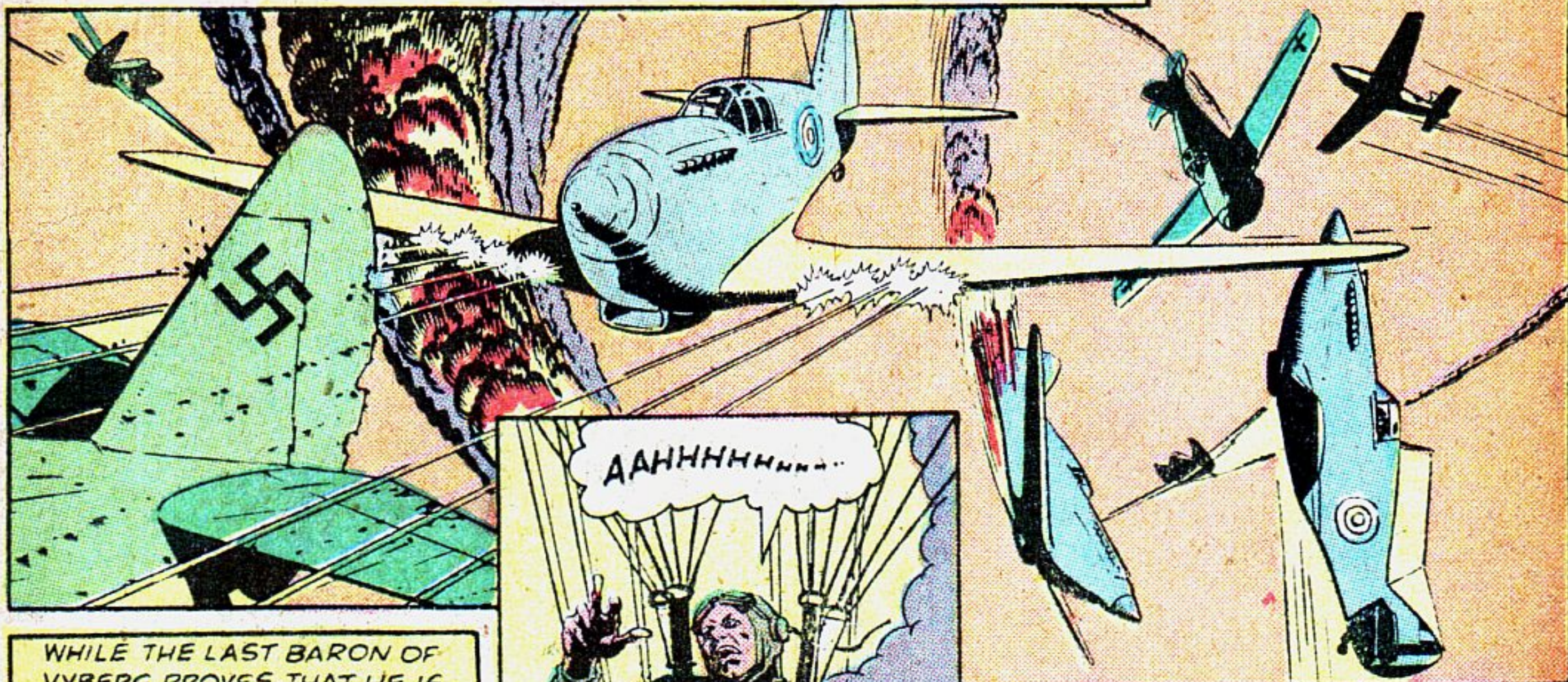
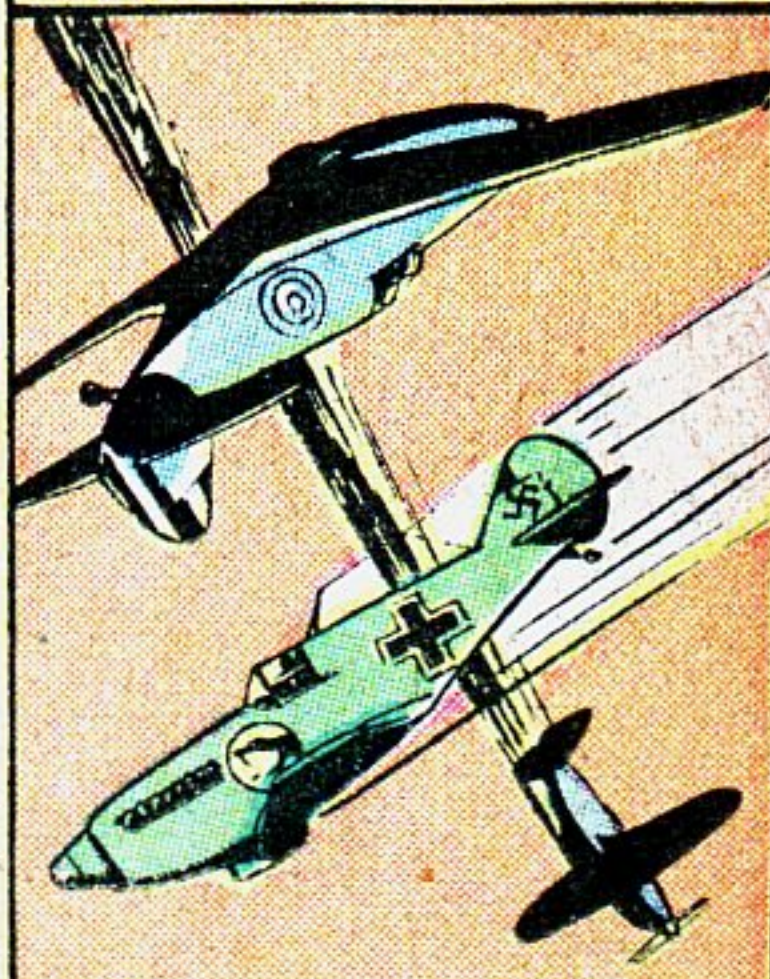


WITH THE BLINDING SUN AT THEIR BACKS, THE RATTLE. SNAKES DIVE ON THE UNSUSPECTING SQUADRON ... A FLIGHT COMMANDER SPOTS THEM!



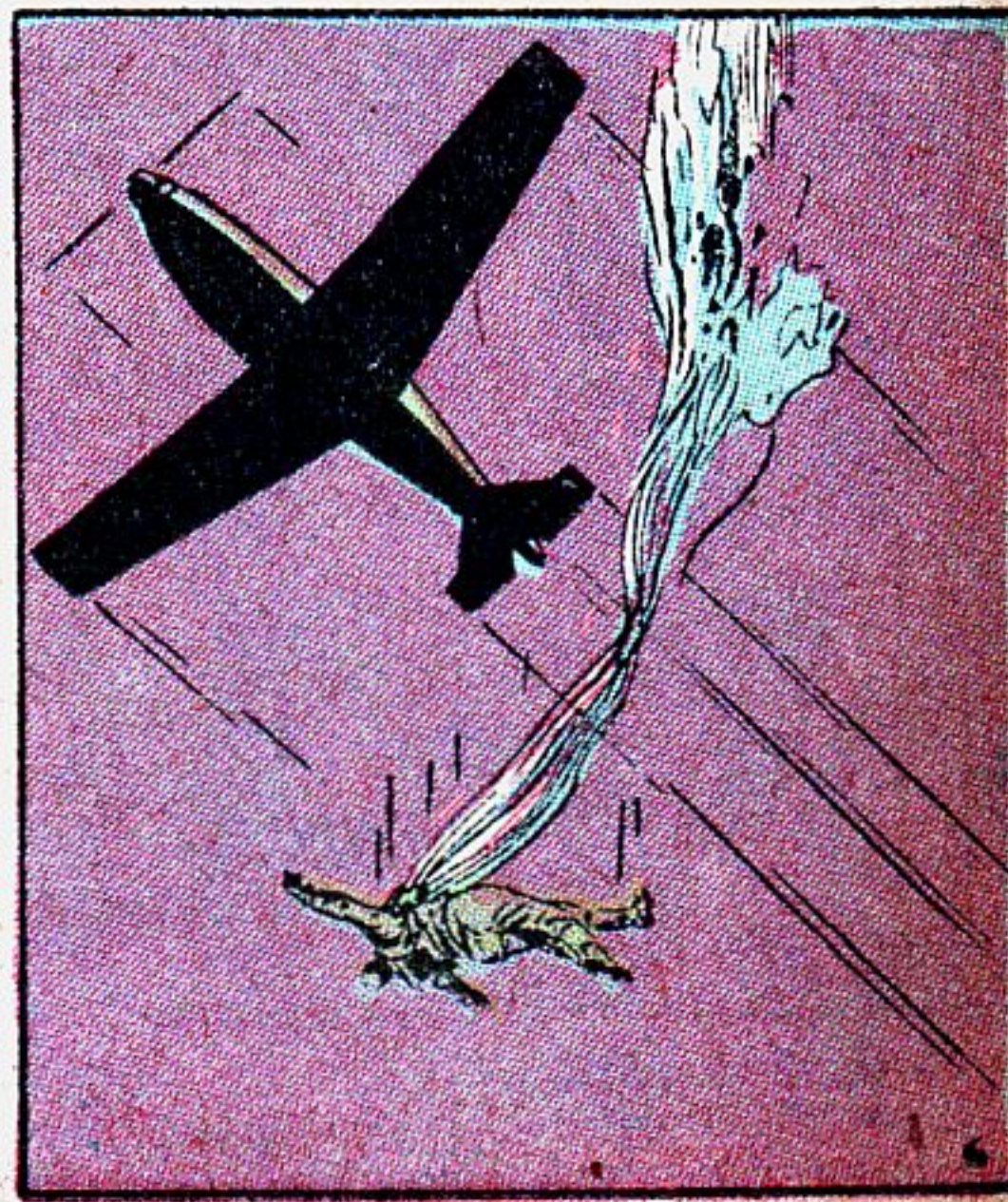
TALLY HO! HERE COMES A PACK OF NAZIS!

A SHORT, SAVAGE FIGHT FOLLOWS ... BUT THE BRAVE ENGLISH FIGHTERS SOON DISCOVER THESE ARE NOT ORDINARY FOES!



WHILE THE LAST BARON OF VYBERG PROVES THAT HE IS A WORTHY DESCENDANT OF HIS INFAMOUS ANCESTORS!

PILOT BAILING OUT! I GIVE YOU A LESSON IN HOW TO TREAT THE COWARDLY ENGLISH SCHWEIN!





SOON THE RATTLE-SNAKES ARE SOLE MASTERS OF THE SKIES!

GOOD WORK! THE **BLACKHAWKS** WILL HEAR OF THIS! THOSE SENTIMENTAL FOOLS WILL RUN BLINDLY INTO OUR TRAP!

LATER THE SAME DAY, THE RADIO BRINGS NEWS OF THE SLAUGHTER TO LONELY BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

BLOODY BEASTS!

SHOT THEM DOWN IN THEIR PARACHUTES!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? WE WILL DRAW THE VENOM FROM THESE RATTLE-SNAKES PRETTY SOON, I THEENK!

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO! WE'D HAVE TO FIGHT THEM ON THEIR HOME GROUNDS, WHERE THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS WOULD BACK THEM UP!

SOME OF US -- MAYBE ALL OF US -- WOULDN'T COME BACK!

ARE YOU FELLOWS WILLING TO FACE PROBABLE DEATH?

LET'S GO!

BY GAR! FOR ONE MINUTE I THINK THAT TONDLYO WOMAN IS BACK!

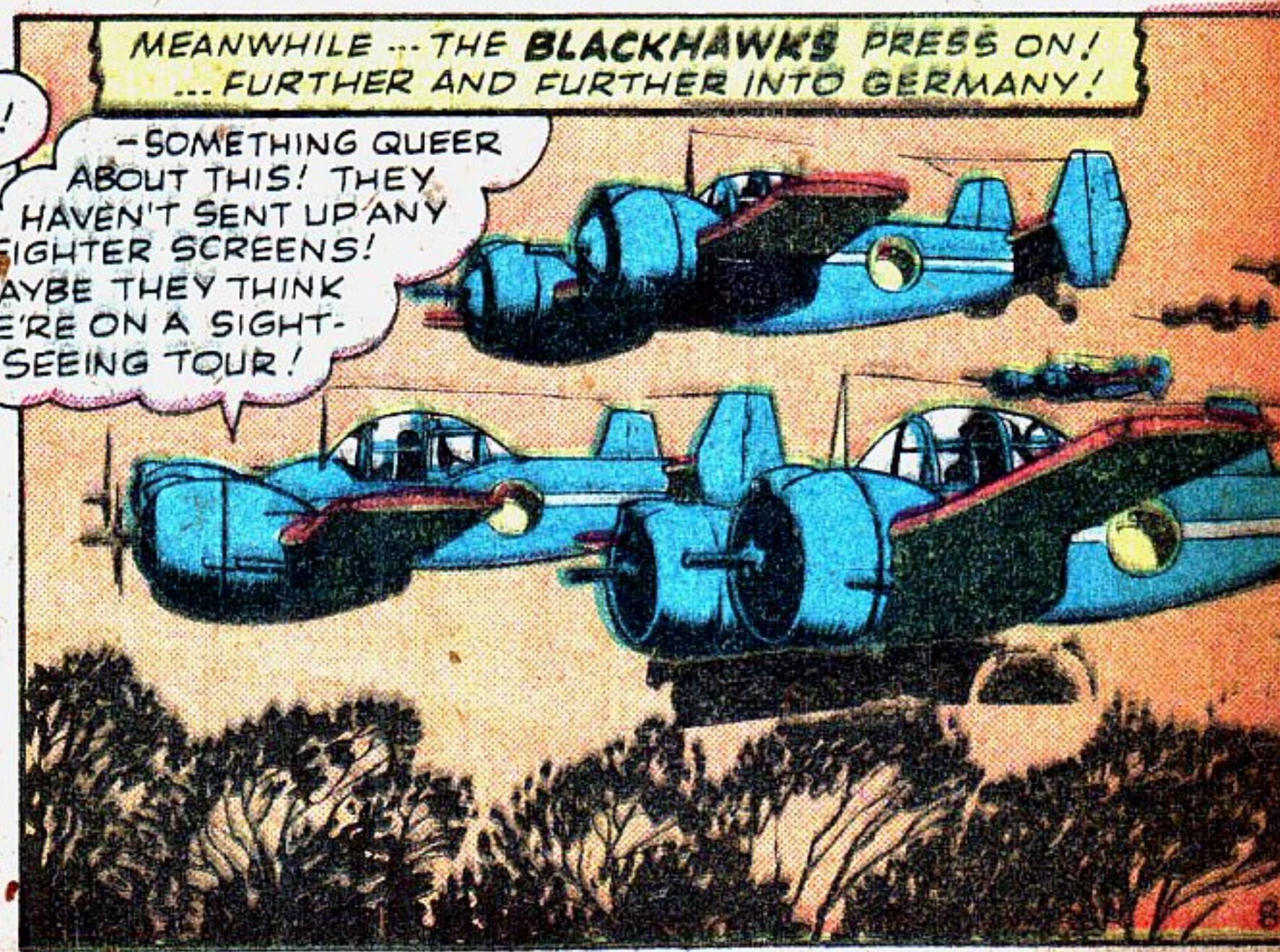
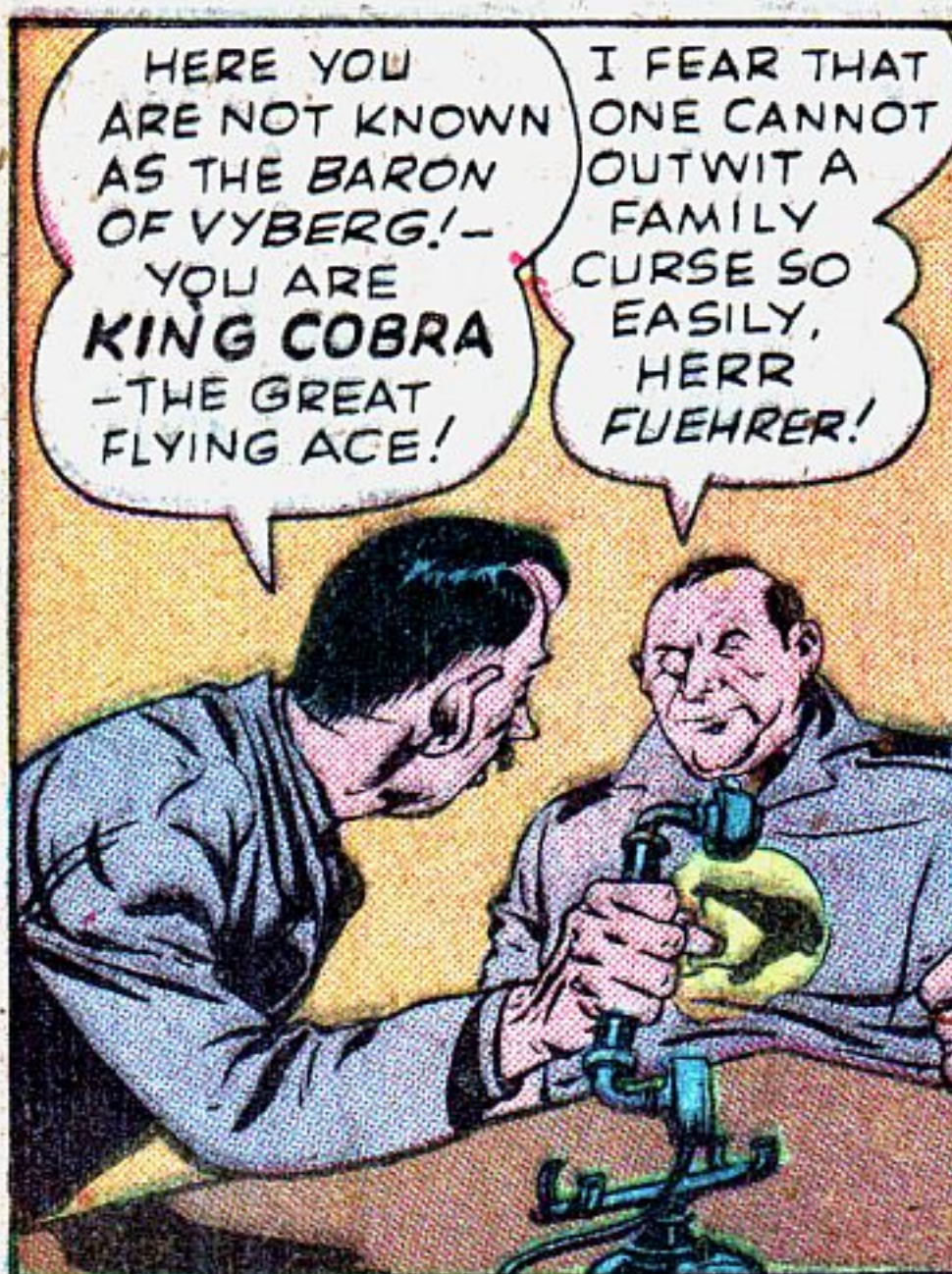
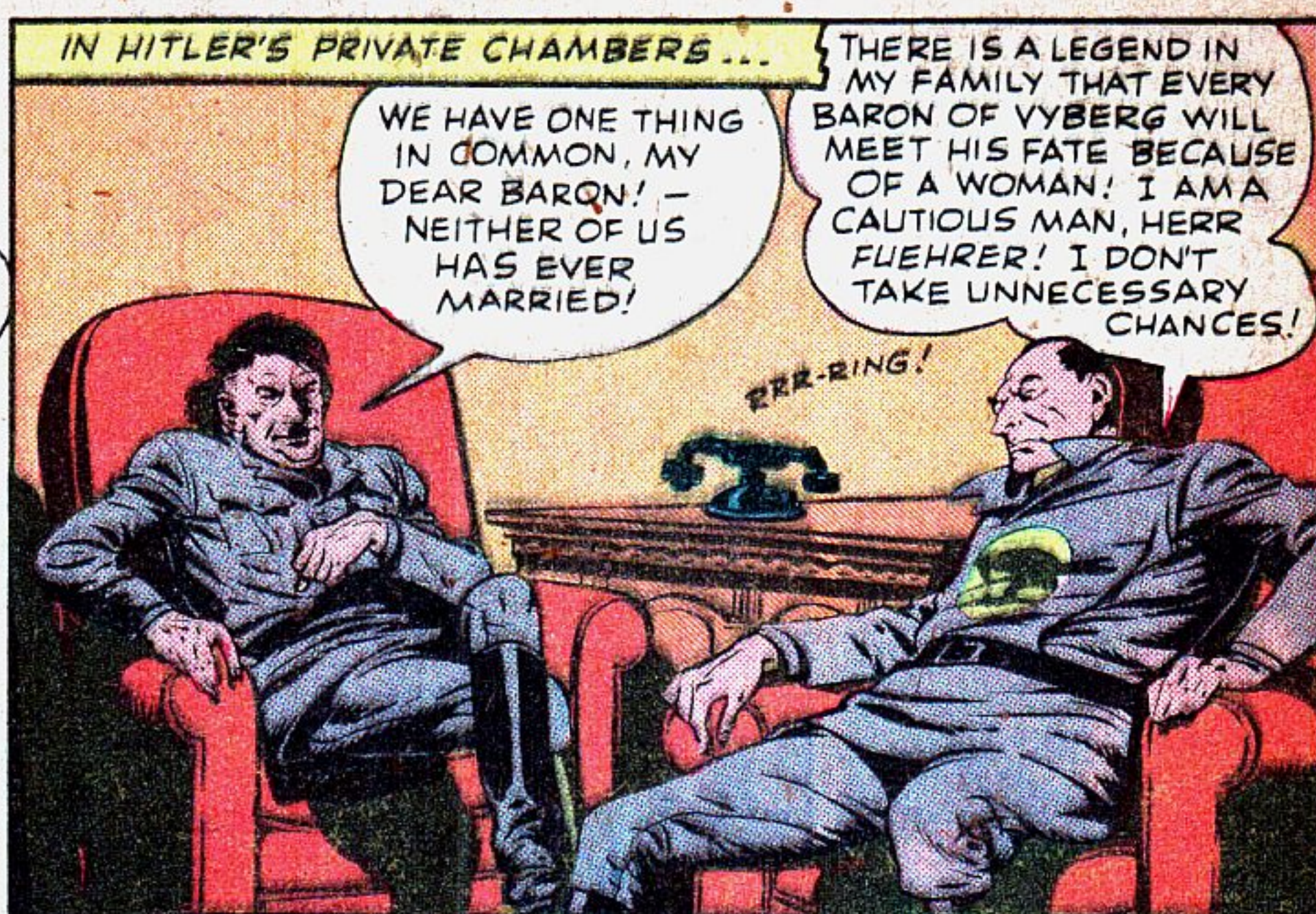
THE DIRTY HUNS HAVE LIVED TOO LONG ALREADY!

WE WON'T KEEP THOSE RATTLESNAKES WAITING!

AND **BLACKHAWK** LEADS HIS VALIANT COMRADES ... AS THEY TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE!

HAWKAAAAAAAAAAAA





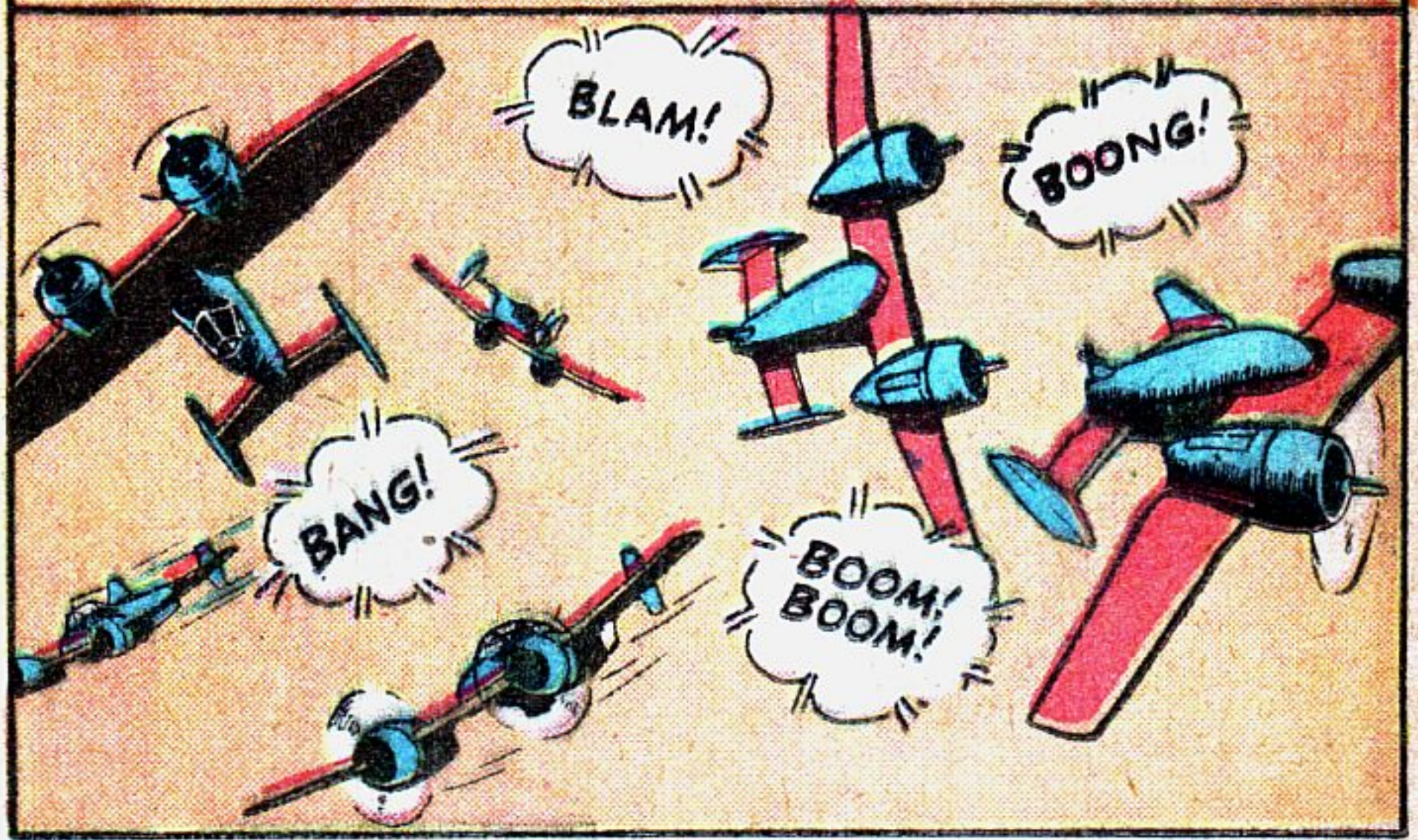


**BUT KING COBRA IS WAITING!**

THE GREAT BLACKHAWKS!  
WE SHALL SEE HOW  
THEY FIGHT ALONE!  
-- OPEN FIRE  
BELOW!



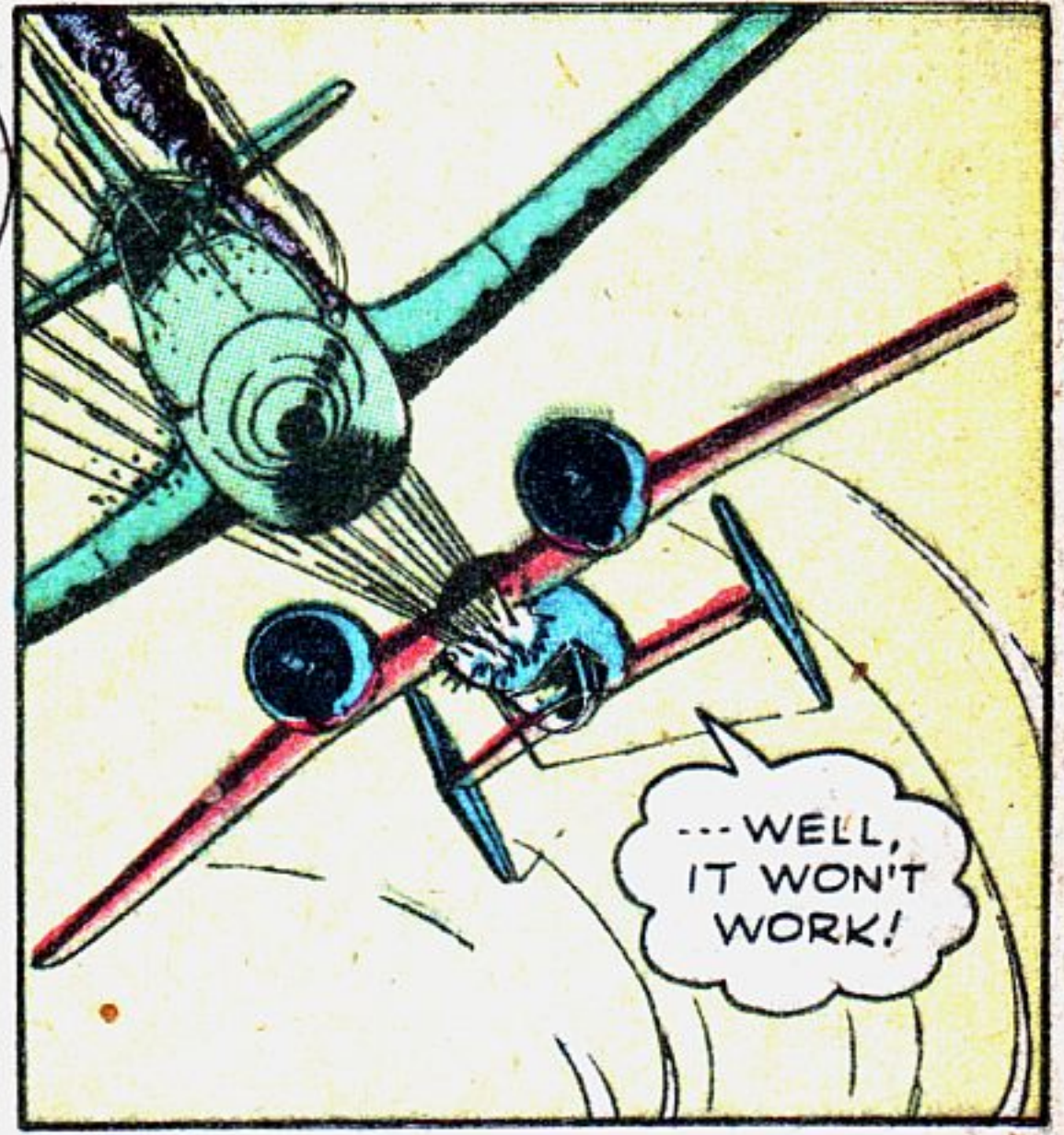
**SALVOS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE FROM WÖRMER TEAR OPEN THE SKY, FORCING THE BLACKHAWKS TO BREAK FORMATION!**



**WHILE THE RATTLESNAKES PLUNGE ON THEIR PREY!**



SO THAT'S  
THEIR GAME! --  
BREAK US UP, SO  
THEY CAN GOBBLE  
US DOWN  
PIECEMEAL! ---

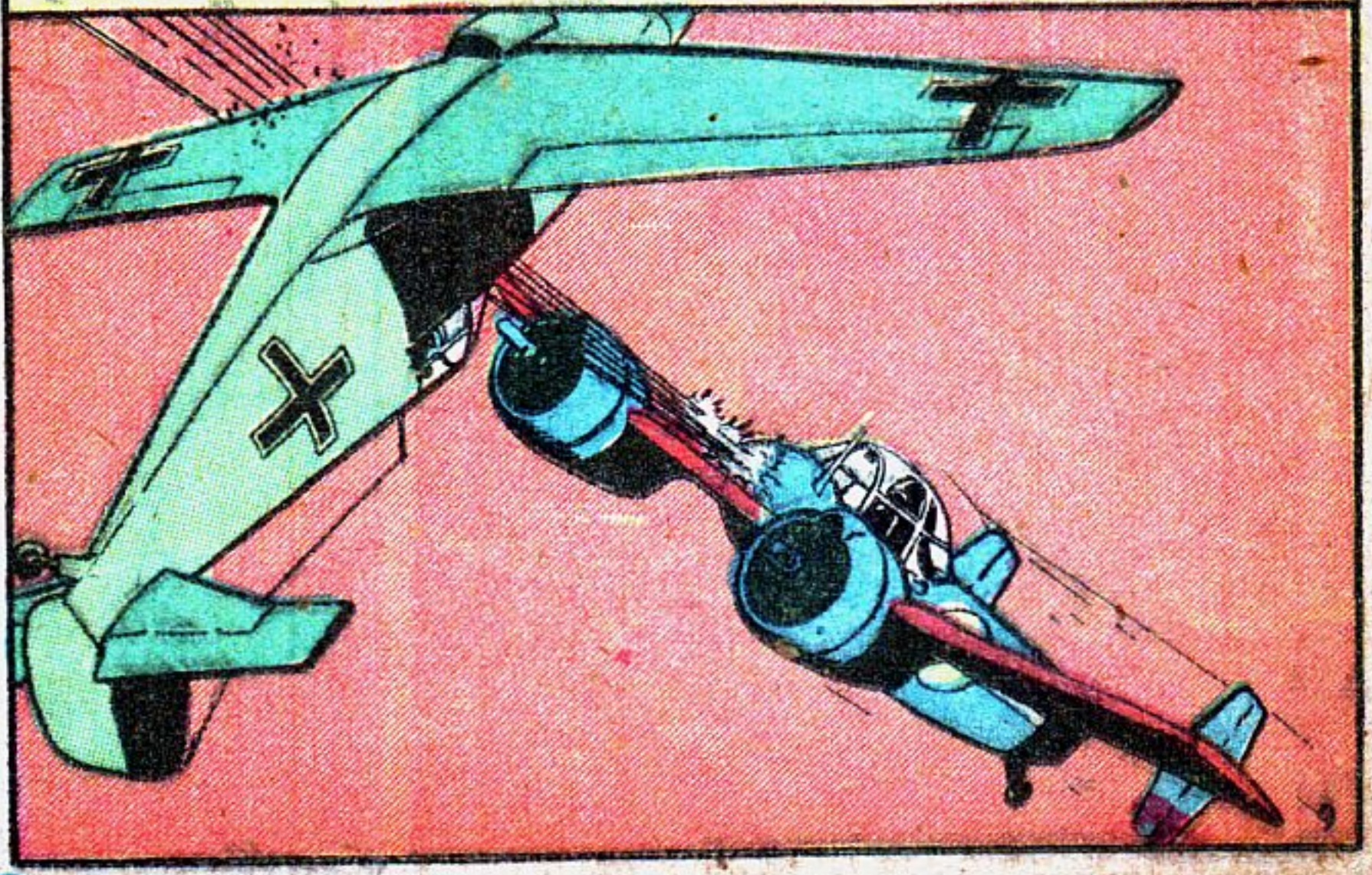


--- WELL,  
IT WON'T  
WORK!

HMMM! LOOKS AS  
IF THE HOT SHOT OF  
THIS OUTFIT WANTS  
TO PLAY TAG!

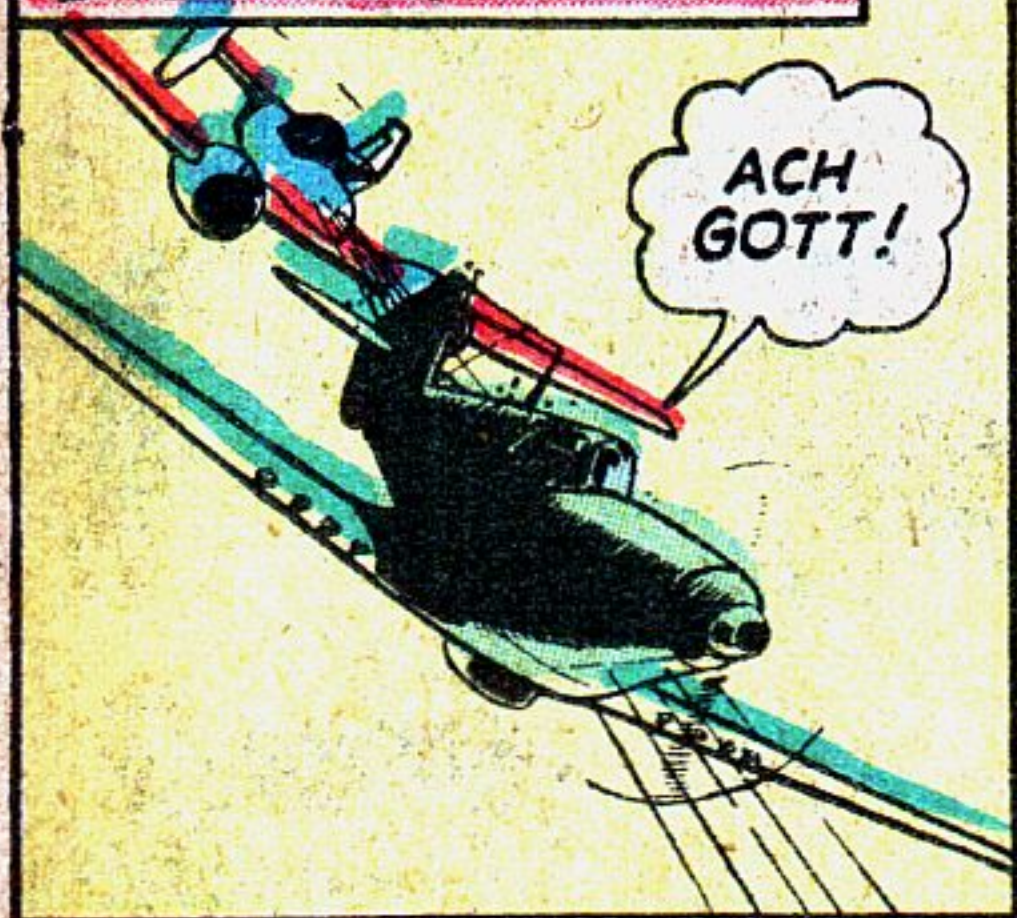


**APART FROM THE RAGING SKY BATTLE, TWO GREAT FLYERS STAGE A PRIVATE FELD! BLACKHAWK vs. KING COBRA!**





ONE BREATHLESS MANEUVER  
FOLLOWS ANOTHER AS THE  
TITANIC AIR BATTLE ROARS  
ON! ... BUT AT LAST  
**BLACKHAWK** GAINS THE  
UPPER HAND!



I CAN'T LOSE  
HIM! --- WHY  
HAS HE STOPPED  
FIRING?

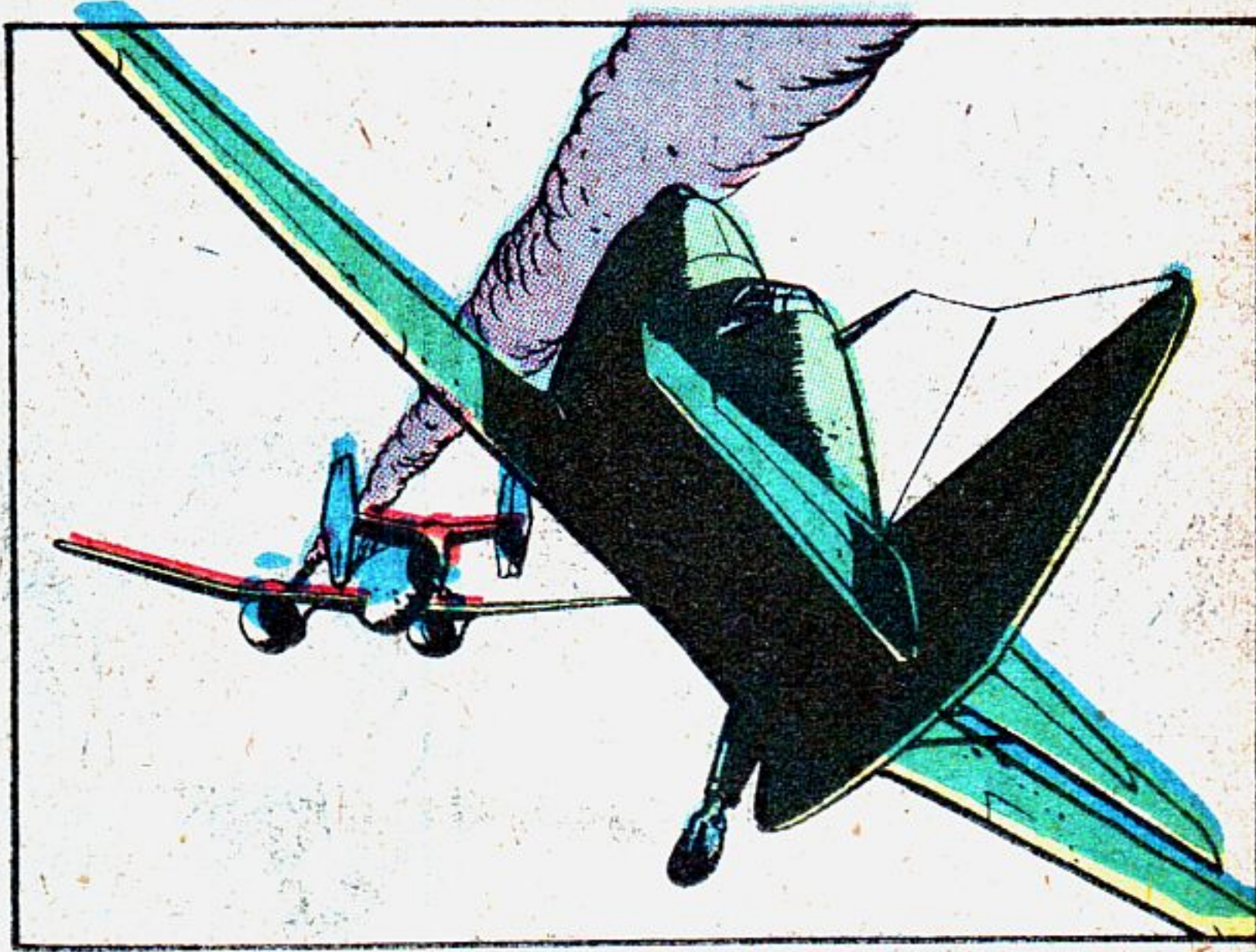
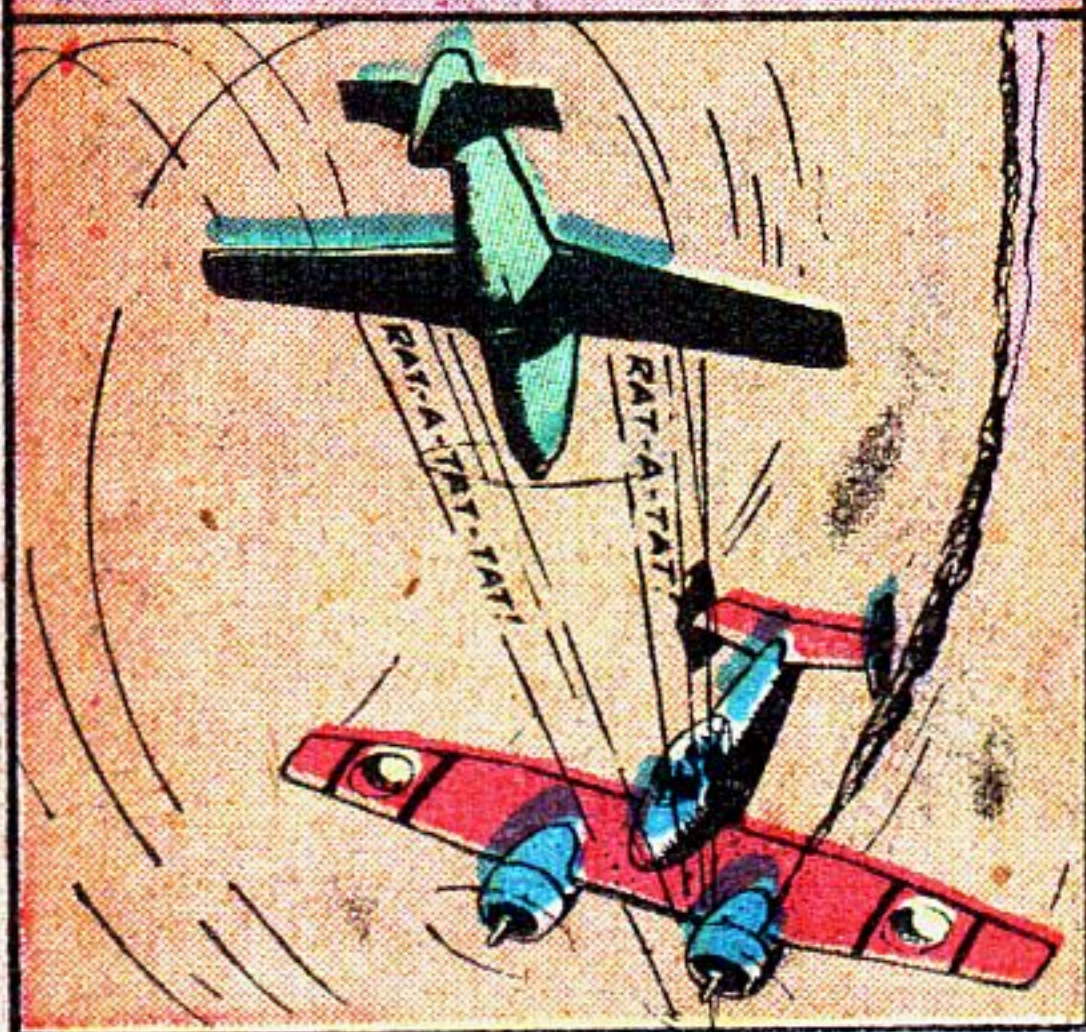


IN THE PURSUING PLANE, **BLACKHAWK**  
FINDS HIMSELF CHEATED OF HIS PRIZE!

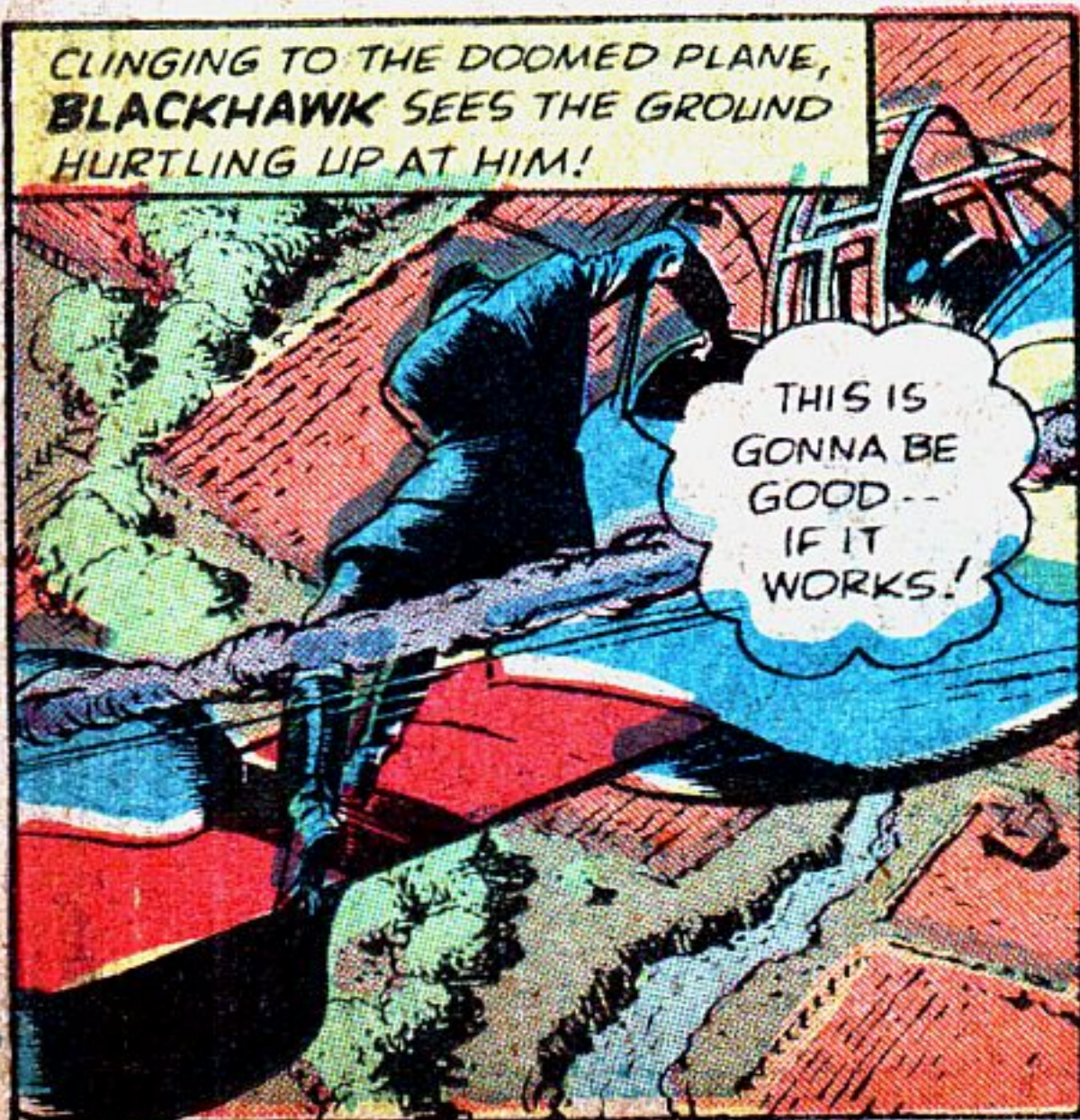
MY GUNS ARE  
JAMMED! WHAT  
A TIME FOR  
THIS TO  
HAPPEN!



**KING COBRA** SENSES WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED ... AND POUNCES  
SAVAGELY ON THE HELPLESS PLANE!



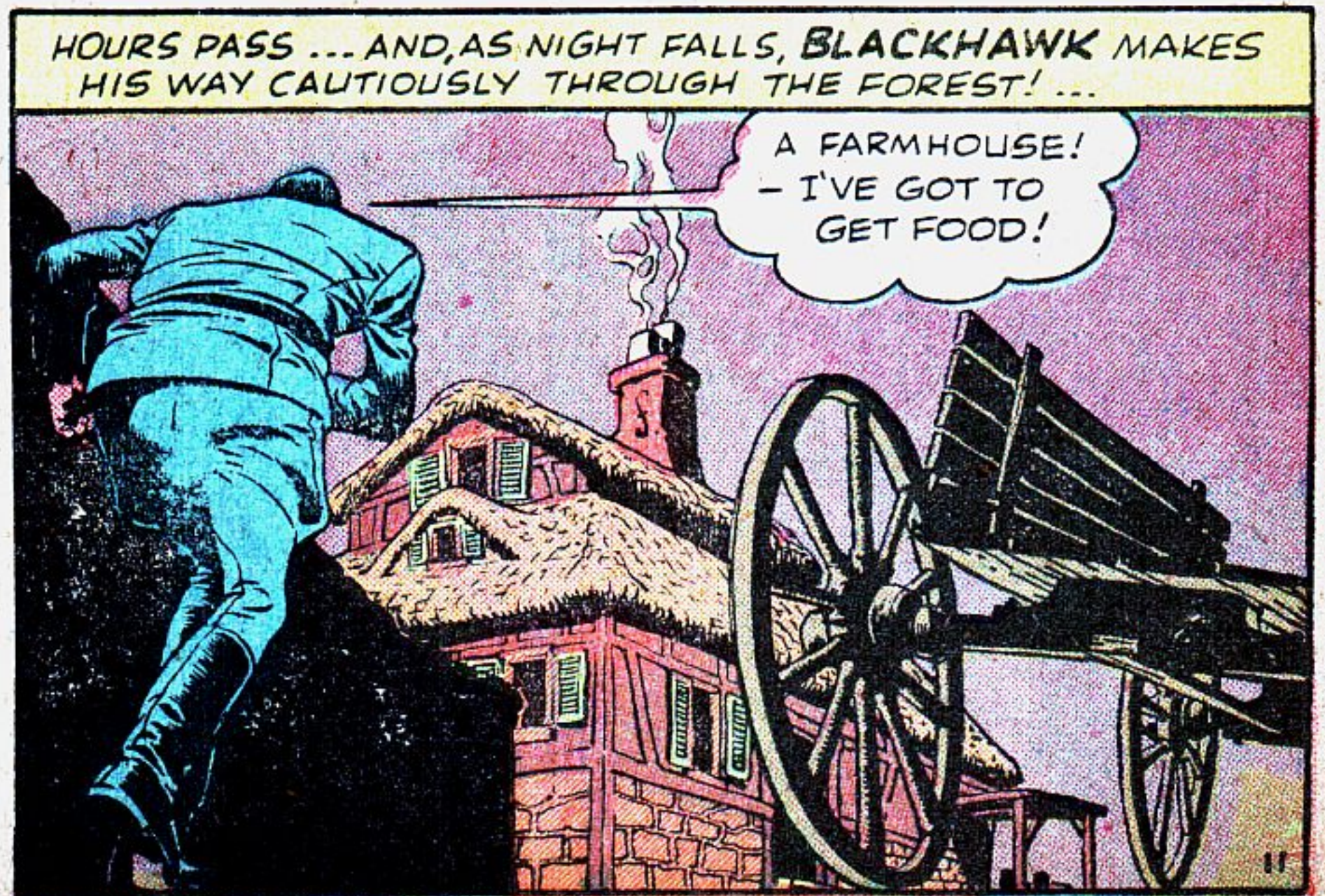
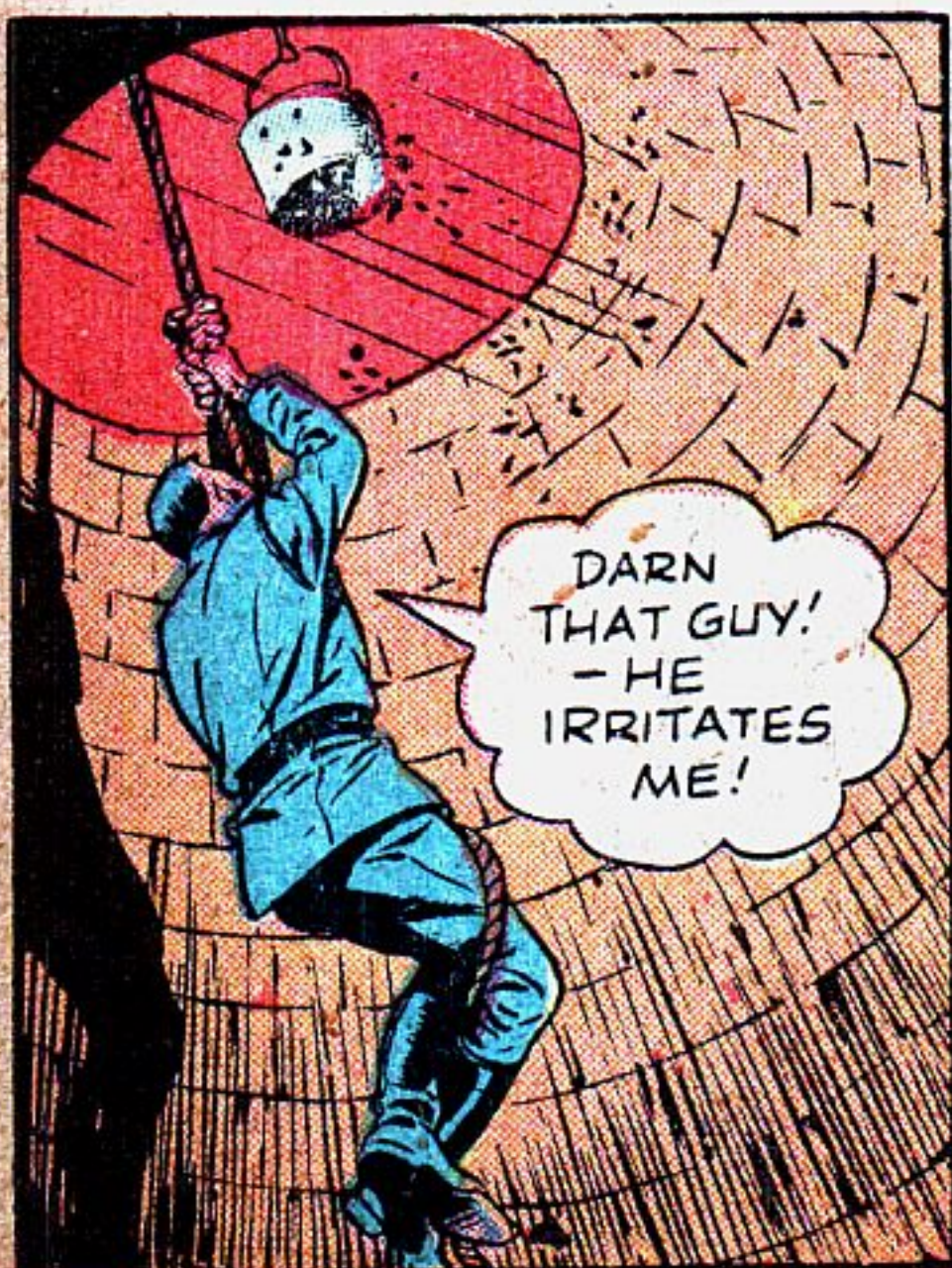
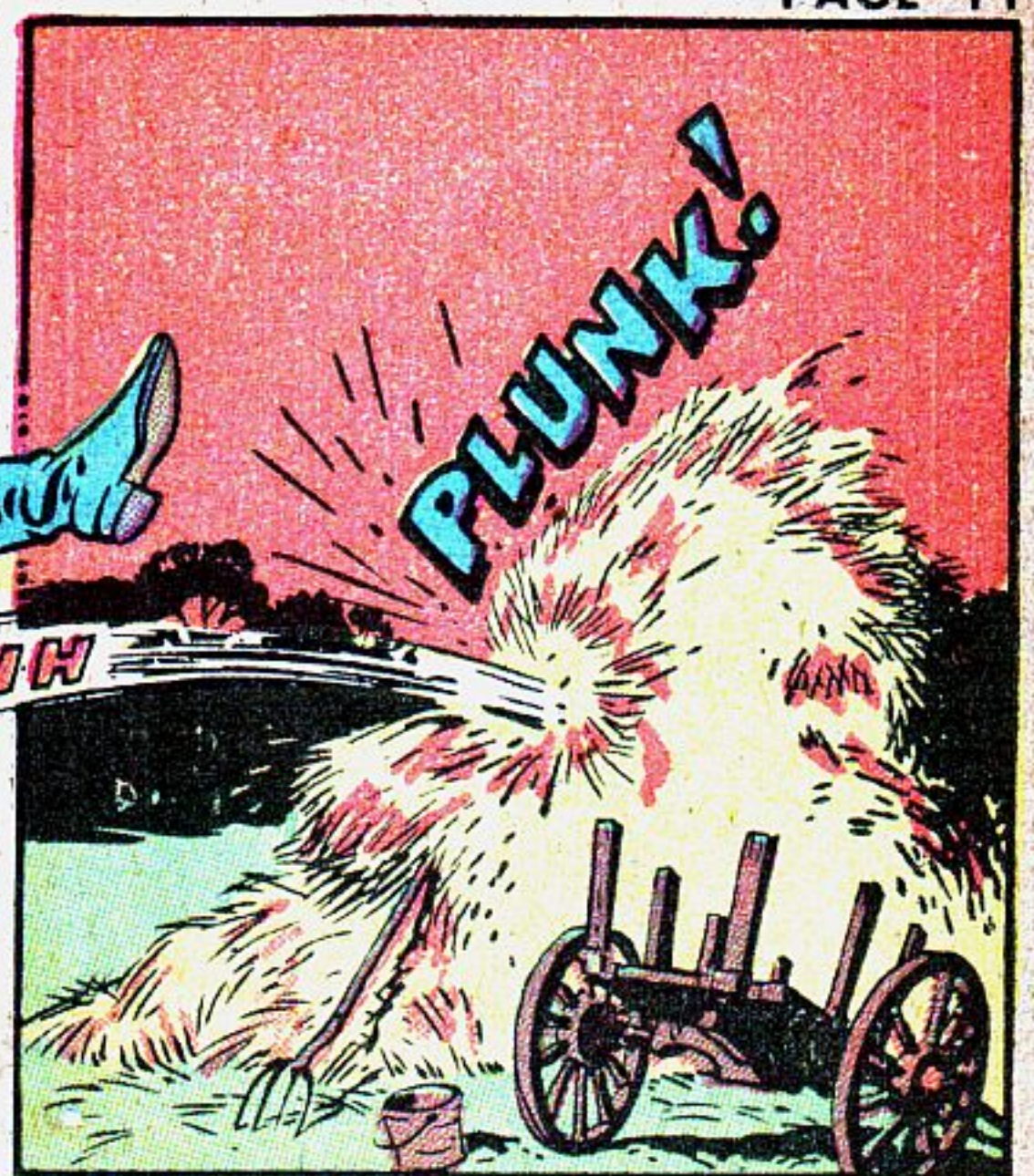
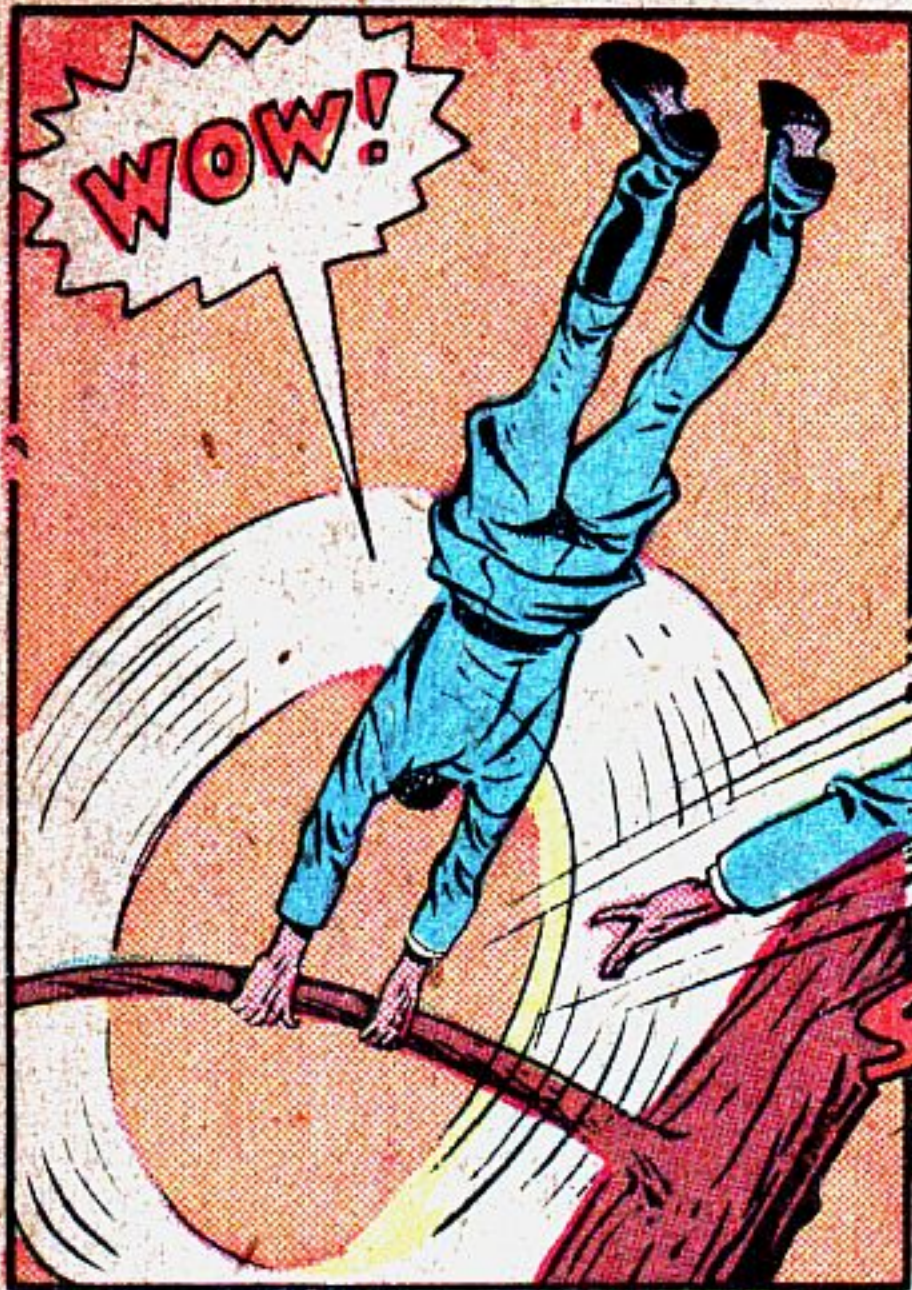
CLINGING TO THE DOOMED PLANE,  
**BLACKHAWK** SEES THE GROUND  
HURTLING UP AT HIM!



HERE  
GOES ...!

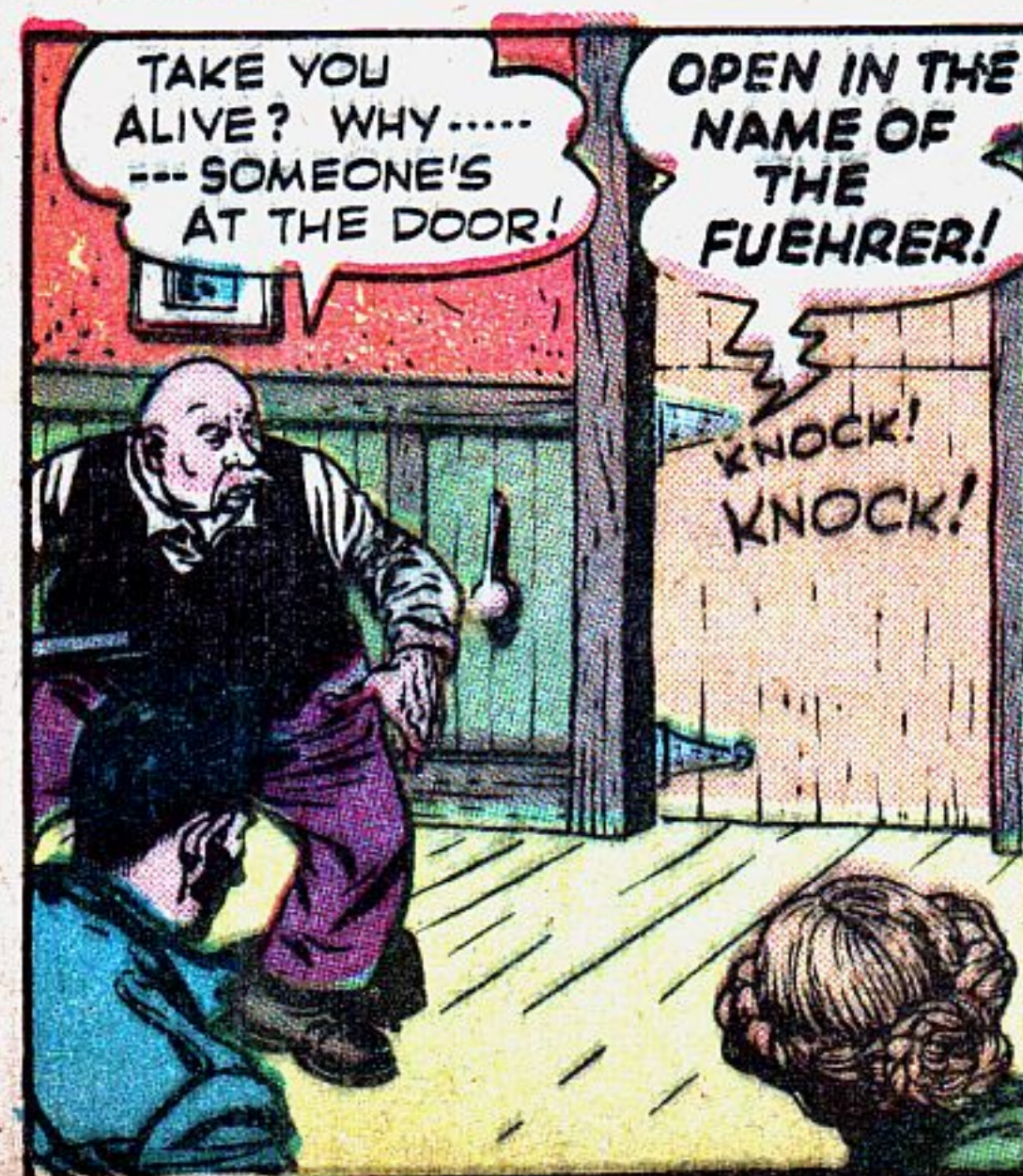
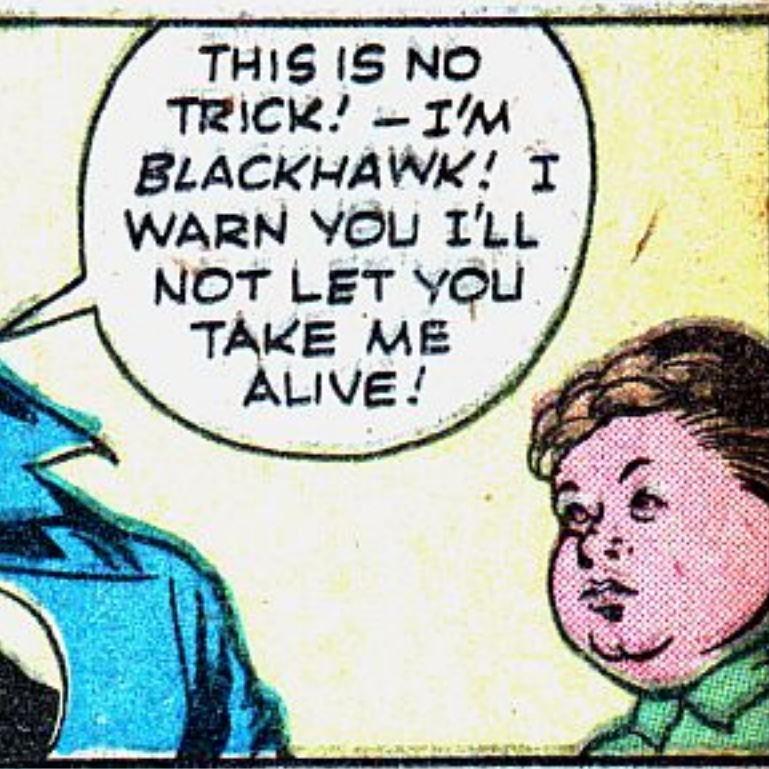
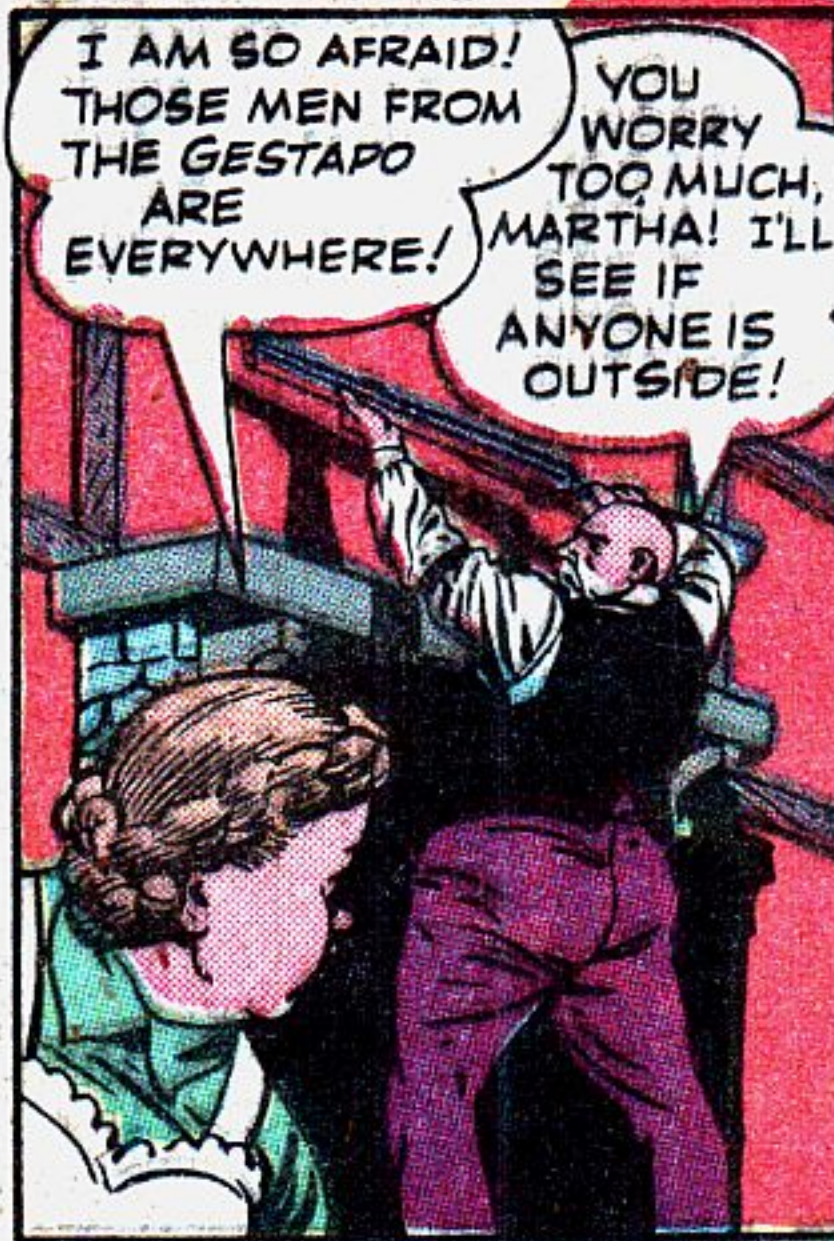




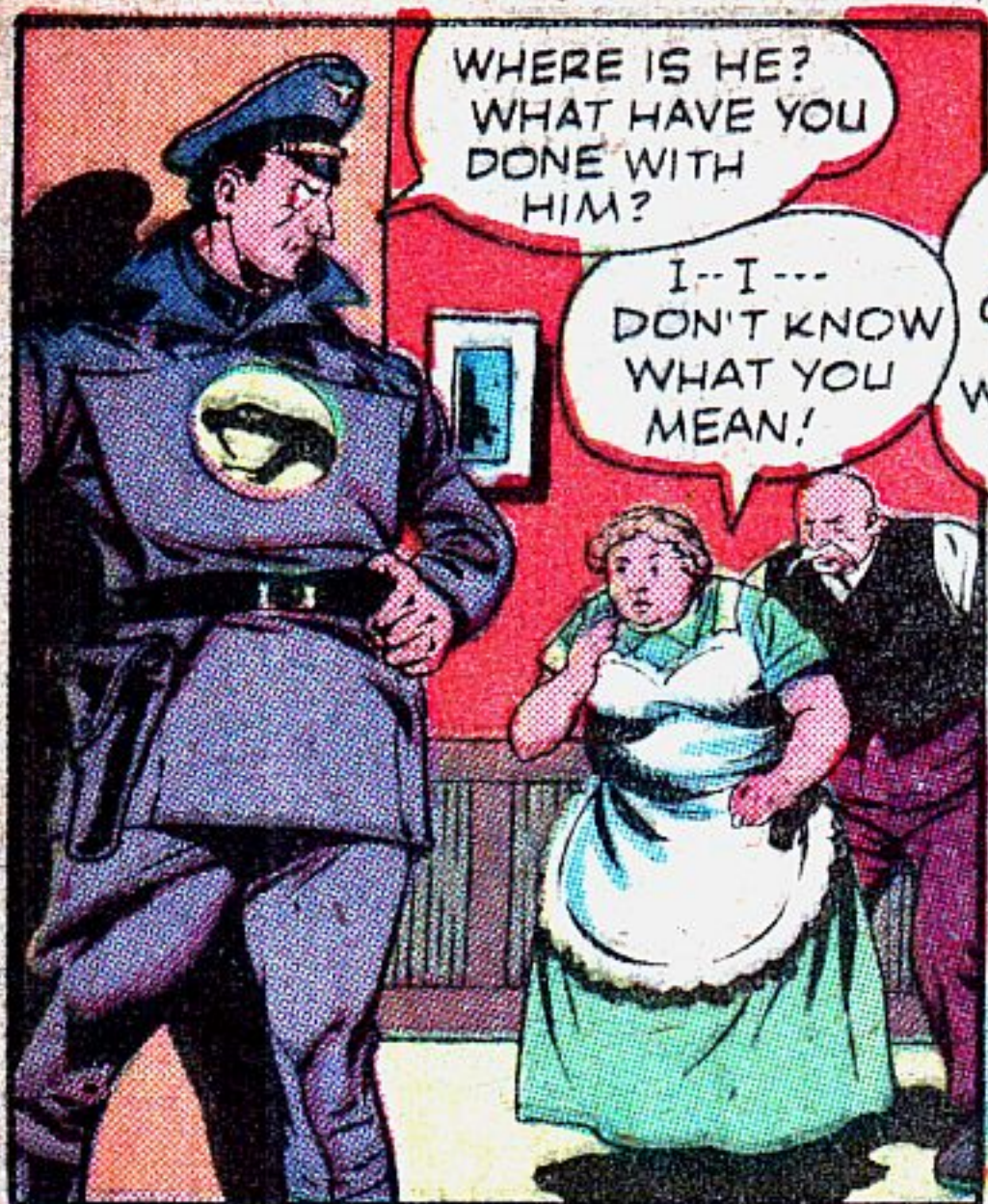


HOURS PASS ... AND, AS NIGHT FALLS, BLACKHAWK MAKES HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE FOREST! ...









WHERE IS HE?  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE WITH  
HIM?

I--I---  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
MEAN!



**BLACKHAWK**  
WAS SHOT DOWN  
NEAR HERE! HIS BODY  
HAS NOT BEEN FOUND!  
OBVIOUSLY SOMEONE IS  
GIVING HIM SHELTER! --  
UNLESS YOU TELL US  
WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN  
HIM, YOU'LL BE SHOT!



BUT WE HAVE  
NOT SEEN  
HIM! -- I  
SWEAR  
IT!

BOTH OF YOU HAVE BEEN  
SUSPECTED OF WORKING  
AGAINST THE NAZI PARTY  
AND OUR GLORIOUS  
FUEHRER! YOUR  
PROTESTS OF  
INNOCENCE  
ARE  
USELESS!



**SUDDENLY KING COBRA SEES  
A MARK IN THE SPILLED FLOUR  
ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR!**

A FOOTPRINT!  
--HA! HE  
IS HERE!



THAT FOOTPRINT WAS  
MADE BY A MILITARY  
BOOT -- OF ENEMY MAKE!  
I FIND YOU GUILTY  
OF AIDING AN  
ENEMY OF  
YOUR  
COUNTRY!



AND I HEARBY  
EXECUTE  
SENTENCE ---!

**NO!**



YOU ---  
YOU  
KILLED  
HER!

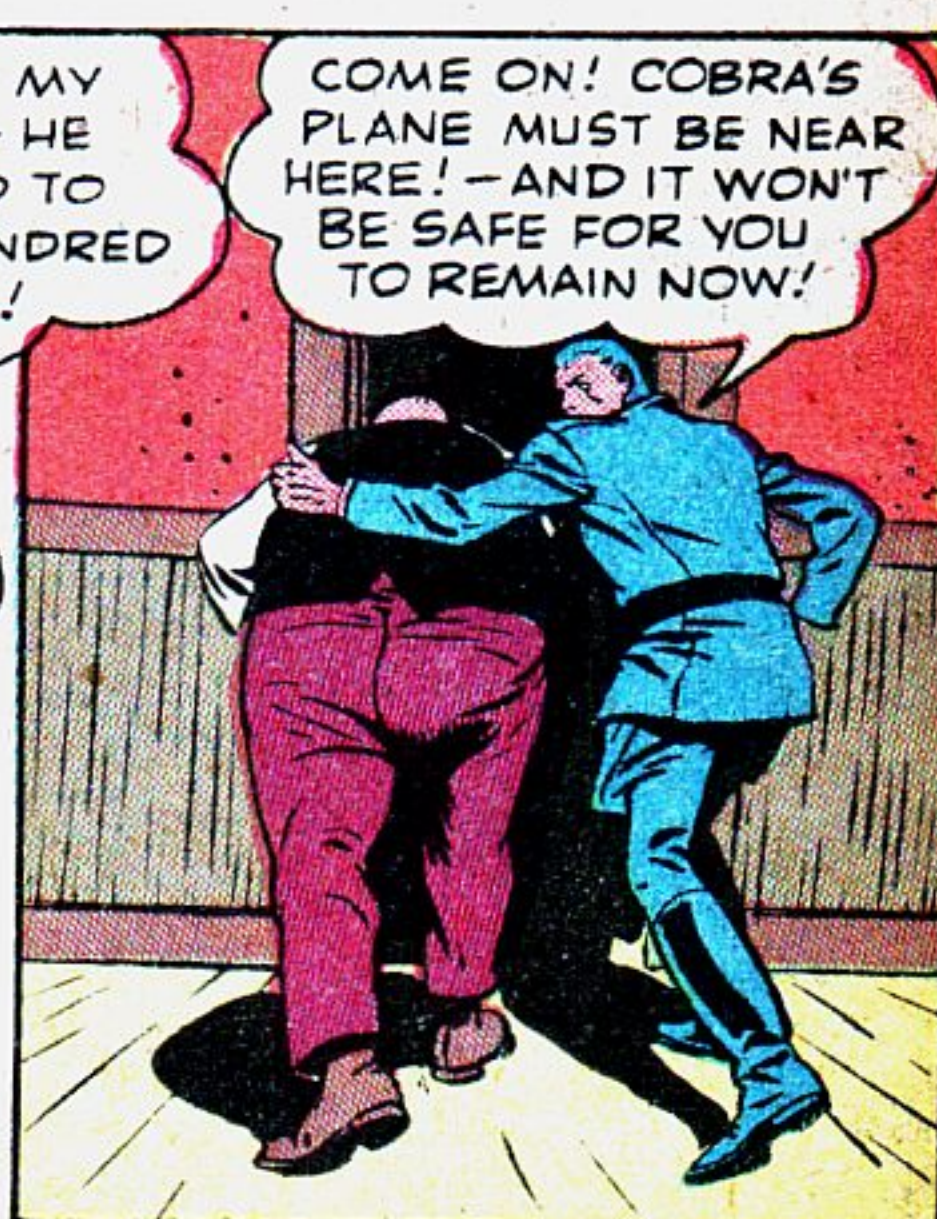
I DIDN'T MEAN  
TO! --- **THE**  
**CURSE!**  
---IT'S  
COMING  
TRUE!



I WON'T  
DIE -- BECAUSE  
OF HER! I'LL KILL  
YOU FIRST! ---  
THERE'LL BE  
NO ONE LEFT  
TO AVENGE  
HER!

YOU  
MURDERING  
MANIAC!





**S**O DIES THE THIRTEENTH BARON OF VYBERG, LAST OF HIS LINE ... A VICTIM OF HIS OWN VILLAINY! ... THIRTEENTH OF HIS FAMILY TO DIE -- BECAUSE OF A WOMAN!





**MEANWHILE... BLACKHAWK FINDS THE PLANE THAT KING COBRA LEFT BEHIND...**

THIS WILL TAKE YOU TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND - YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!

I MUST STAY HERE! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!

HERE IN GERMANY A FEW MEN STILL CARRY ON THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM! I CANNOT DESERT MY FRIENDS!

I UNDERSTAND! YOU AND YOUR KIND WILL BUILD THE GERMANY OF THE FUTURE!



IN THE CHILL DAWN ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND, THE SOUND OF A LIMPING MOTOR IS HEARD...

A GERMAN PLANE!

HE EES GOING TO CRASH!

HE MADE IT!

ONLY ONE MAN CAN FLY LIKE THAT!

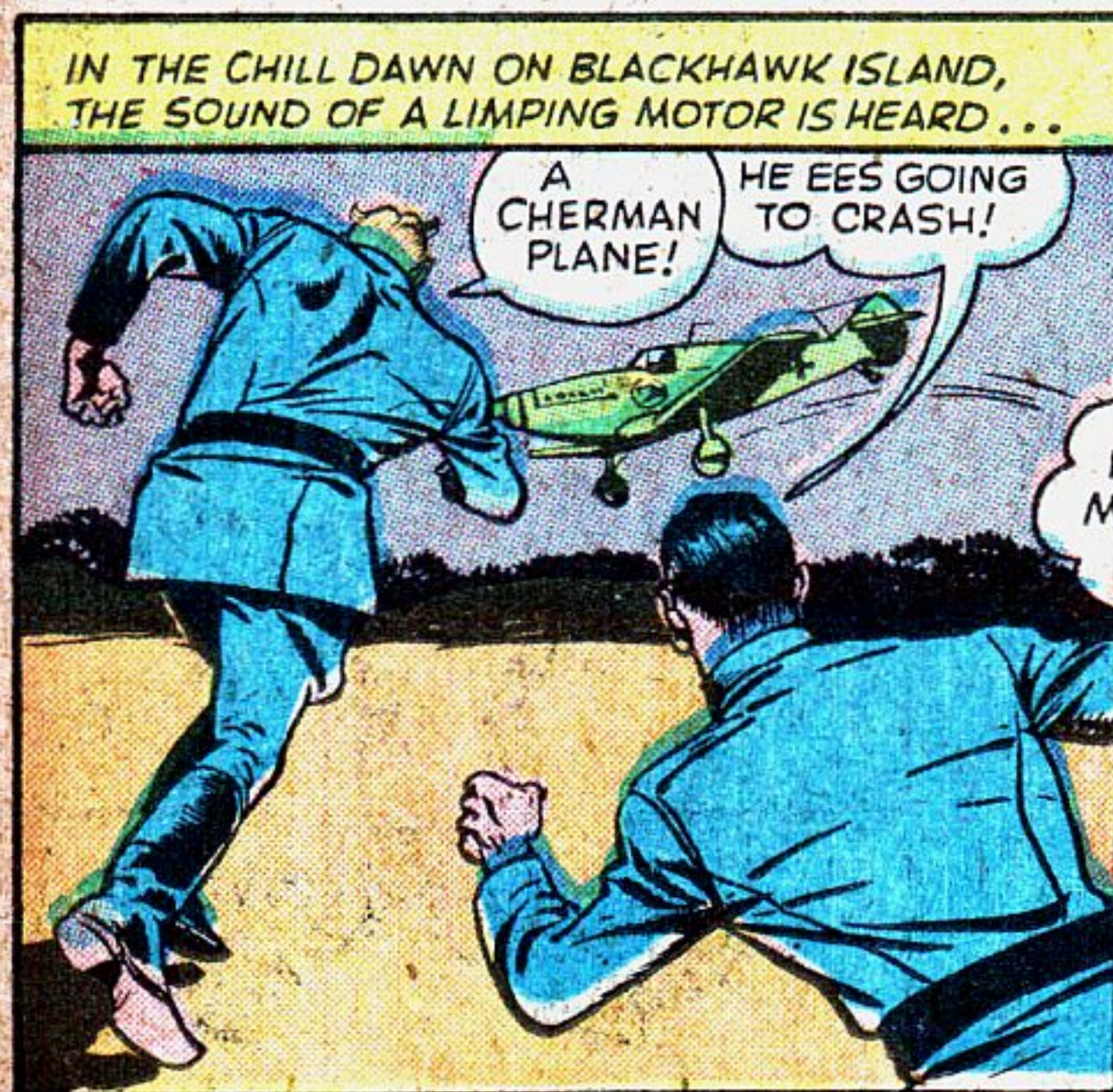
**BLACK-HAWK!**

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! WE SAW YOU GO DOWN IN FLAMES AND...

GUESS WE LOST OUR HEADS AFTER THAT!

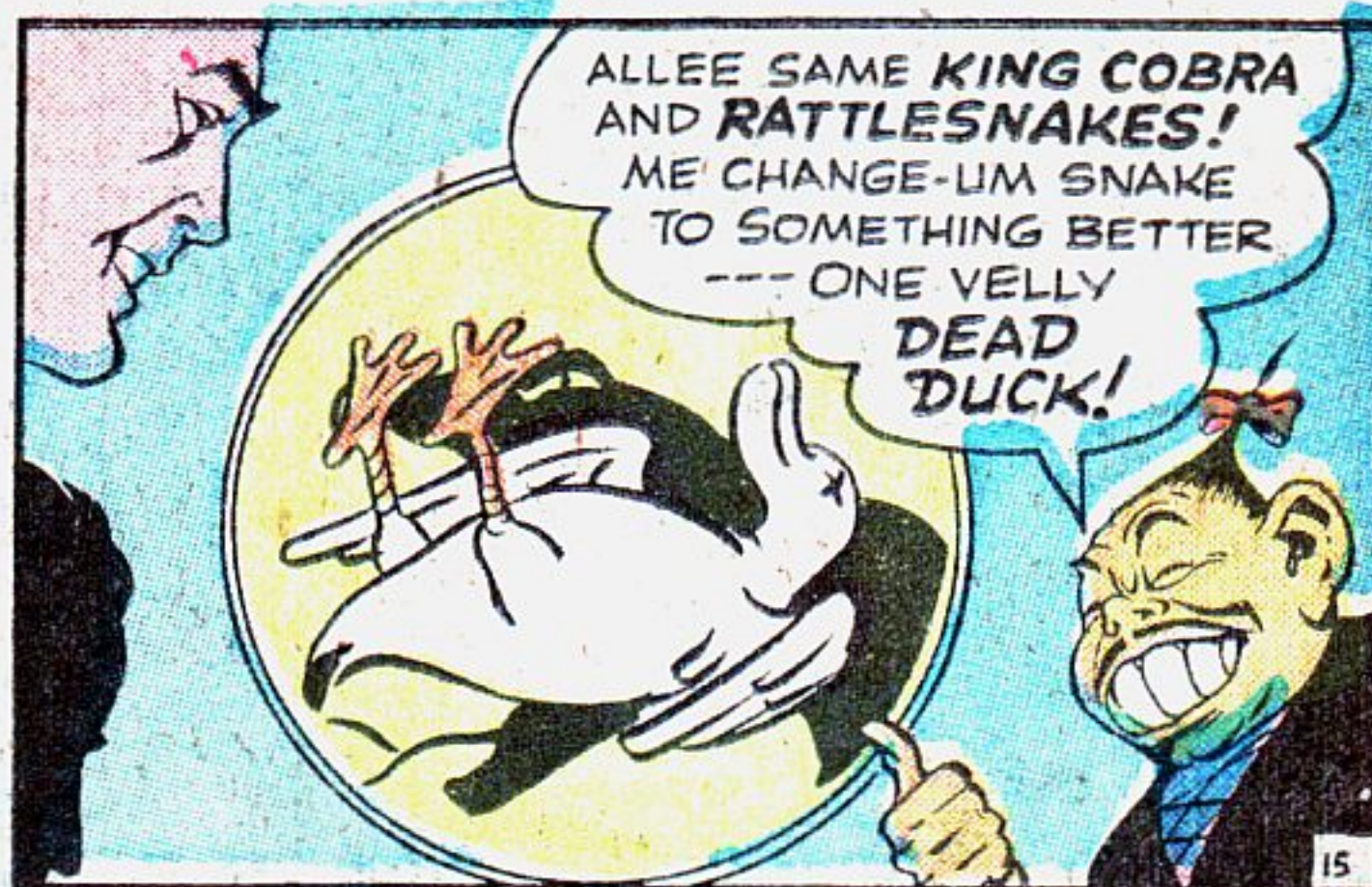
WE CLEANED UP ON THOSE RATTLESNAKES MIGHTY QUICK!

KEENG COBRA - EES HE FEENEESHED?



KING COBRA IS DEAD! HE SAY! -- WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHOP-CHOP?

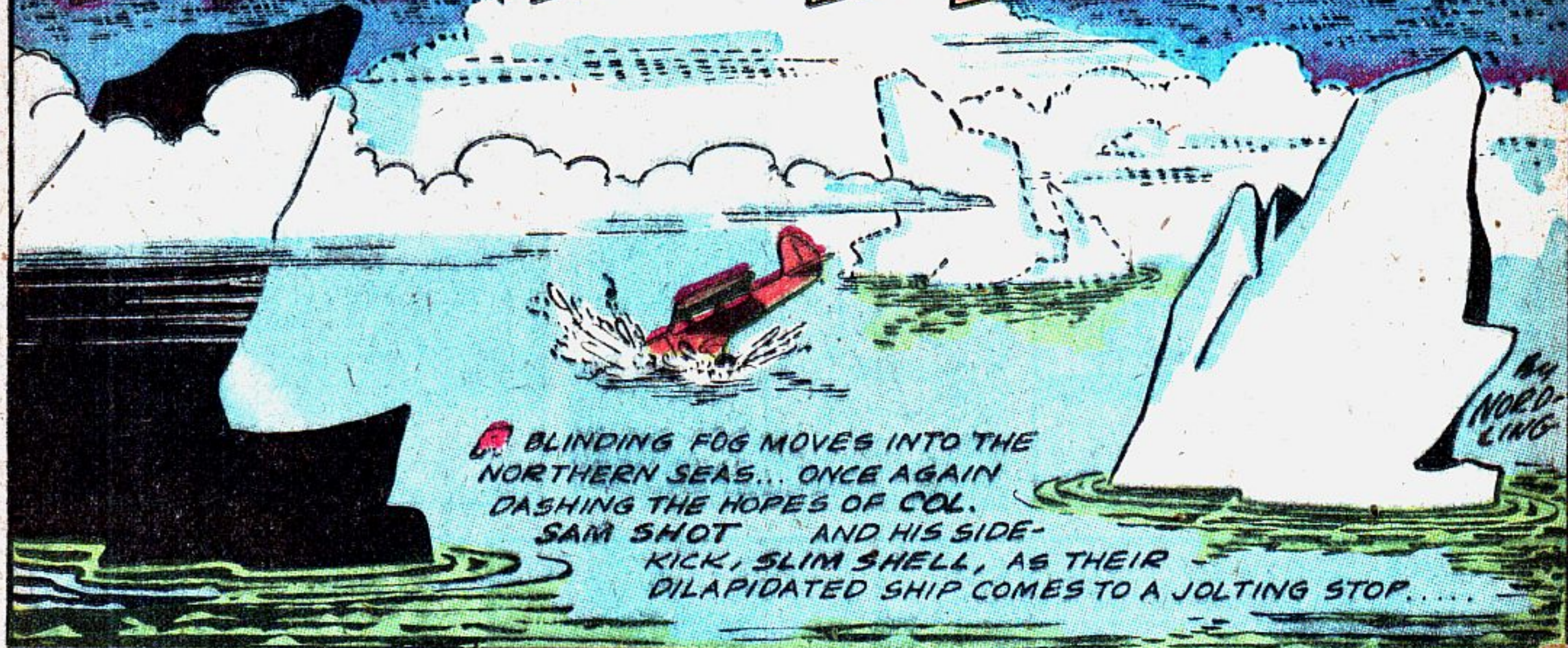
ALLEE SAME KING COBRA AND RATTLESNAKES! ME CHANGE-UM SNAKE TO SOMETHING BETTER --- ONE VELLY DEAD DUCK!



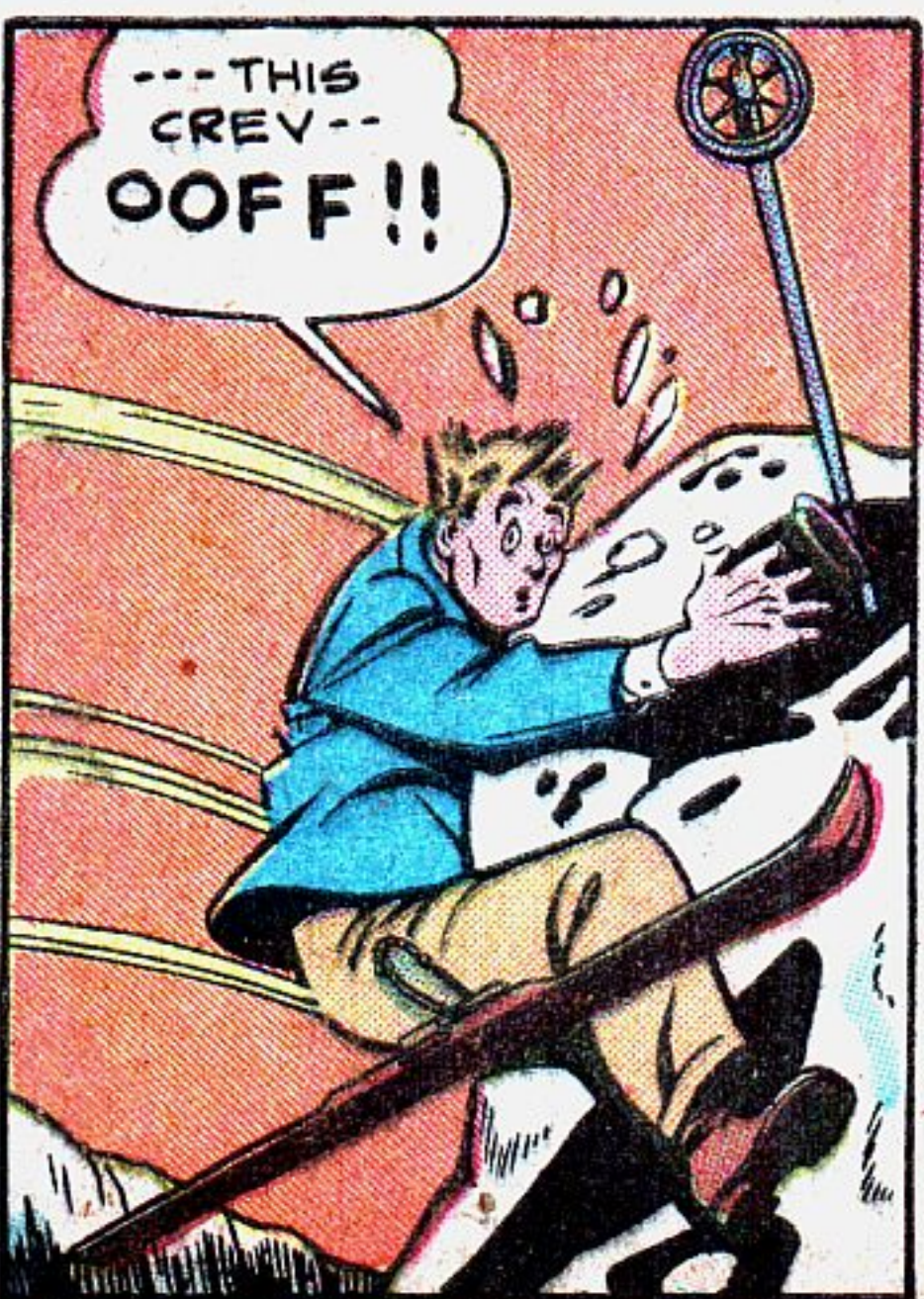
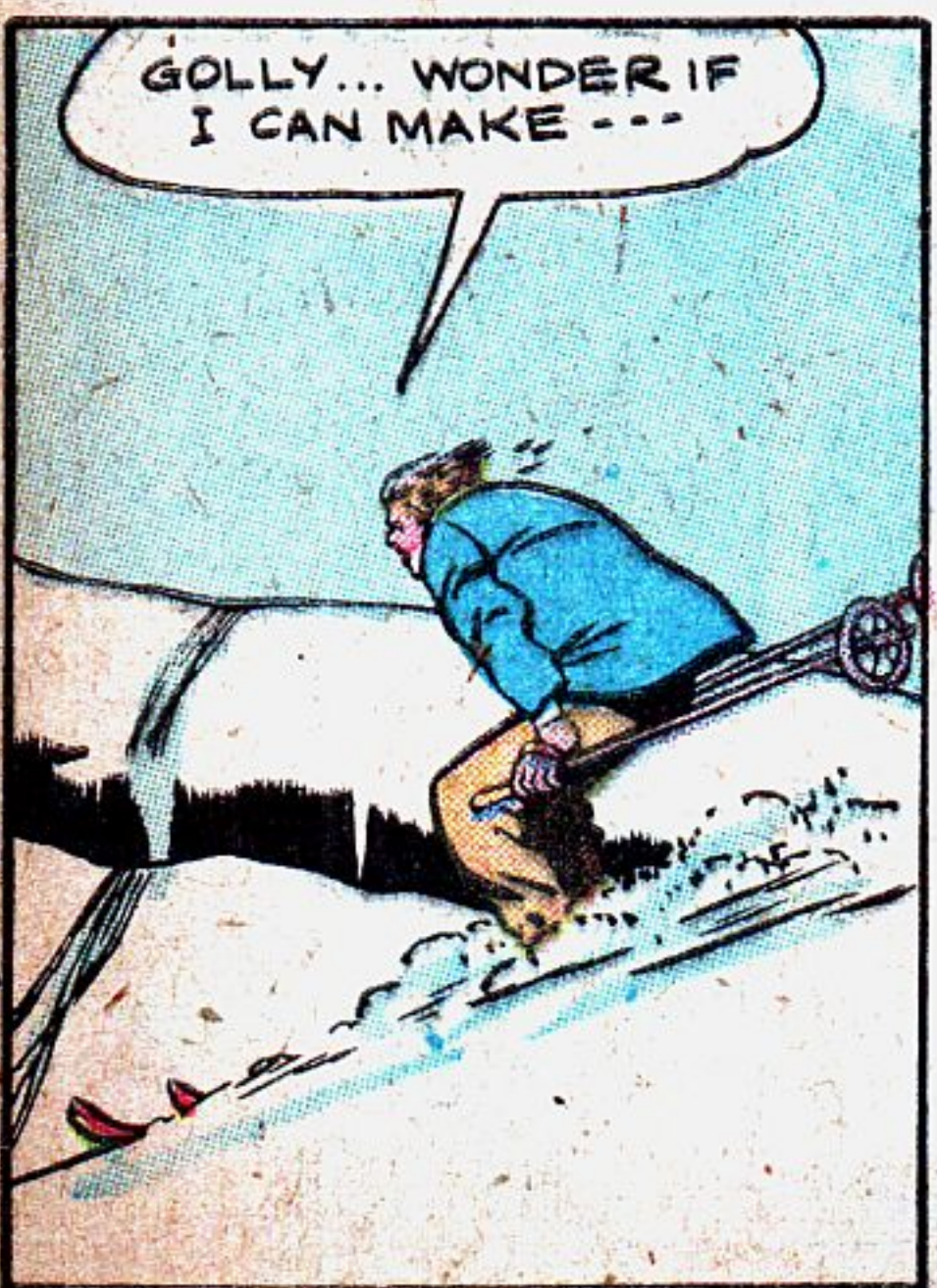
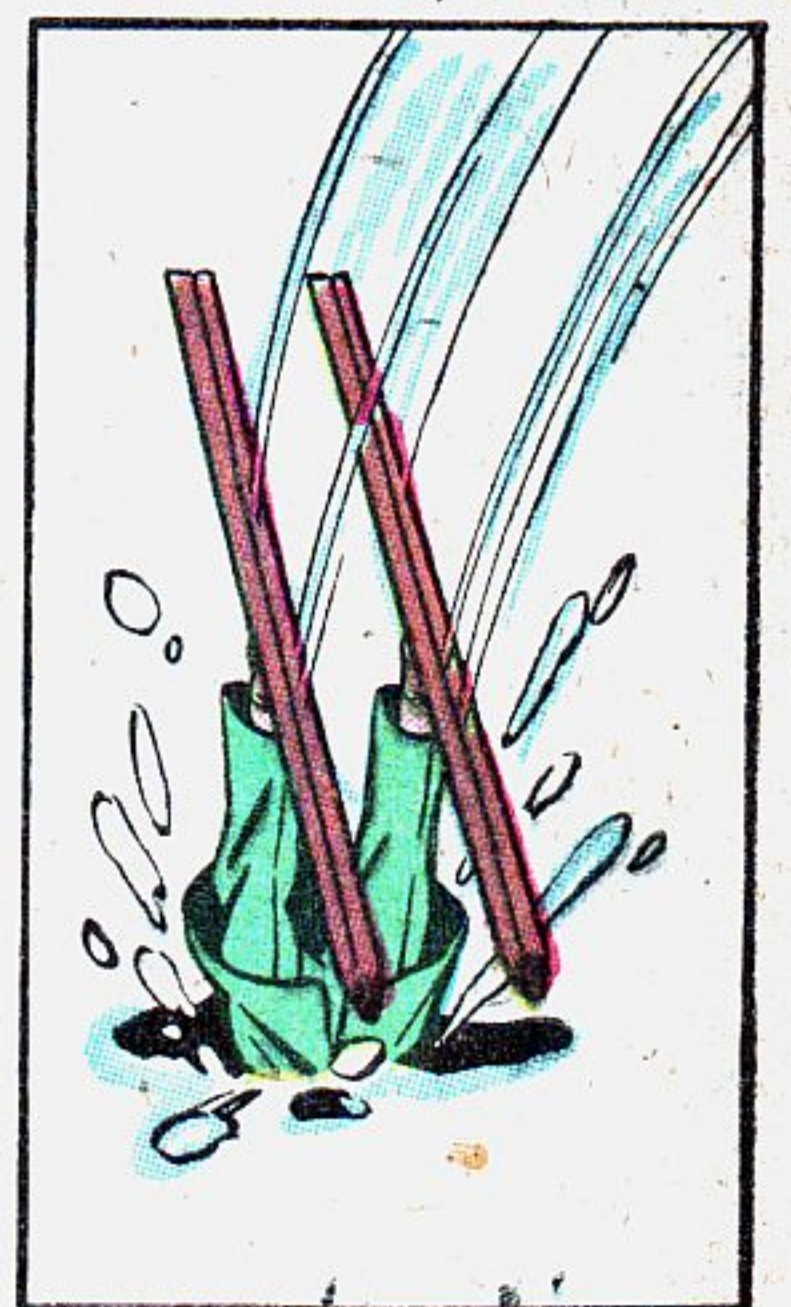
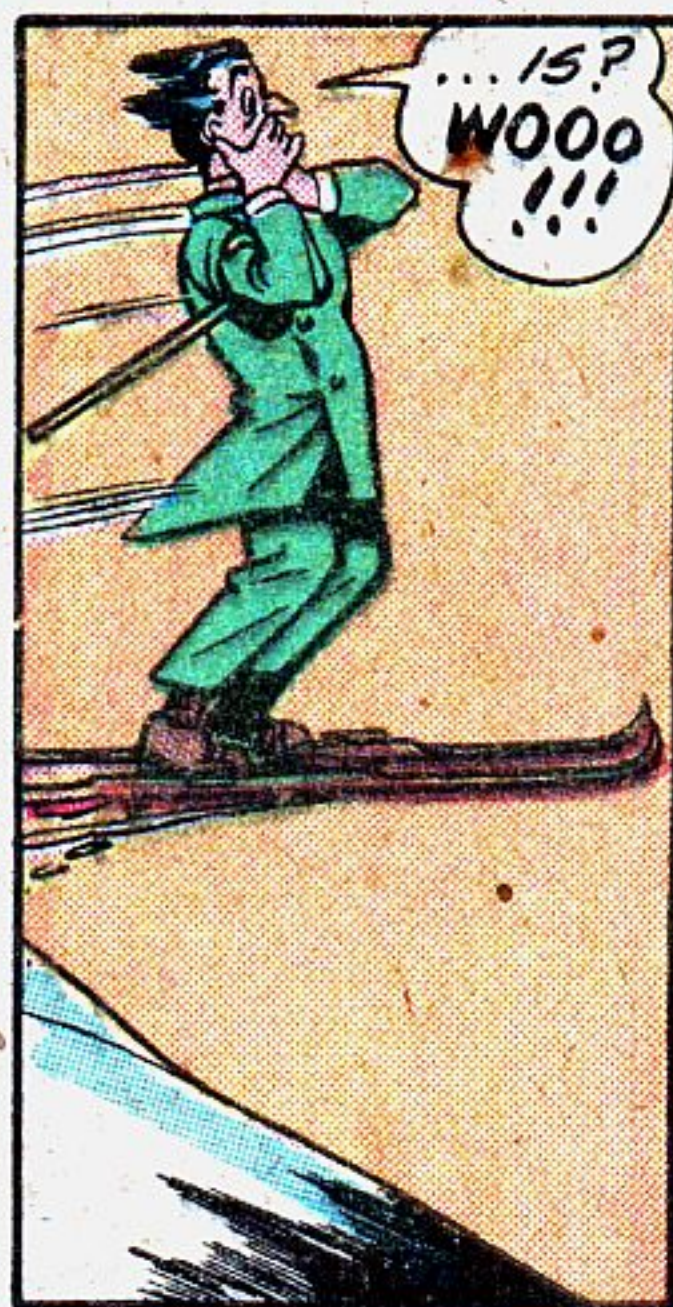
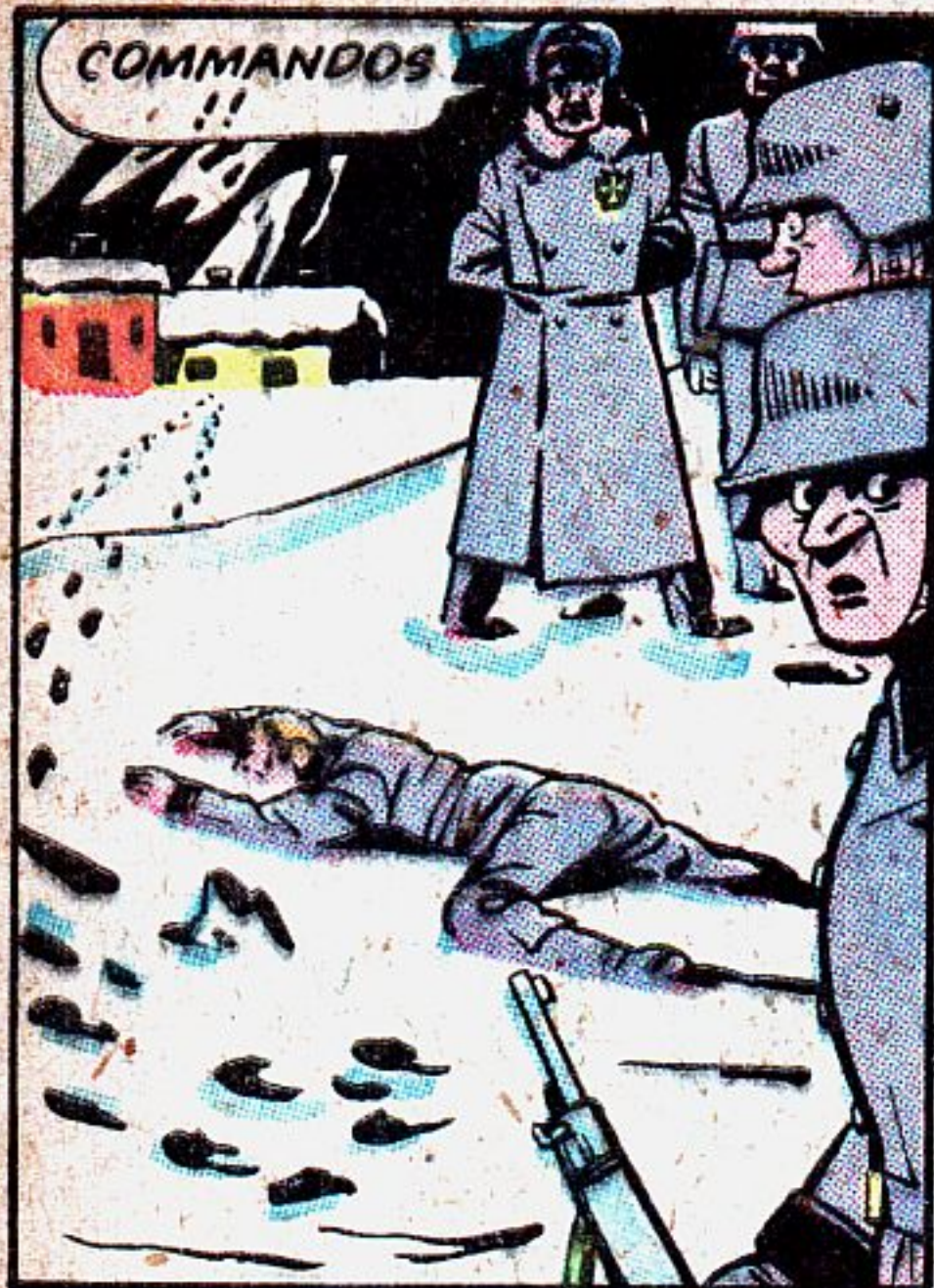
DON'T MISS **BLACKHAWK** AND HIS BUDDIES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **MILITARY COMICS!**



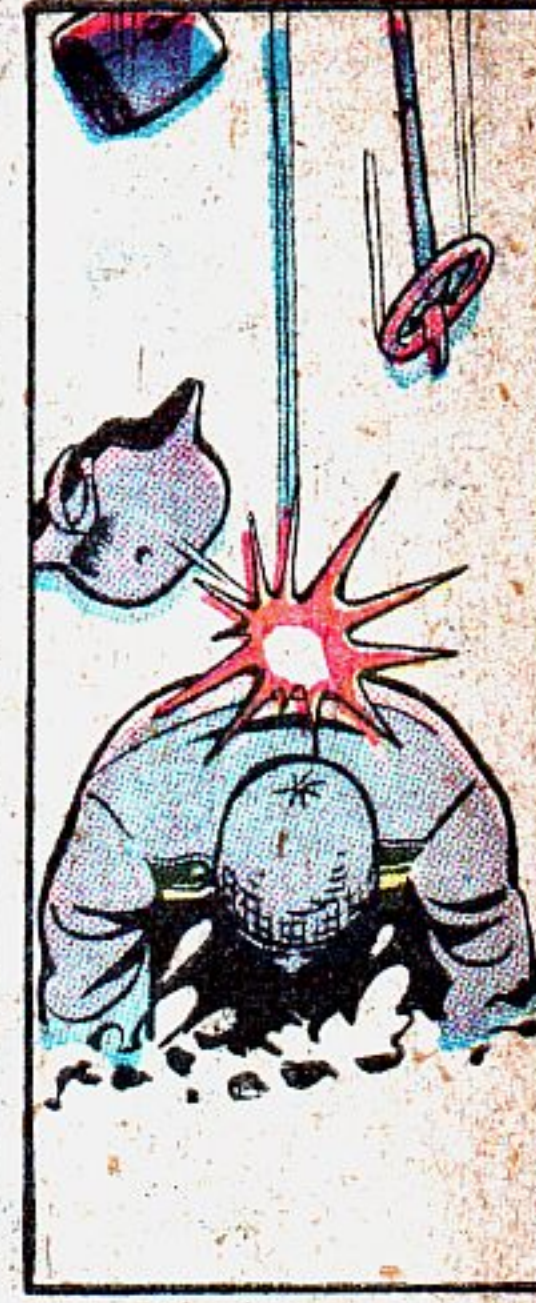
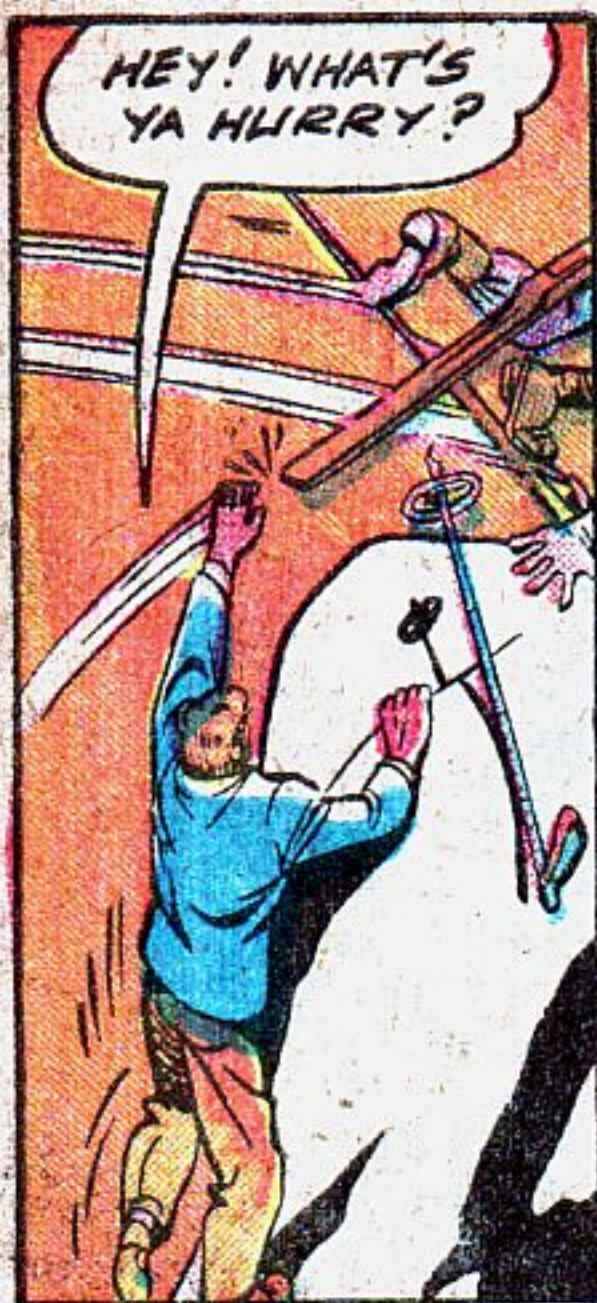
# SHOT and SHELL



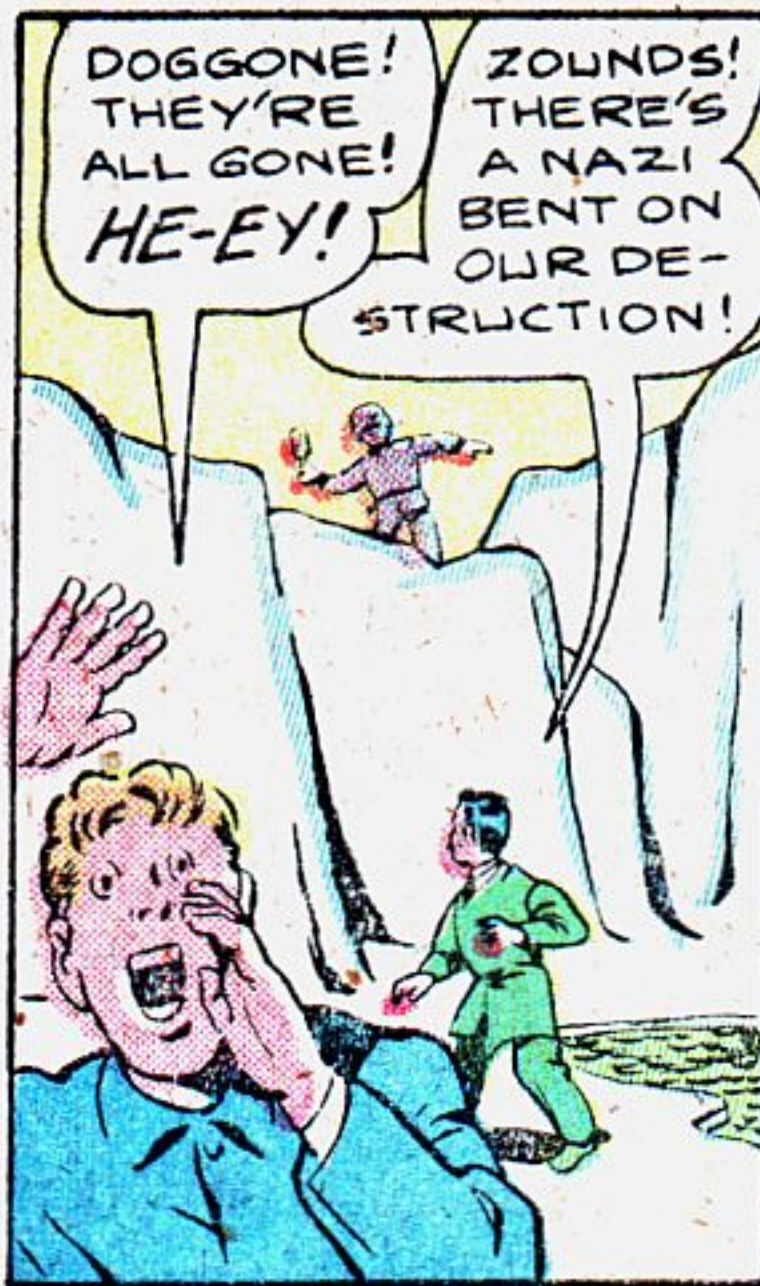
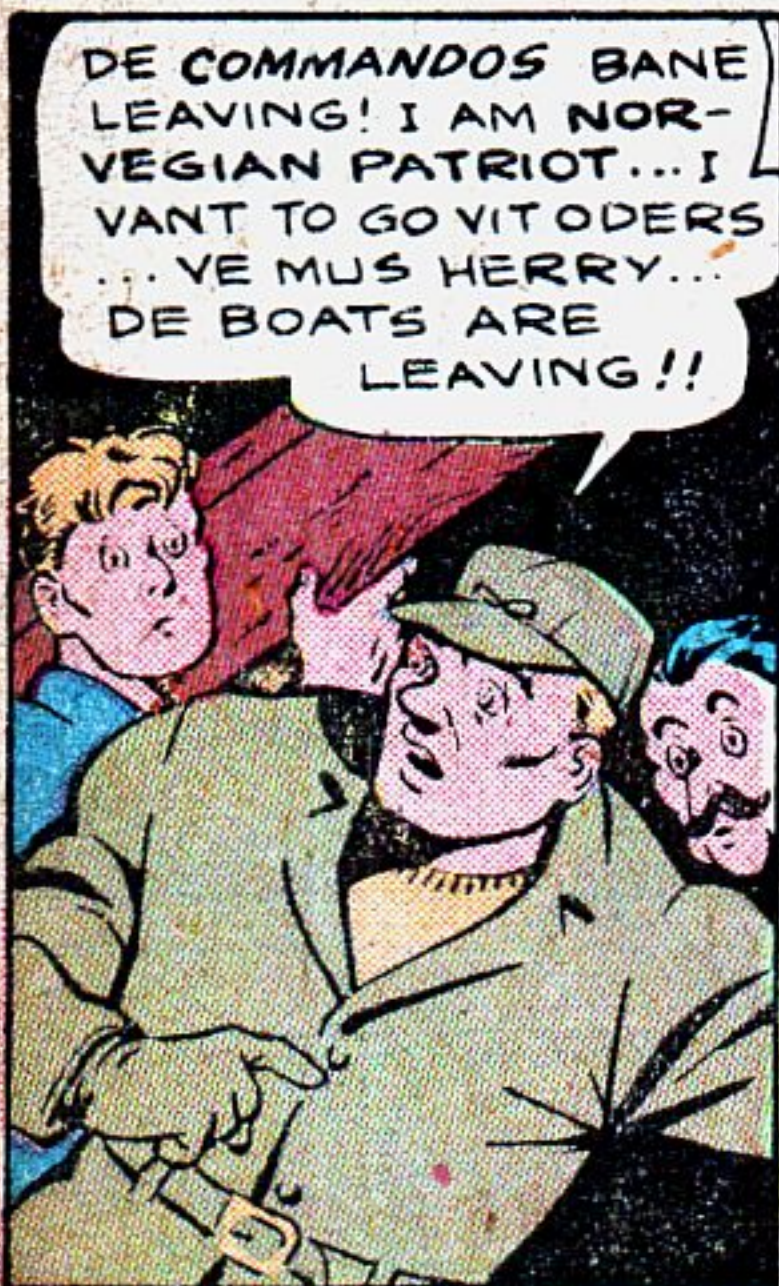










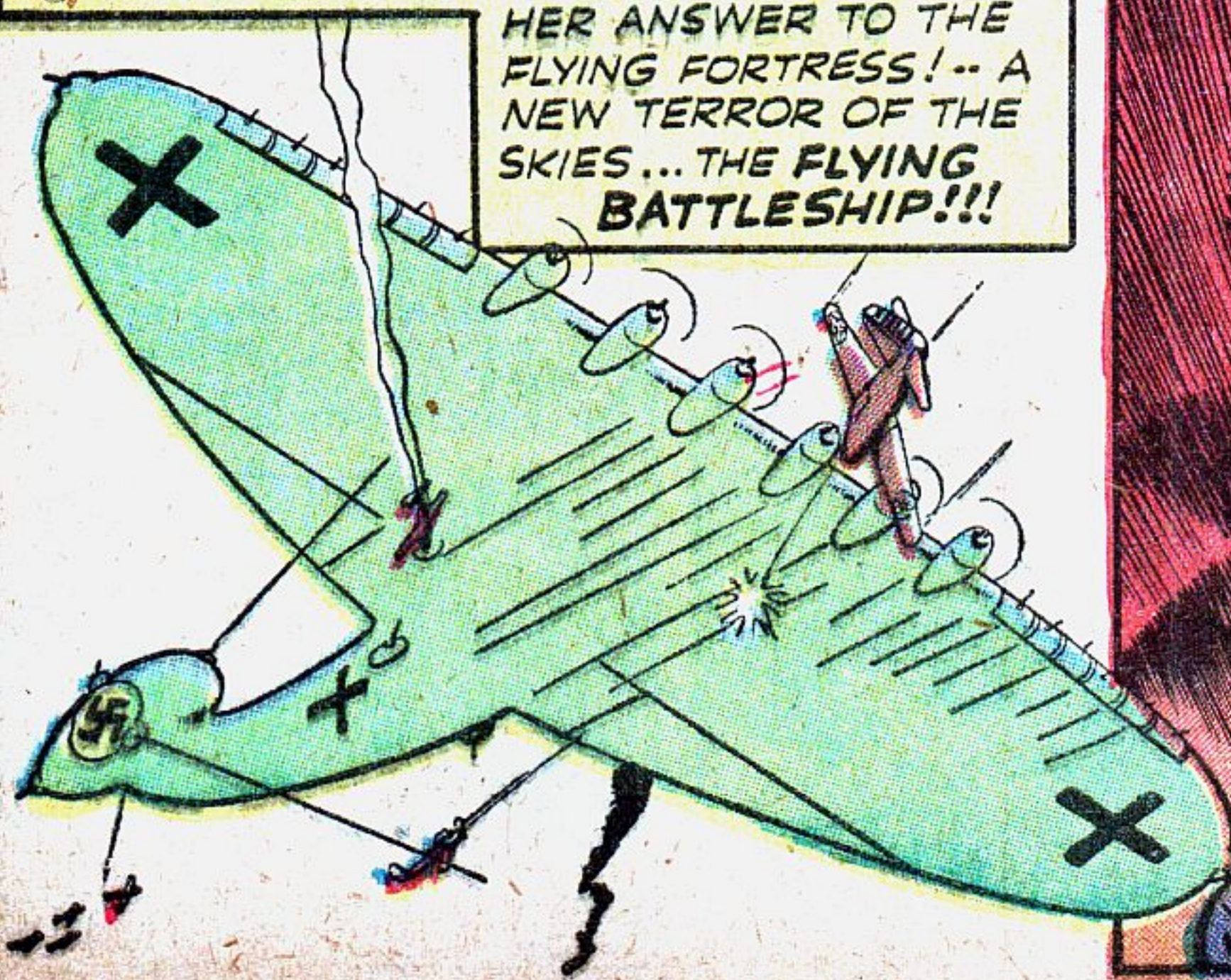






CAN THE WAR BE WON BY AIR SUPREMACY ALONE? TIME WILL TELL! BUT BOTH SIDES, THE AXIS AND THE ALLIES, CANNOT AFFORD TO WAIT! GERMANY RACES TO COMPLETE

HER ANSWER TO THE FLYING FORTRESS! -- A NEW TERROR OF THE SKIES... THE FLYING BATTLESHIP!!!



THE SECRET LAIR OF THE NEW SKY-MENACE...

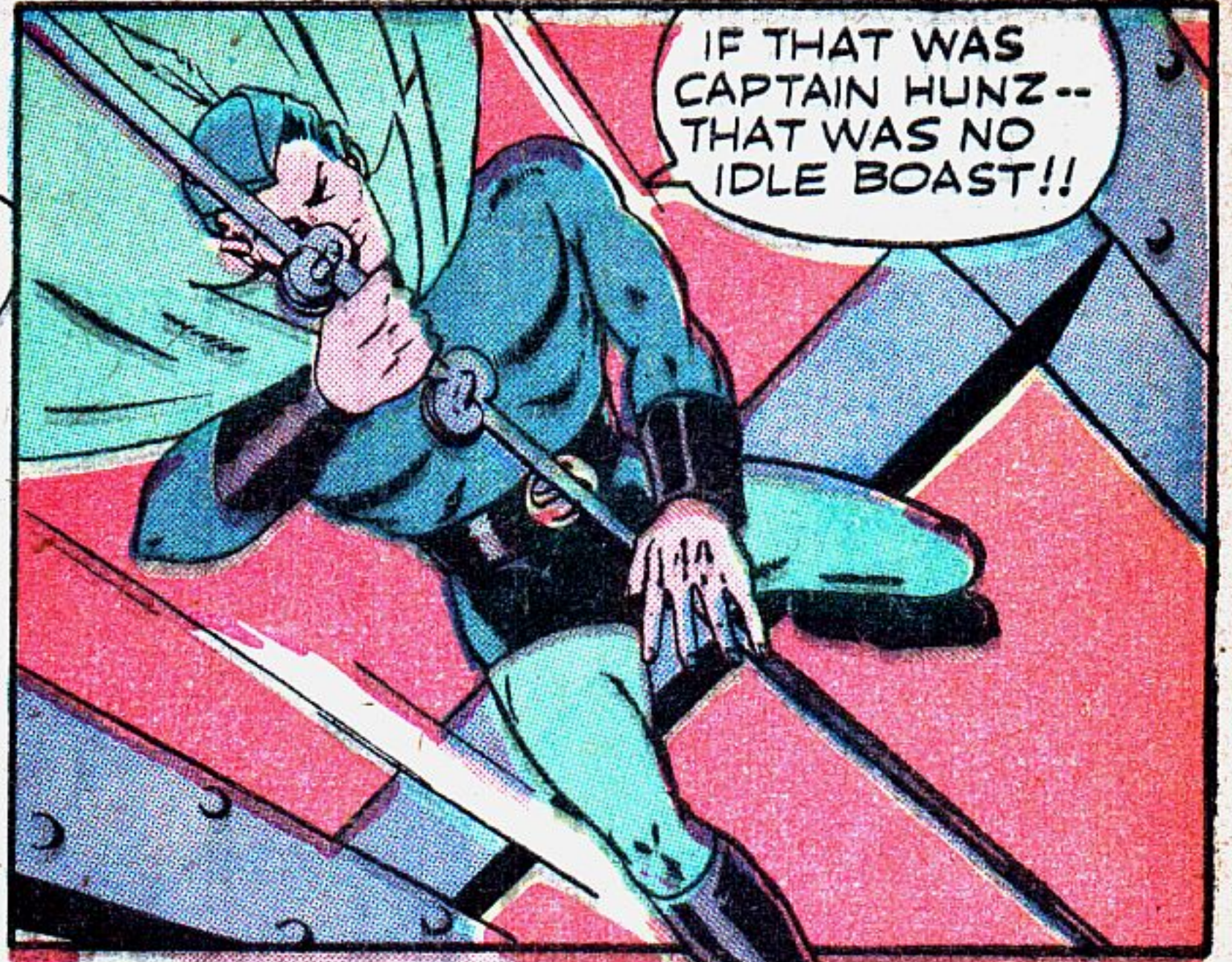
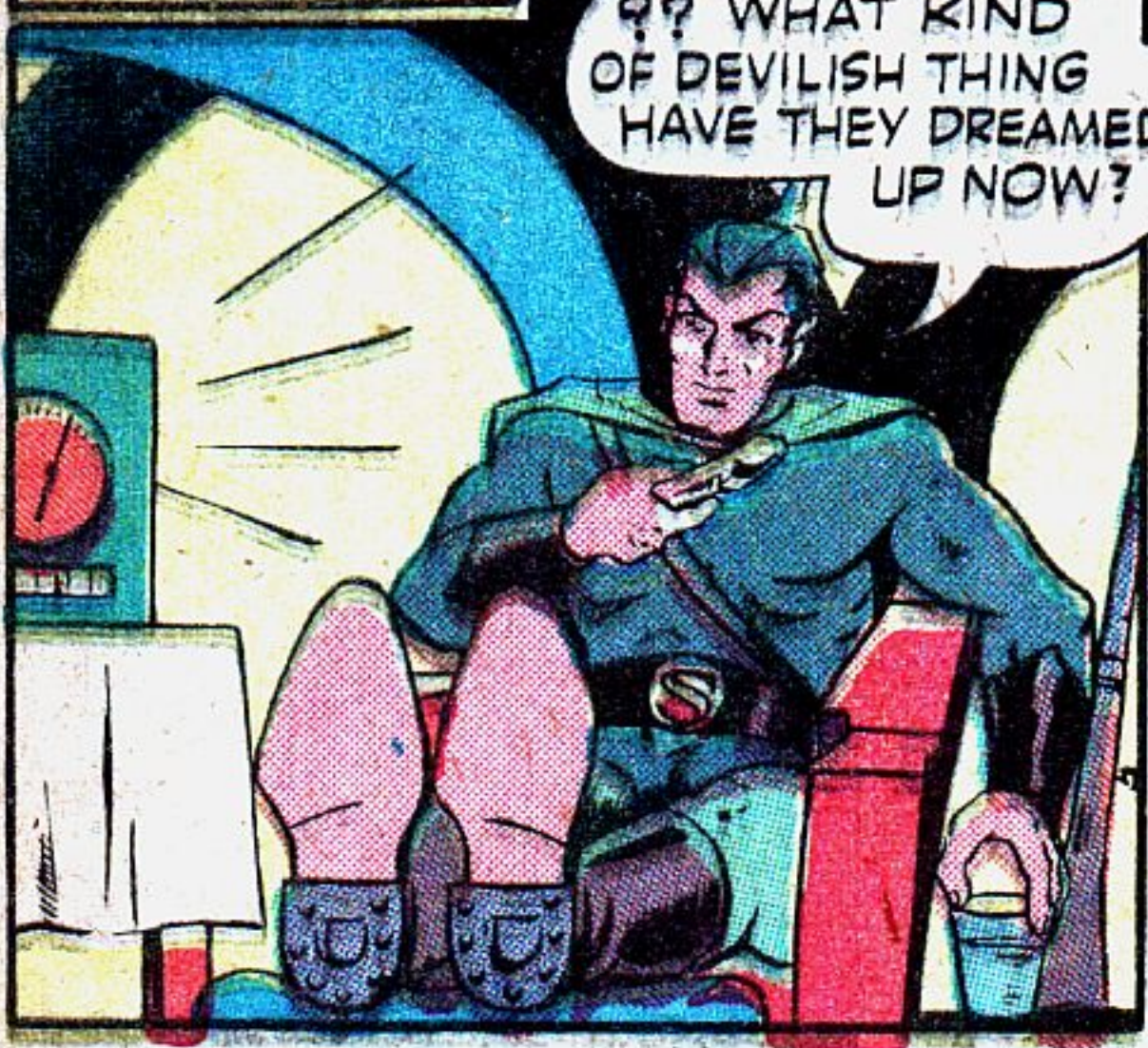
DER WORLD -- LISTEN TO ME! I, CAPTAIN HUNZ VILL SOON MAKE DER ALLIED COUNTRIES TREMBLE AND I'LL POUND DEM INTO SUBMISSION WITH MY AERIAL MONSTER!!





THE NAZI BOAST TRAVELS OVER THE EIFFEL TOWER -- HOME OF THE SNIPER!

?? WHAT KIND OF DEVILISH THING HAVE THEY DREAMED UP NOW?



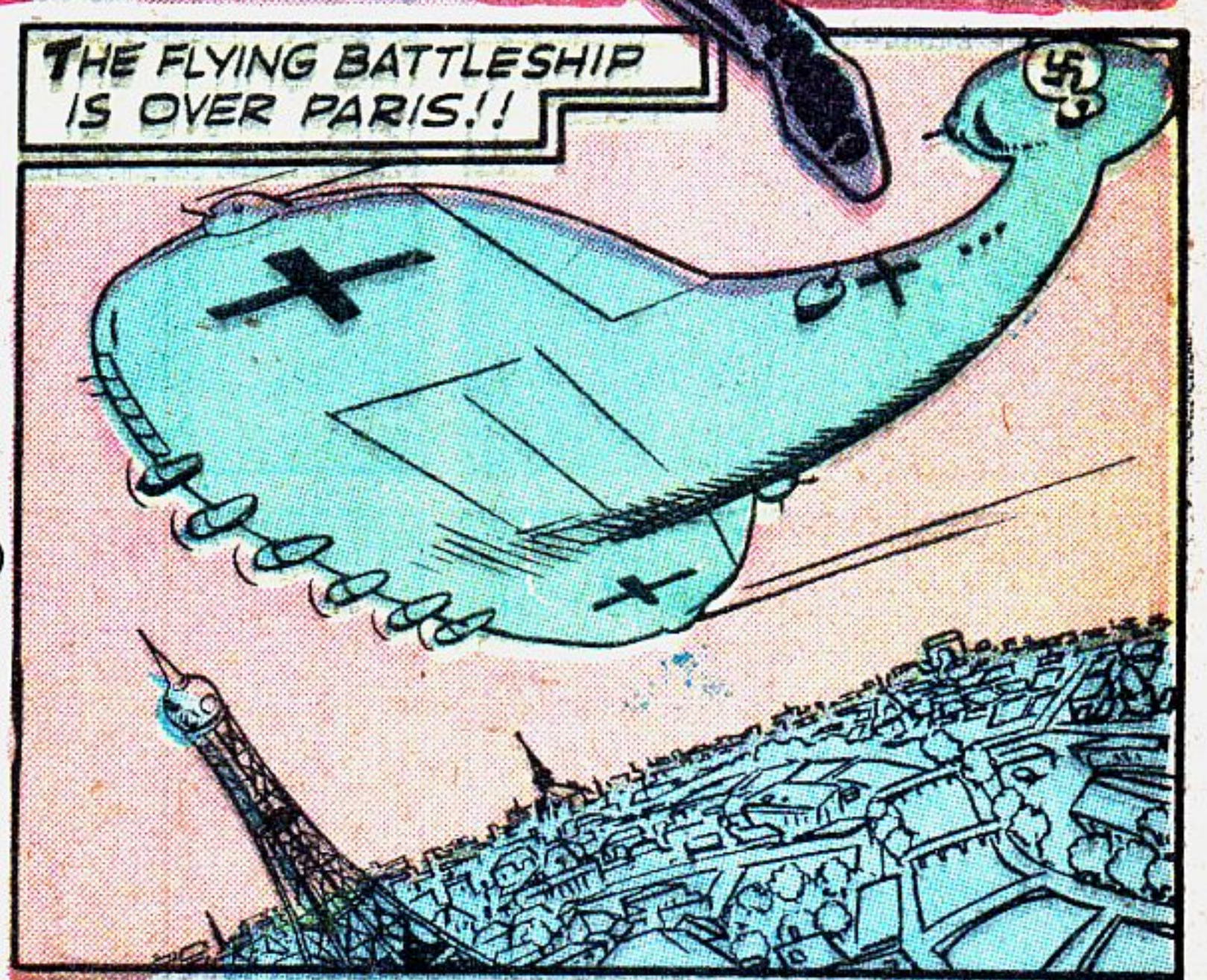
IF THAT WAS CAPTAIN HUNZ -- THAT WAS NO IDLE BOAST!!

THE SNIPER SUDDENLY FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS!

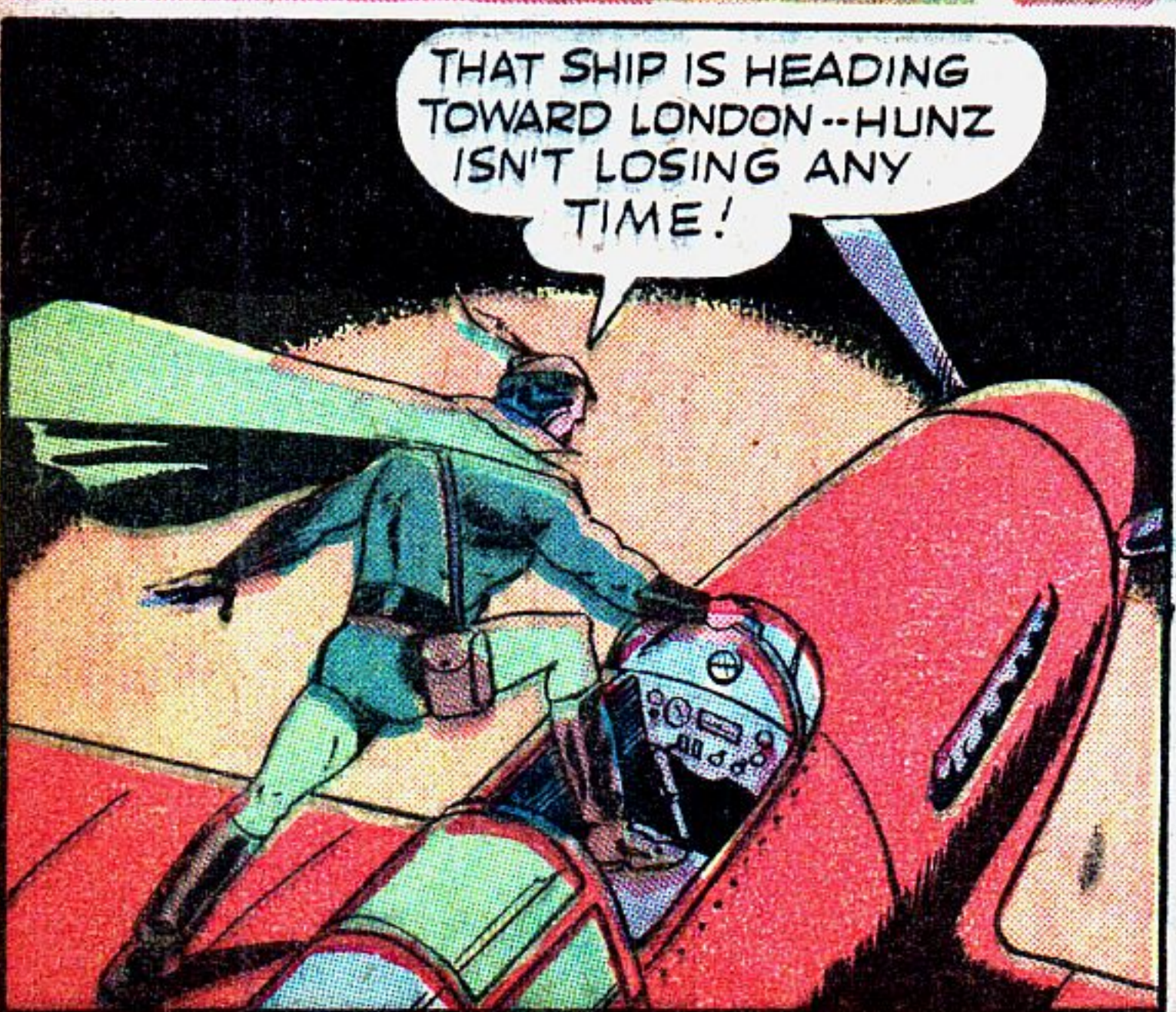
THAT HEAVY DRONE!!!... COULD IT BE...??



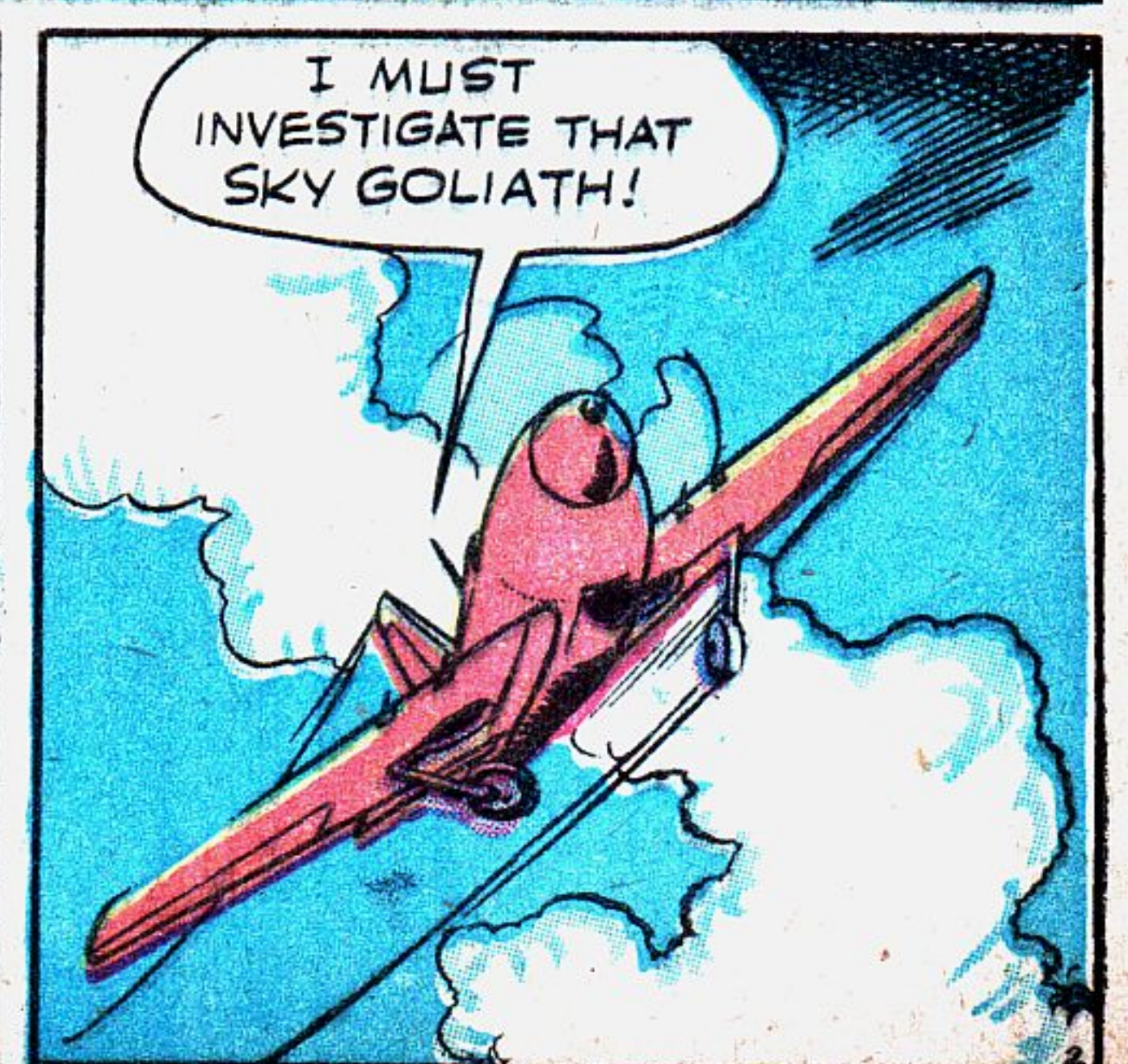
THE FLYING BATTLESHIP IS OVER PARIS!!



THAT SHIP IS HEADING TOWARD LONDON -- HUNZ ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME!

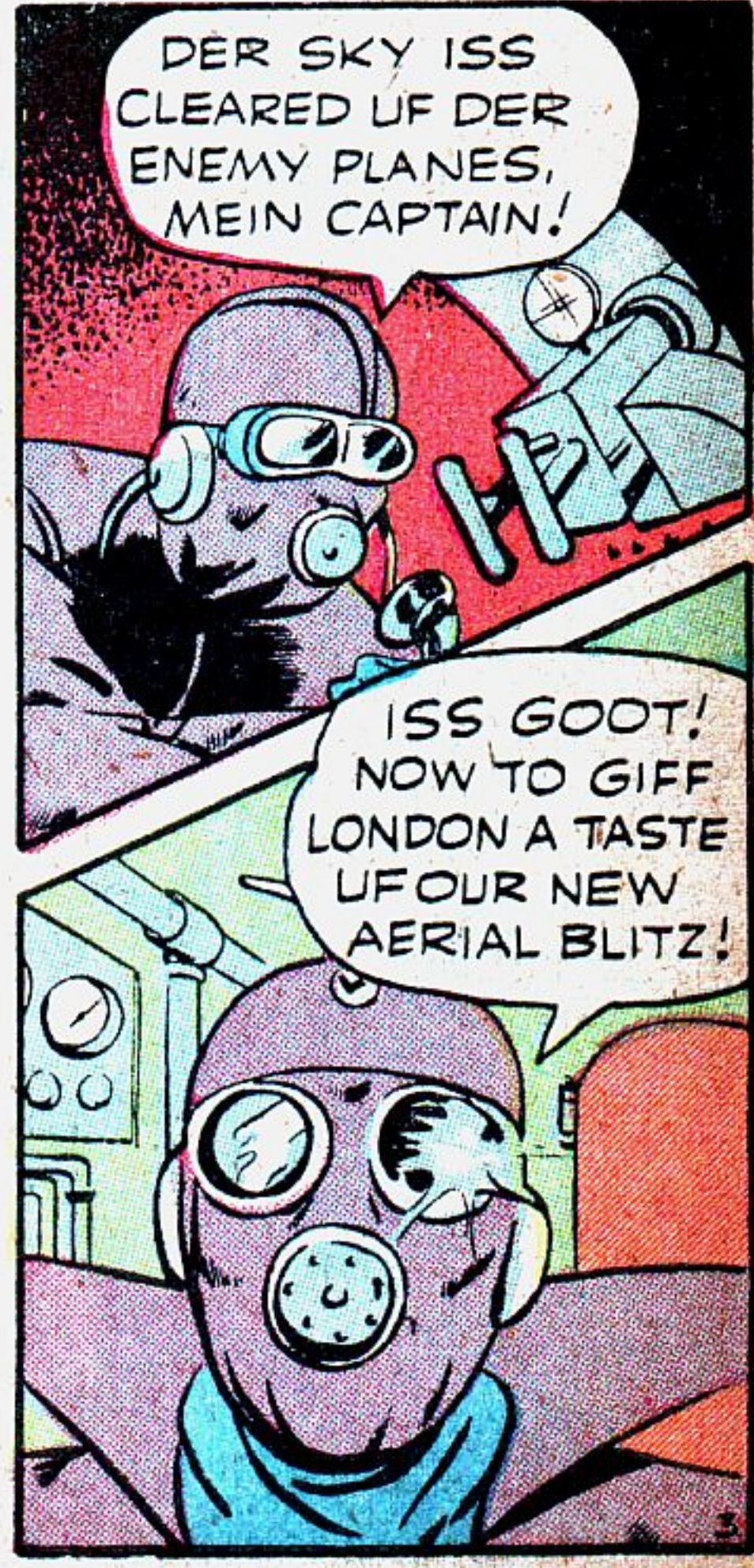
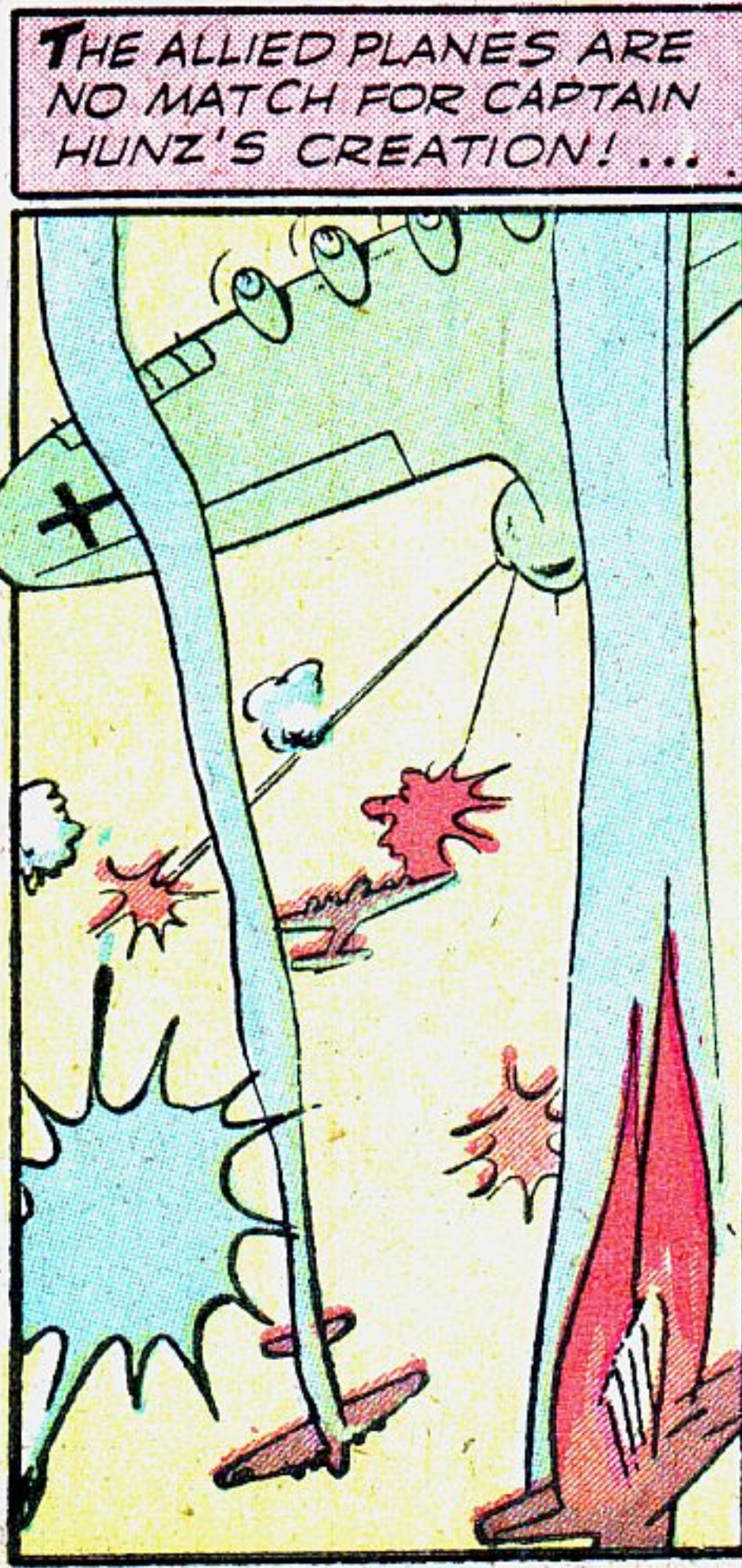
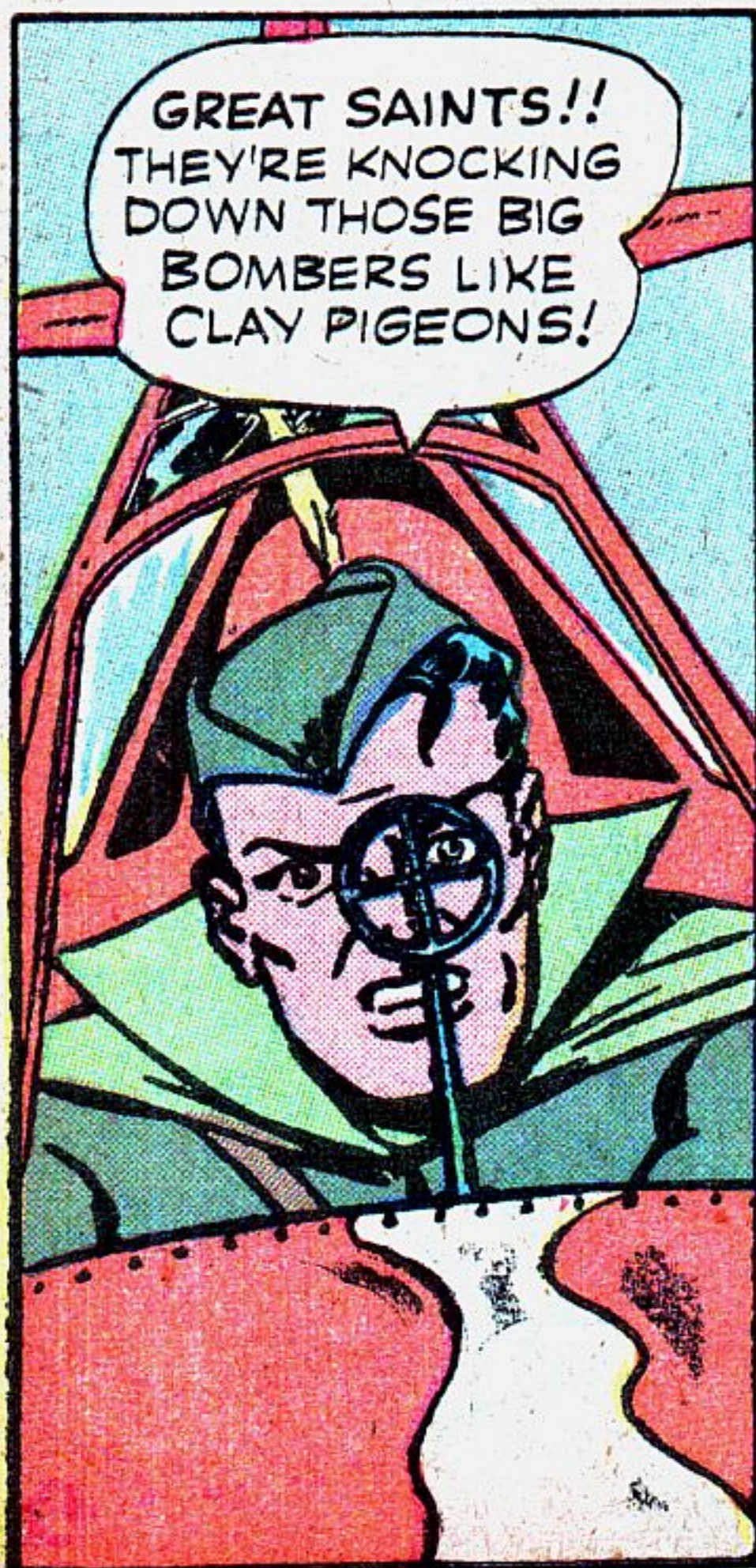
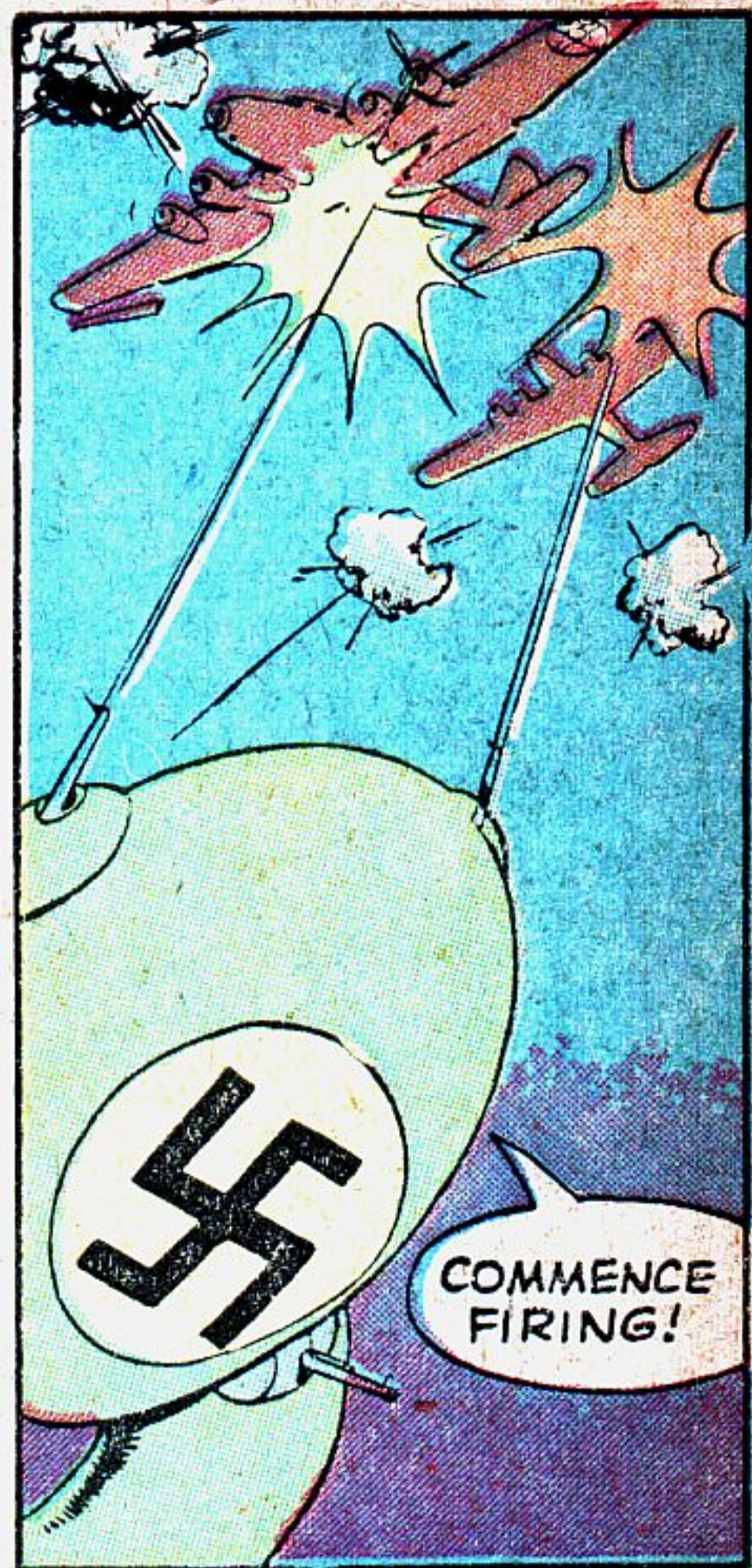
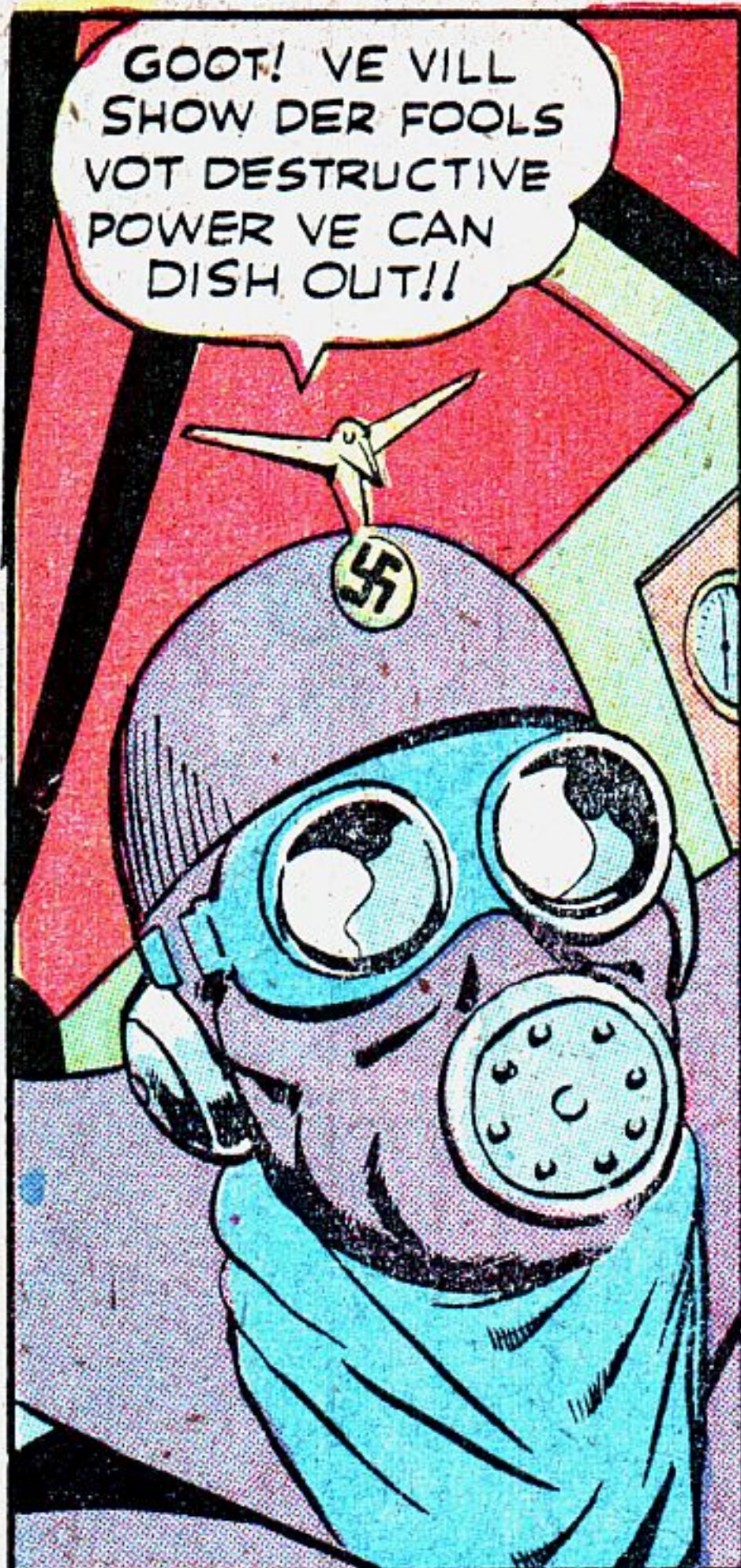
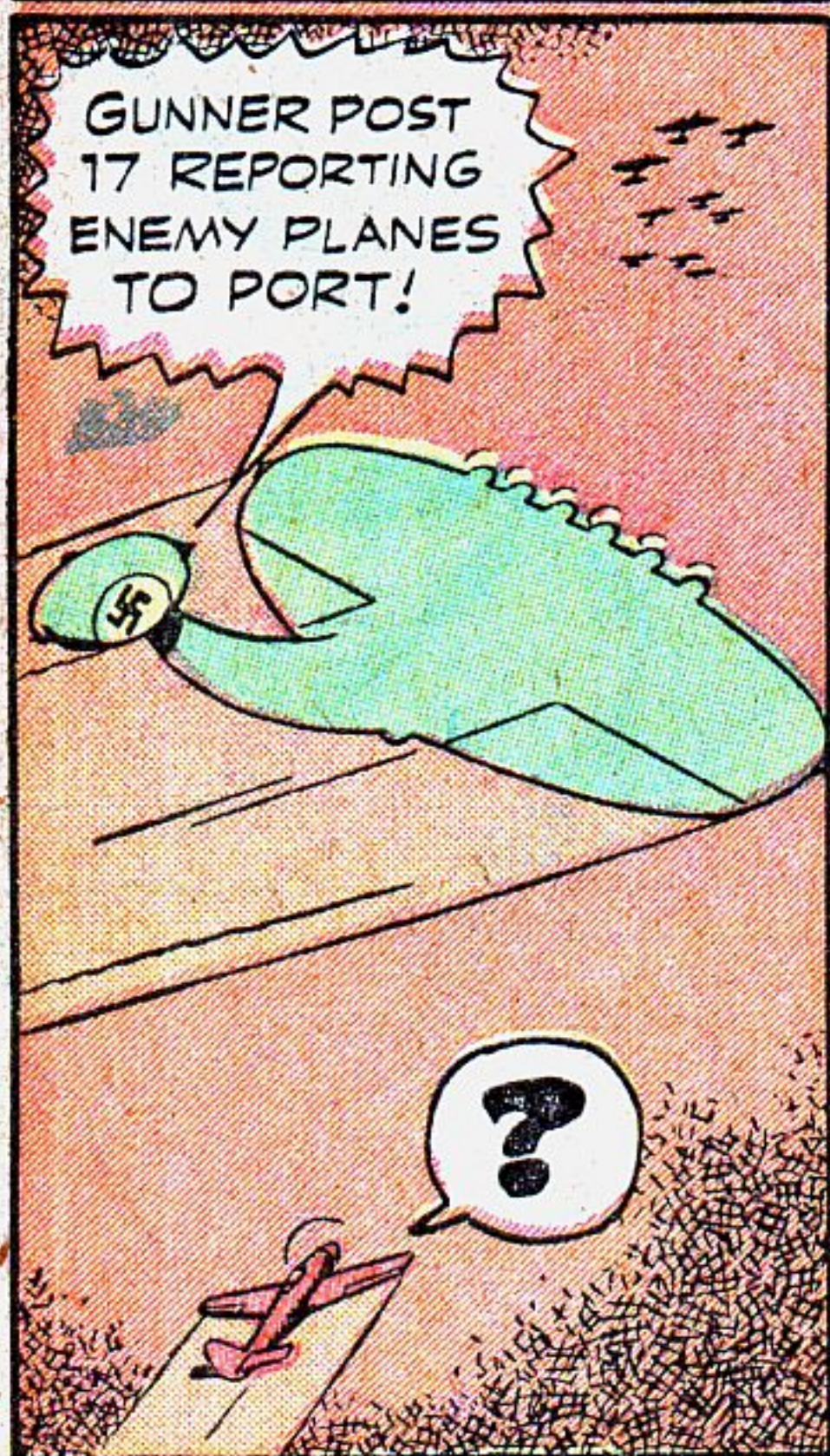


I MUST INVESTIGATE THAT SKY GOLIATH!

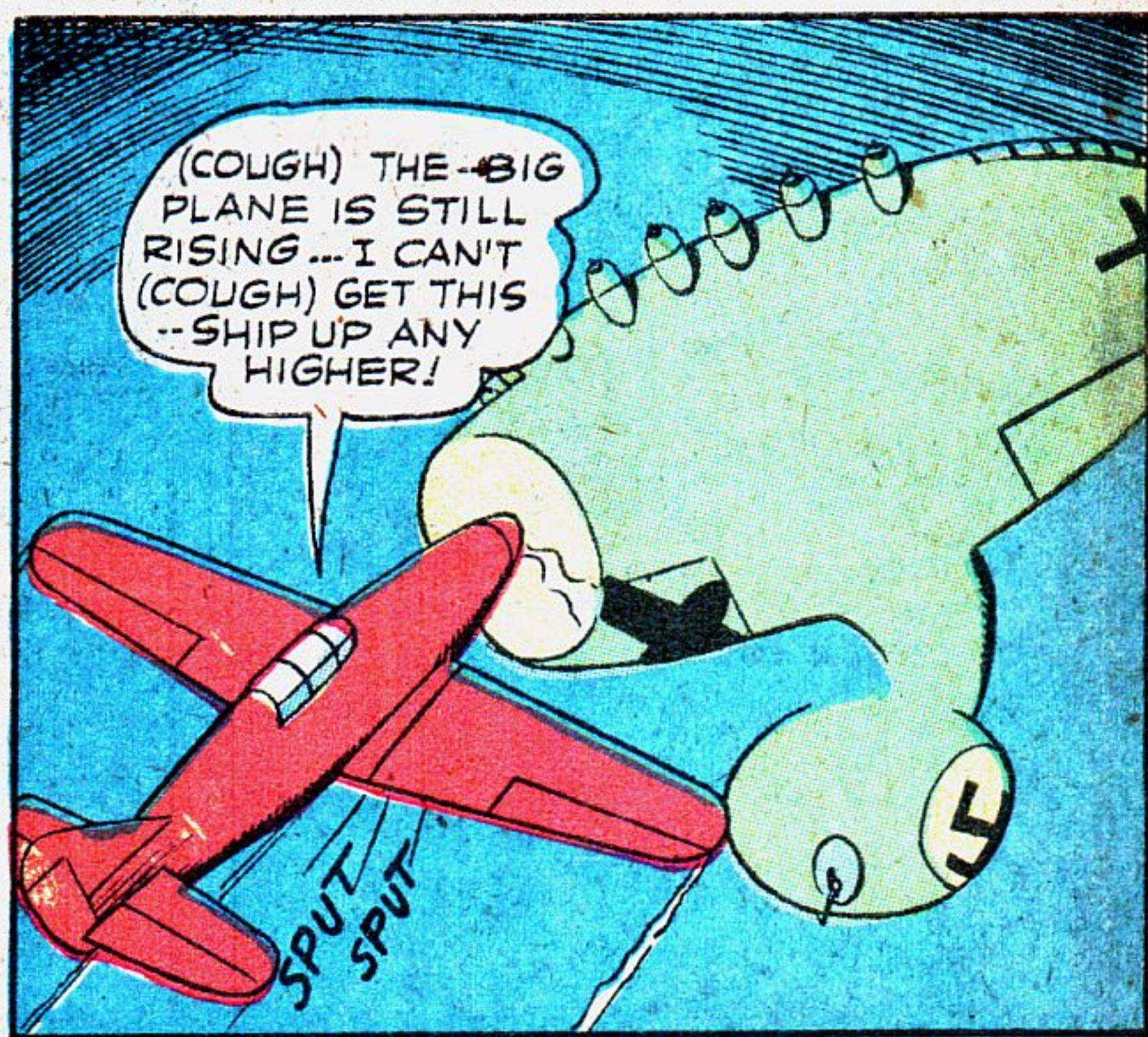
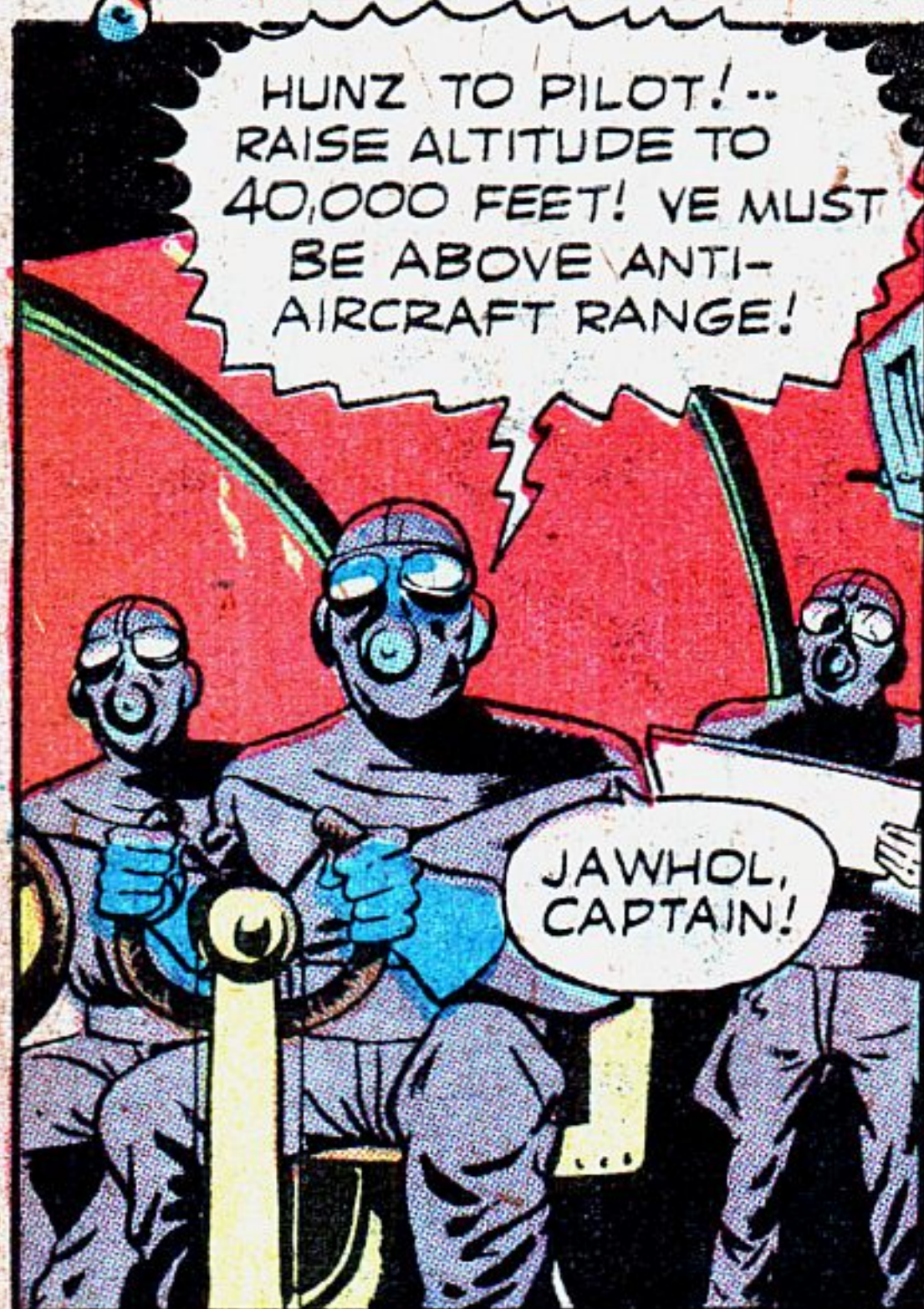
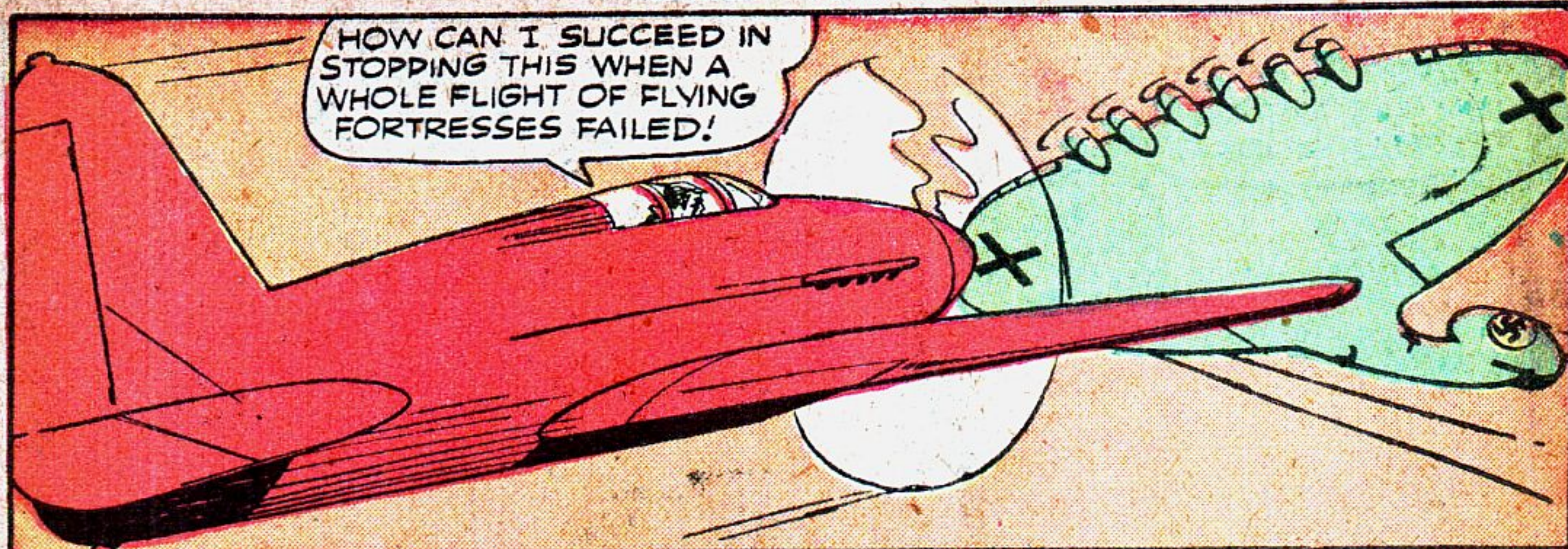




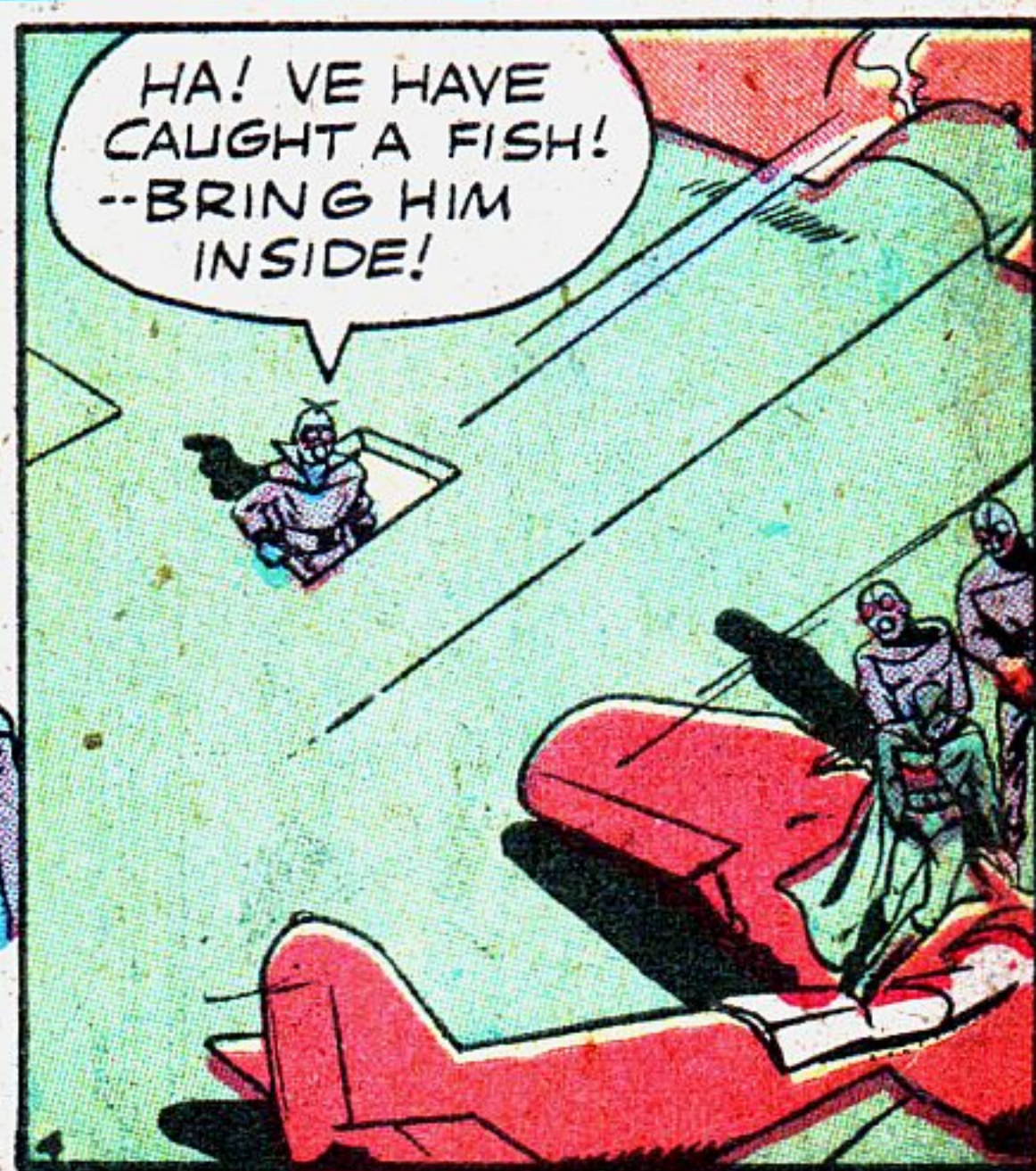
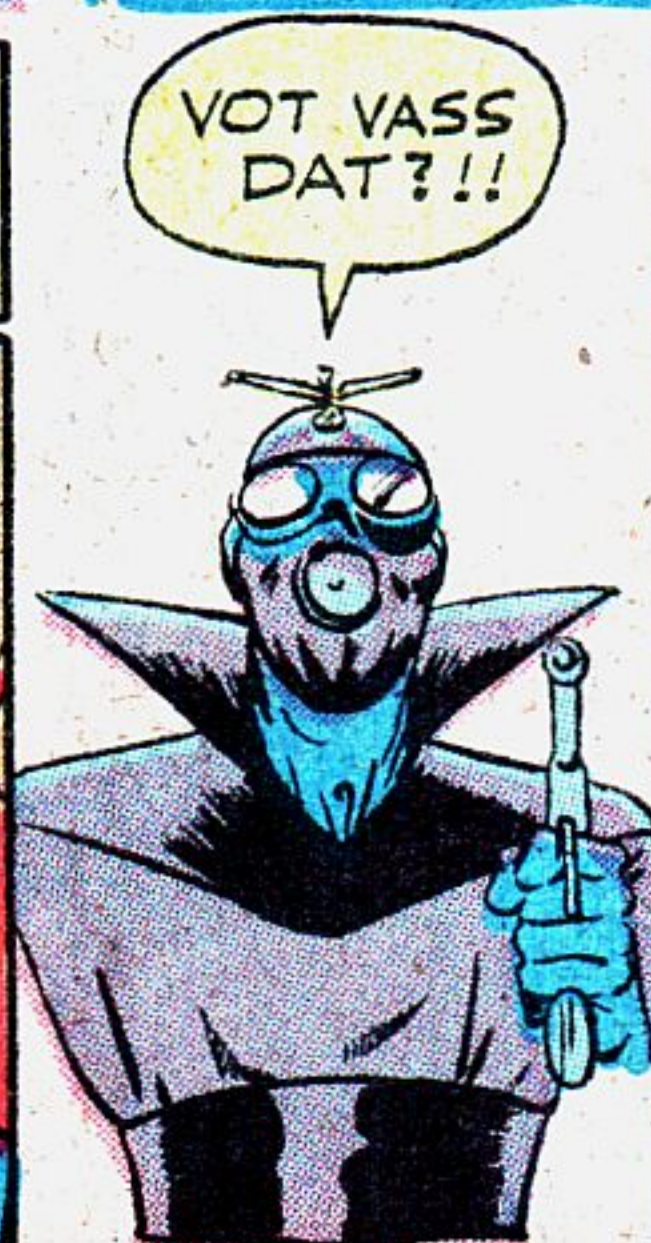
AS THE SNIPER CLIMBS TO MEET THE FLYING BATTLESHIP, A FORMATION OF ALLIED BOMBERS WINGS INTO VIEW...



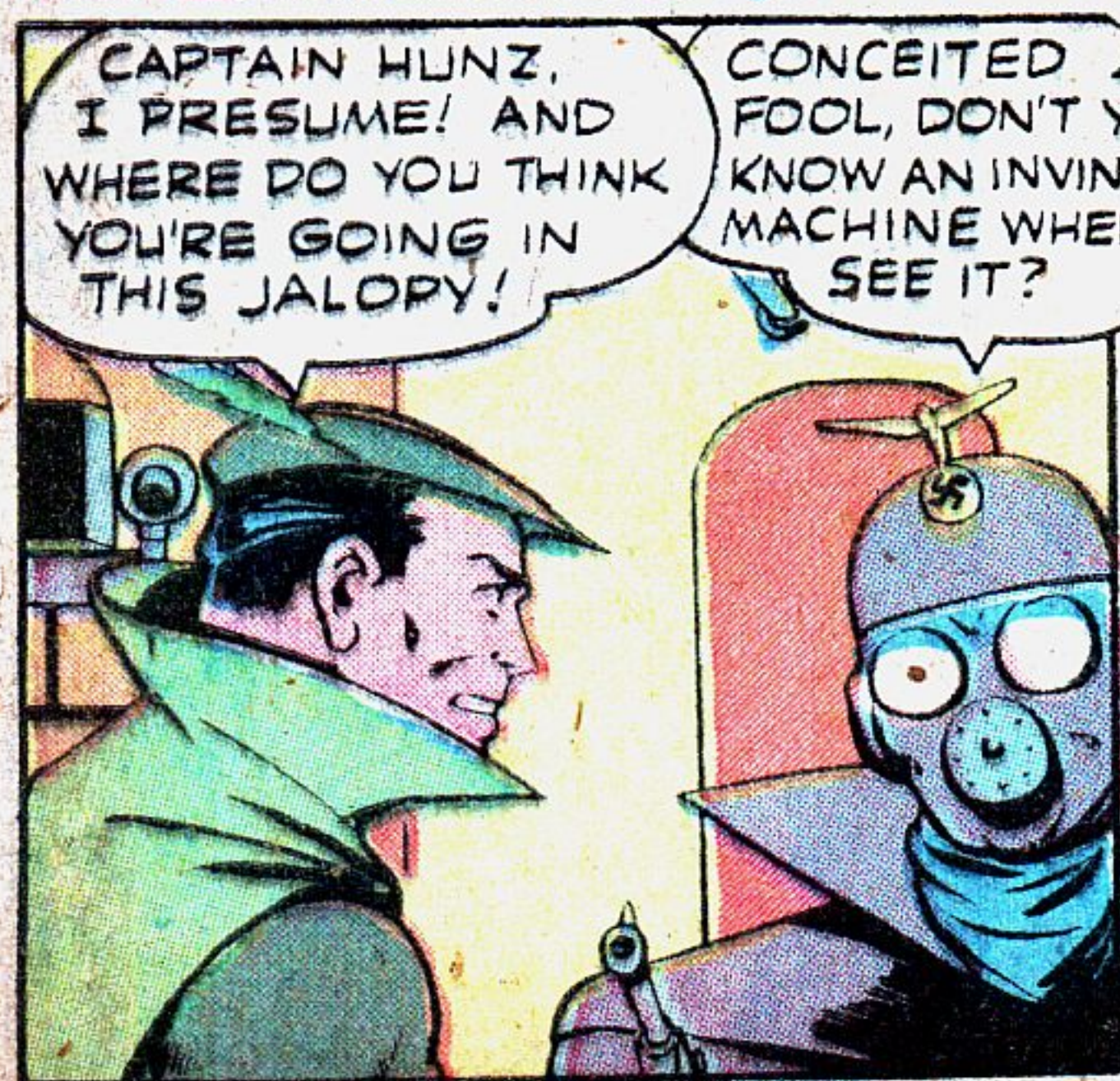
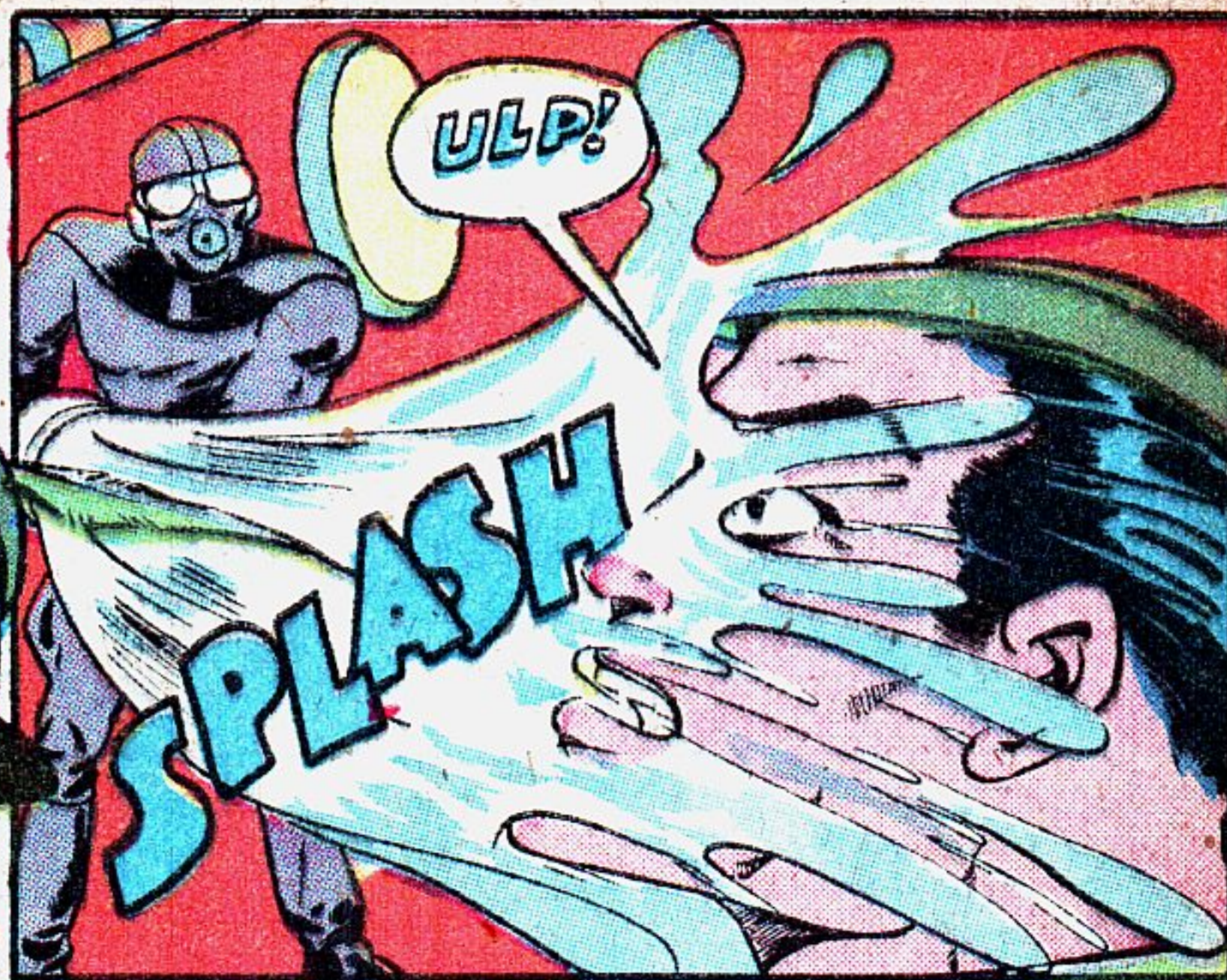




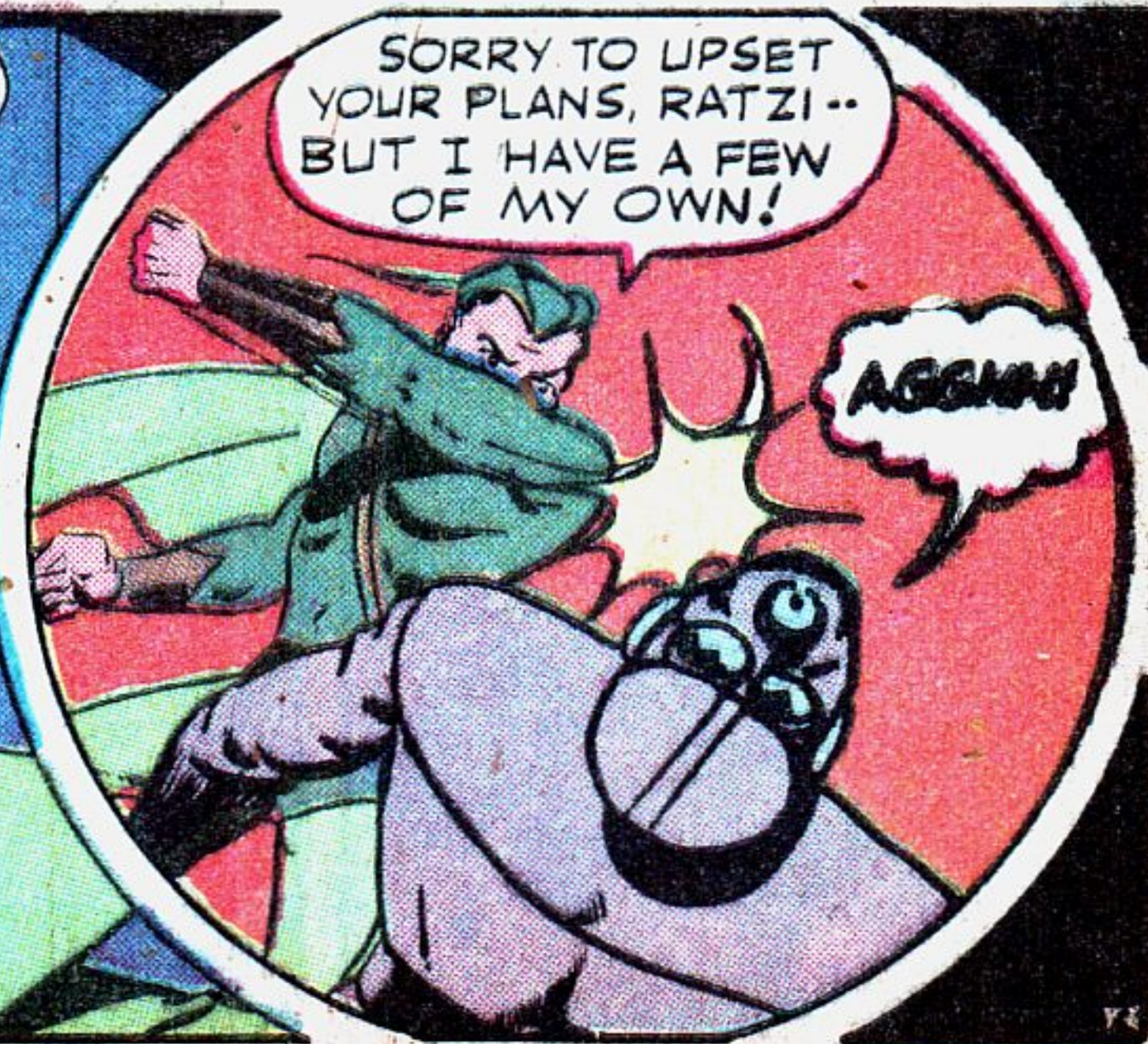
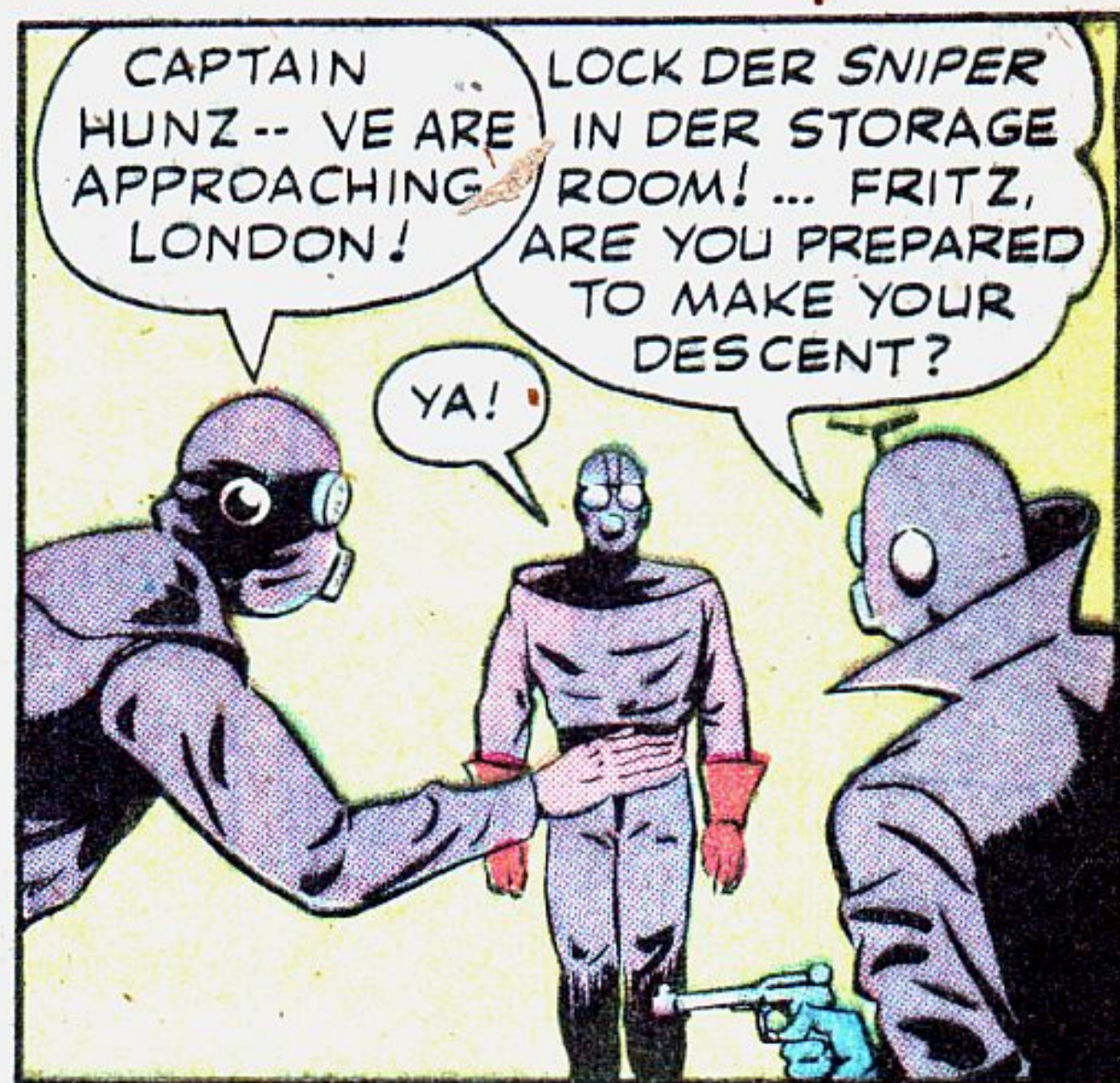
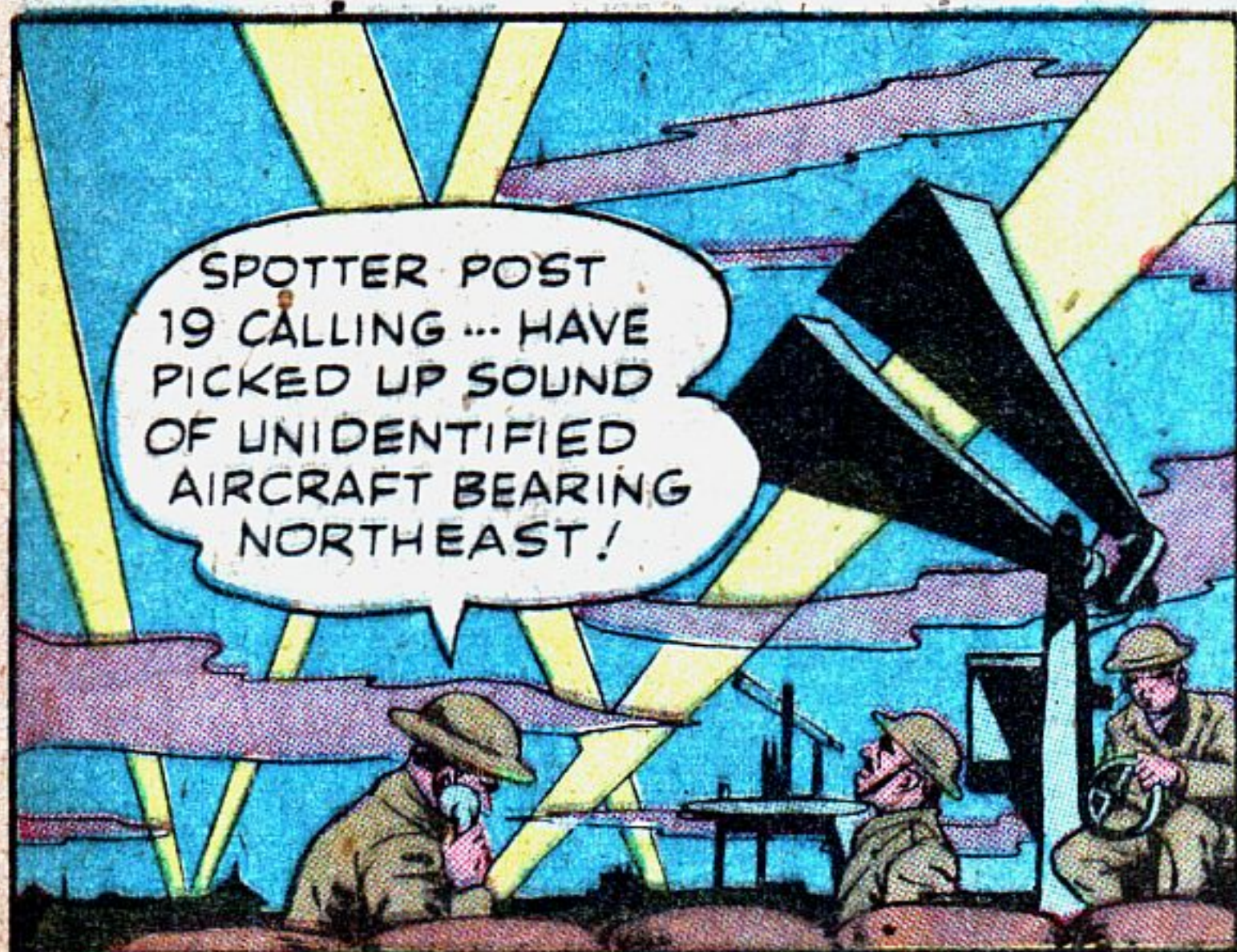
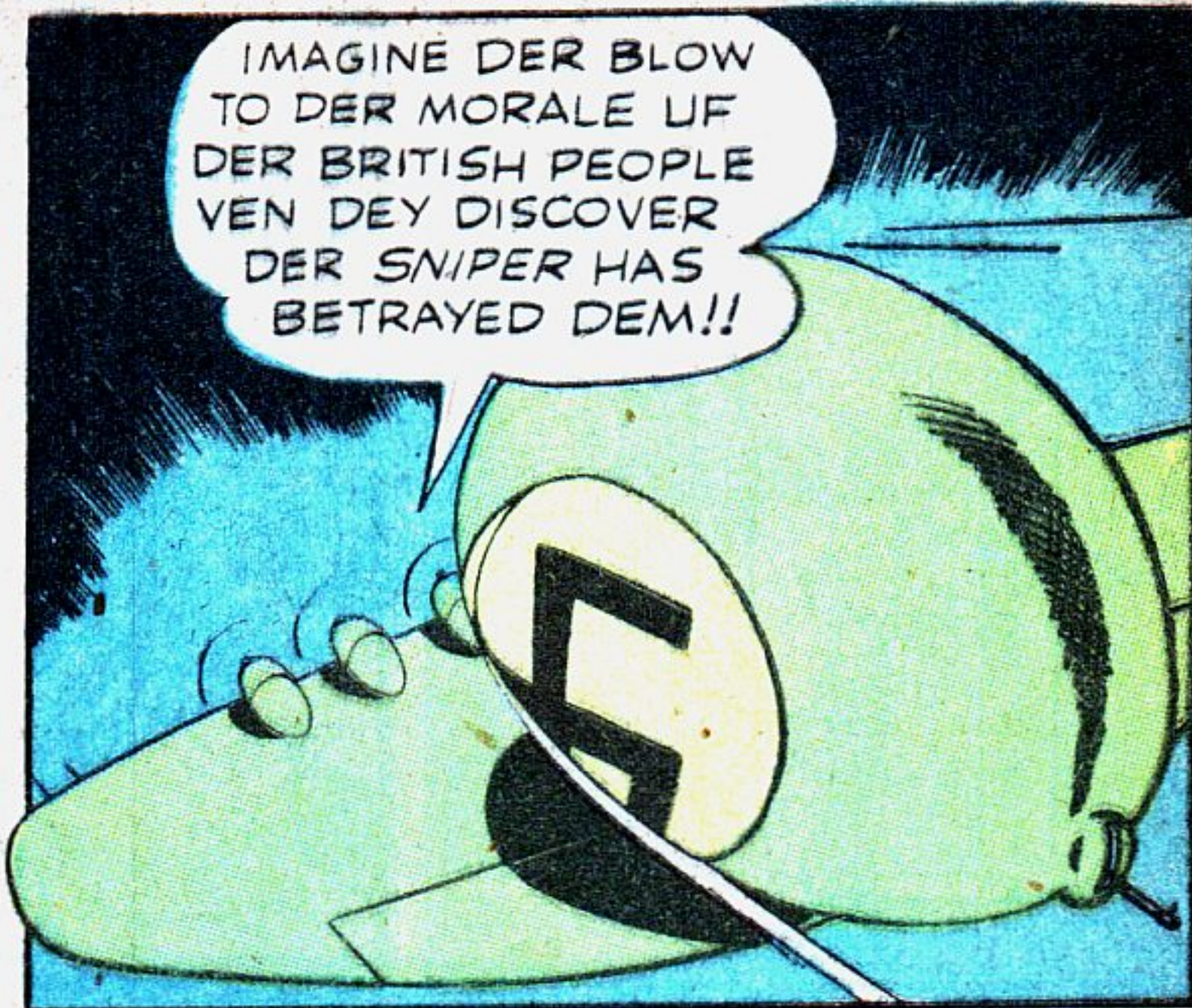
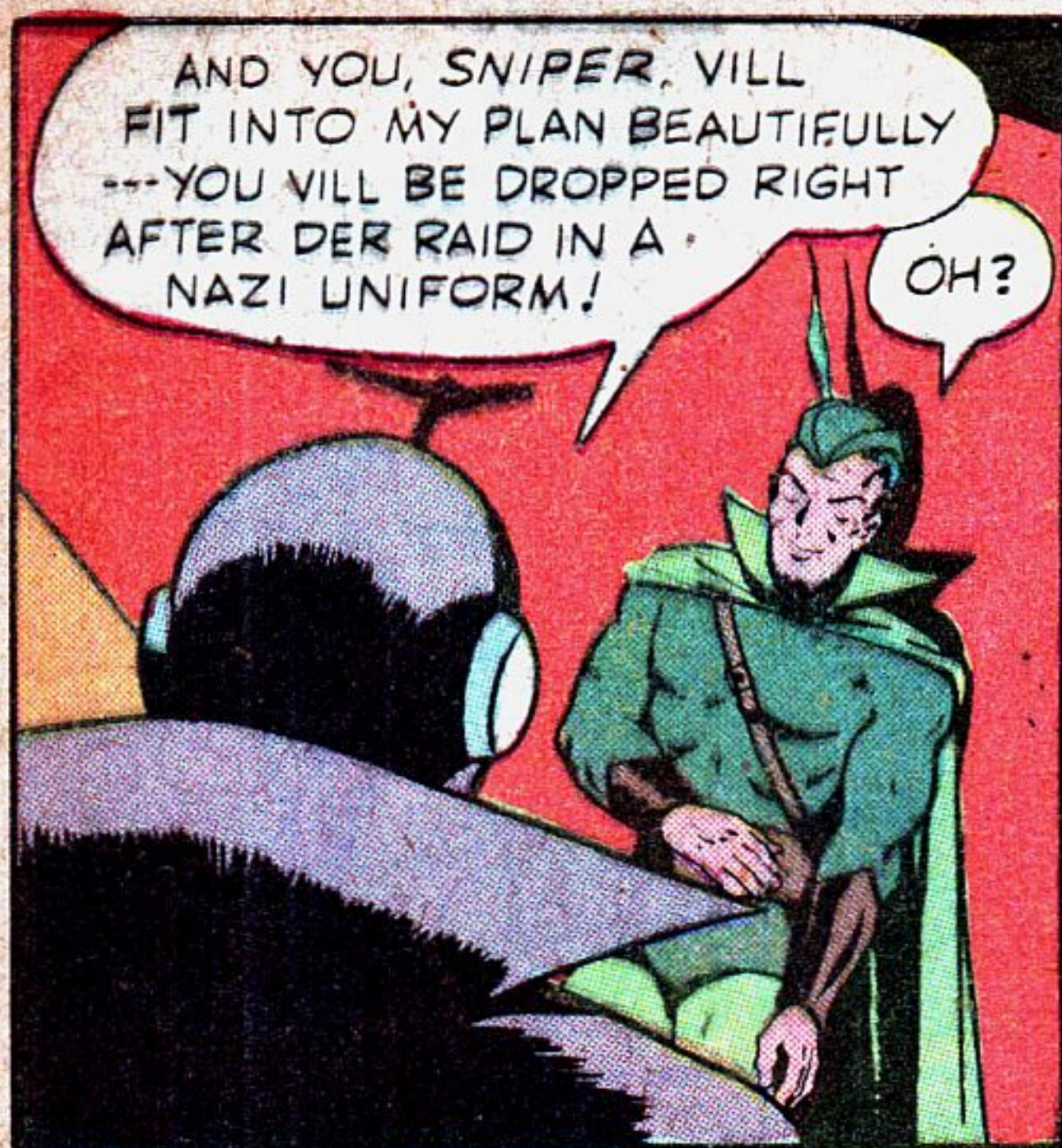
**THE SNIPER SUDDENLY LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE AND CRASHES ON TOP OF THE SUPER PLANE...**



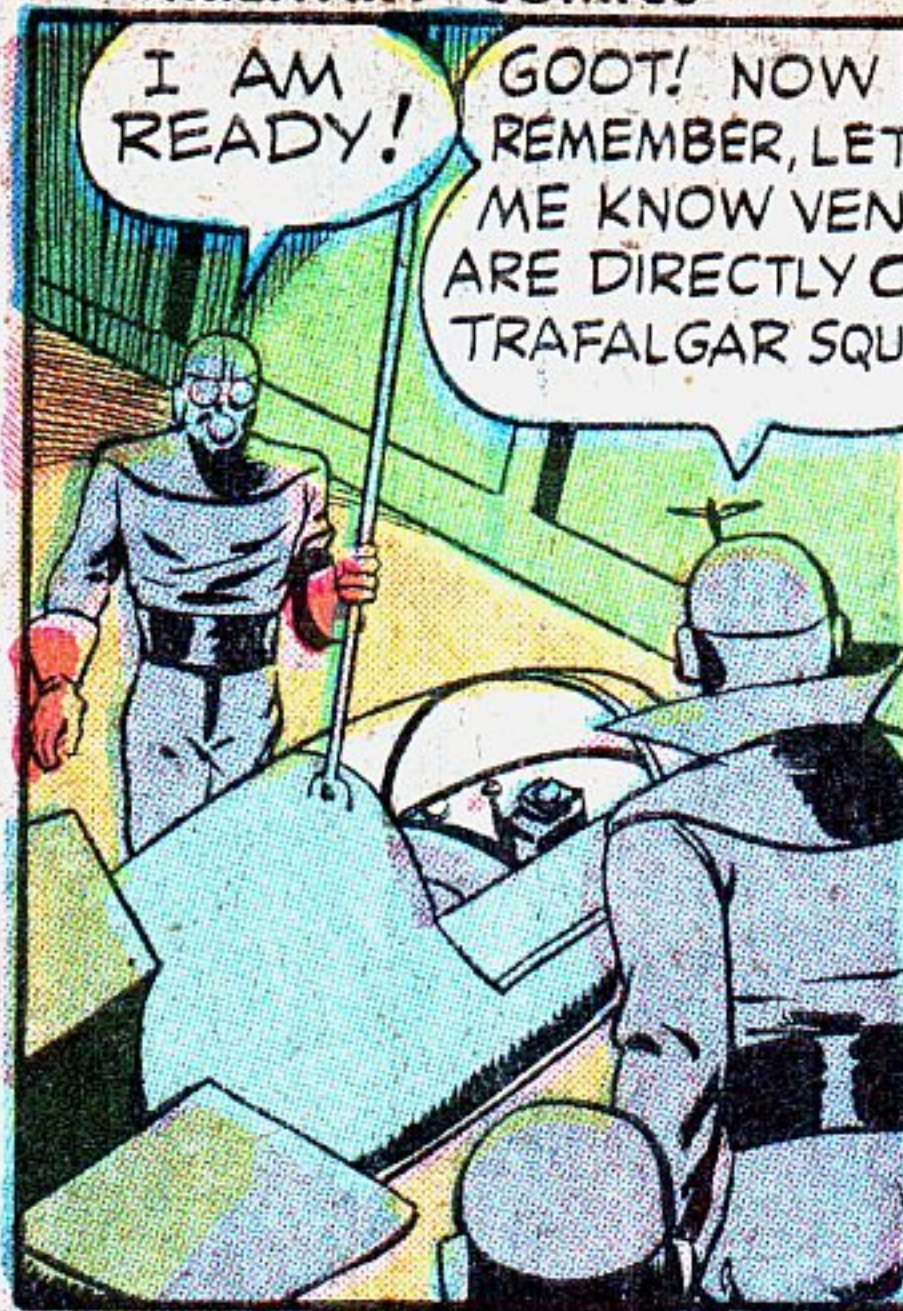
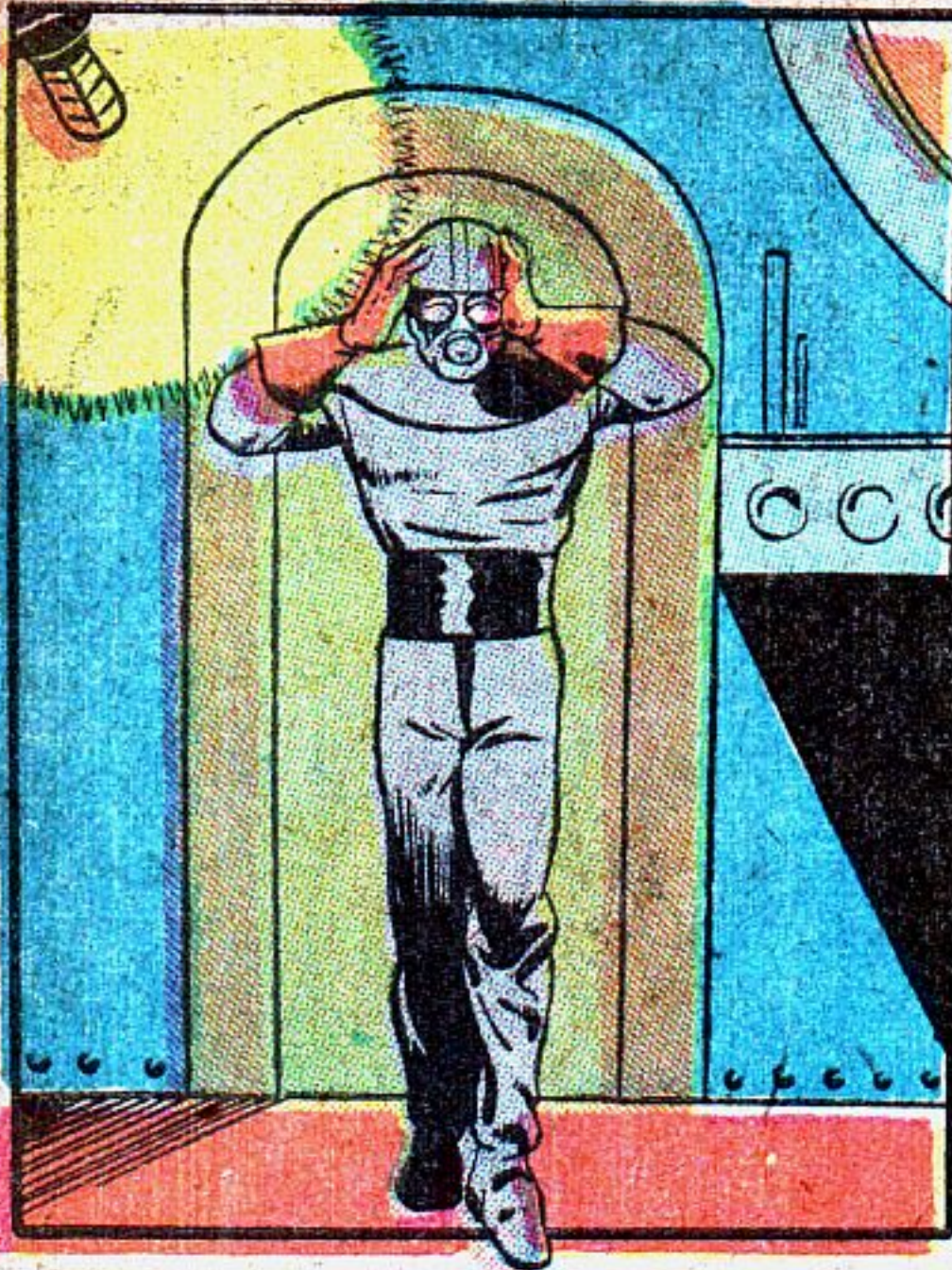






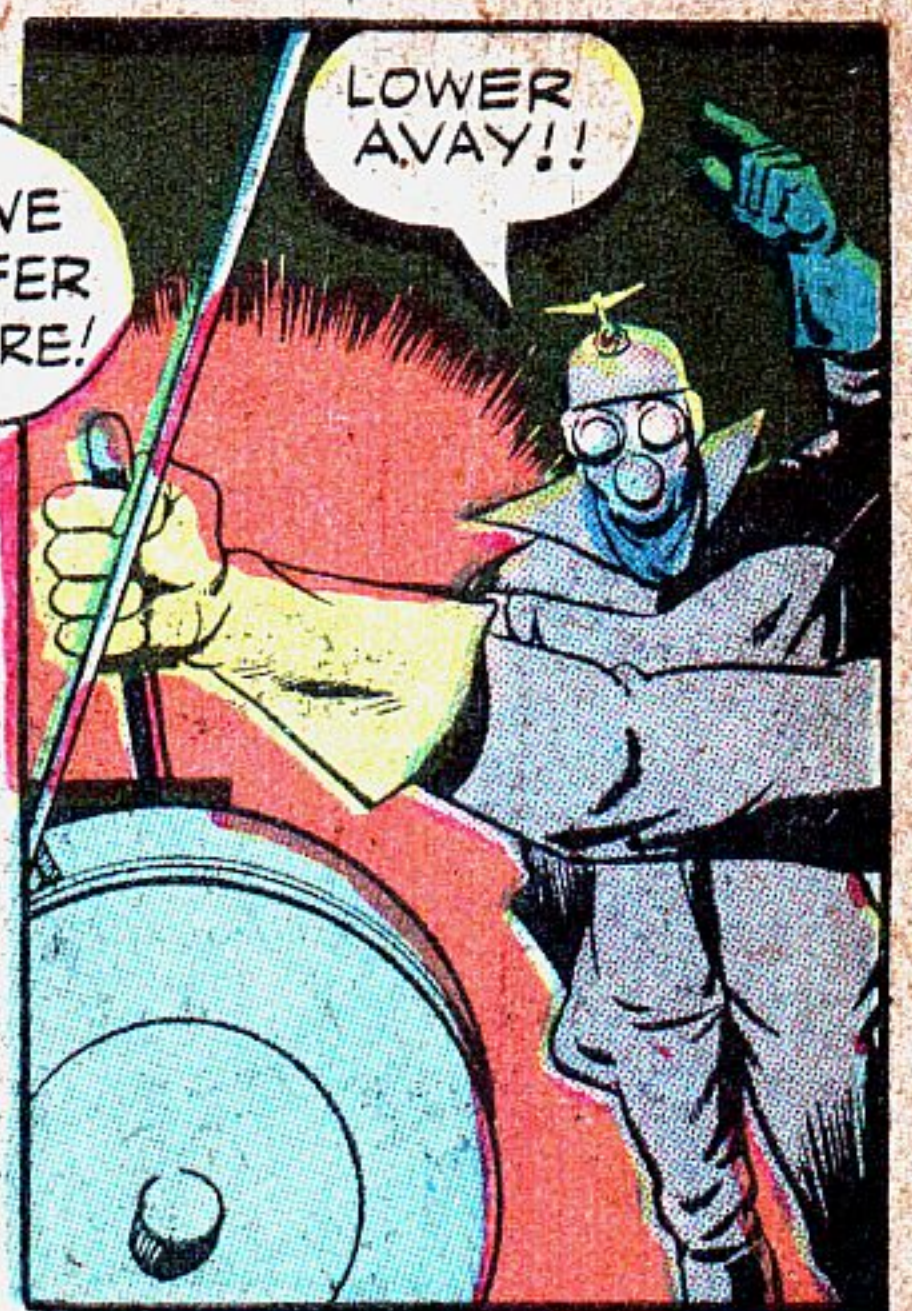






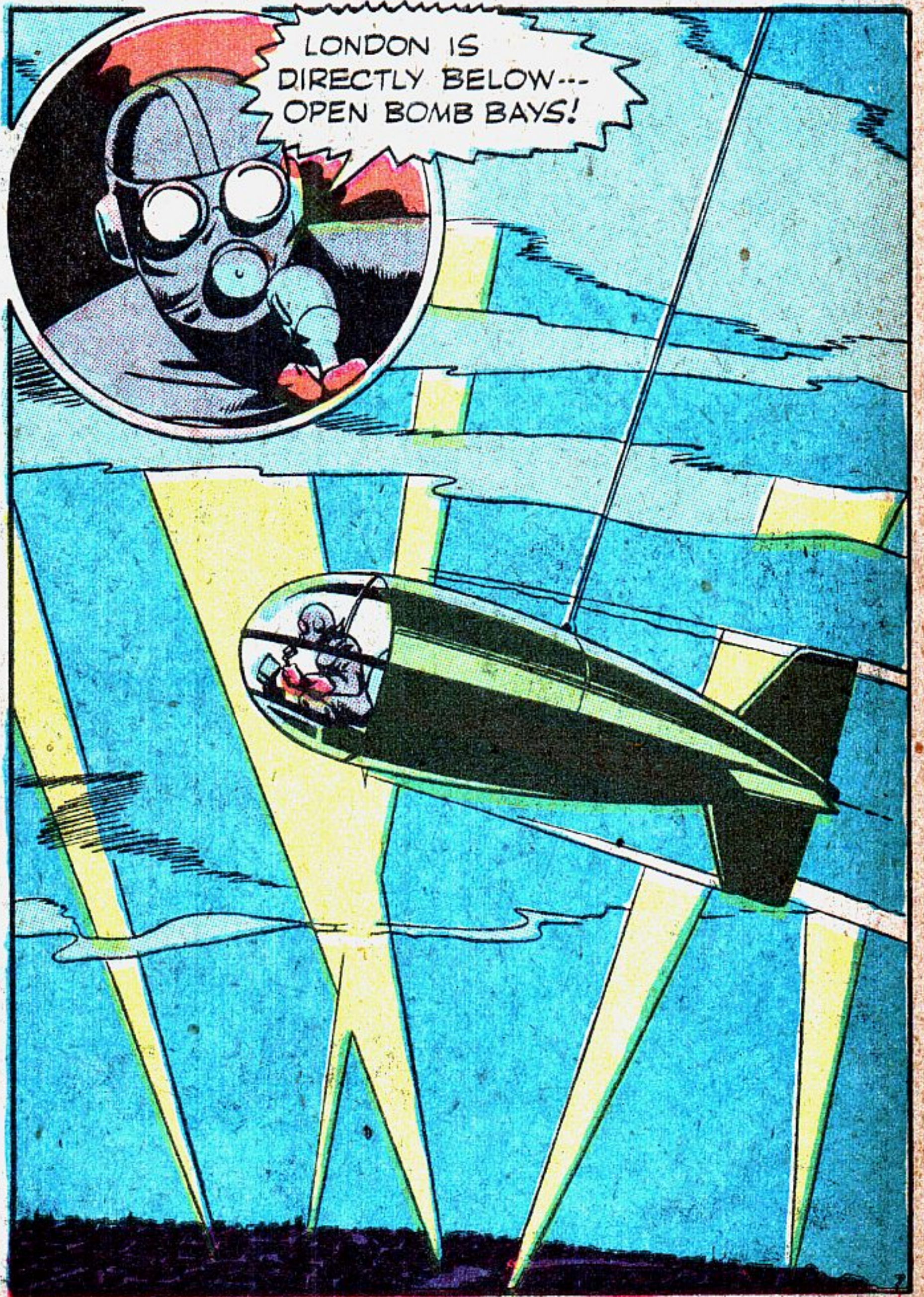
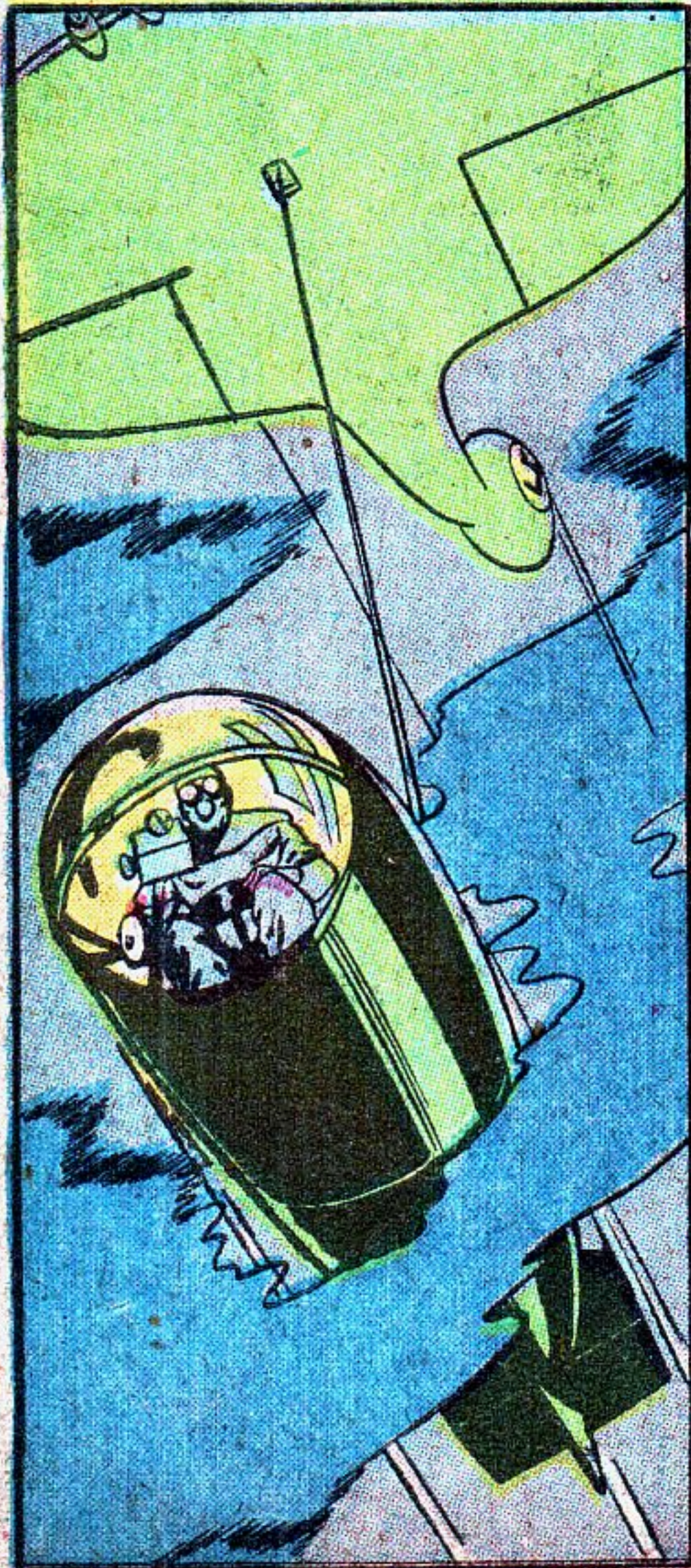
I AM READY!

GOOT! NOW REMEMBER, LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU ARE DIRECTLY OVER TRAFALGAR SQUARE!



LOWER AWAY!!

THE OBSERVATION CAR SWINGS OUT FROM UNDER THE GIANT PLANE AND DESCENDS THROUGH THE DARKENED CLOUDS ....



LONDON IS DIRECTLY BELOW... OPEN BOMB BAYS!

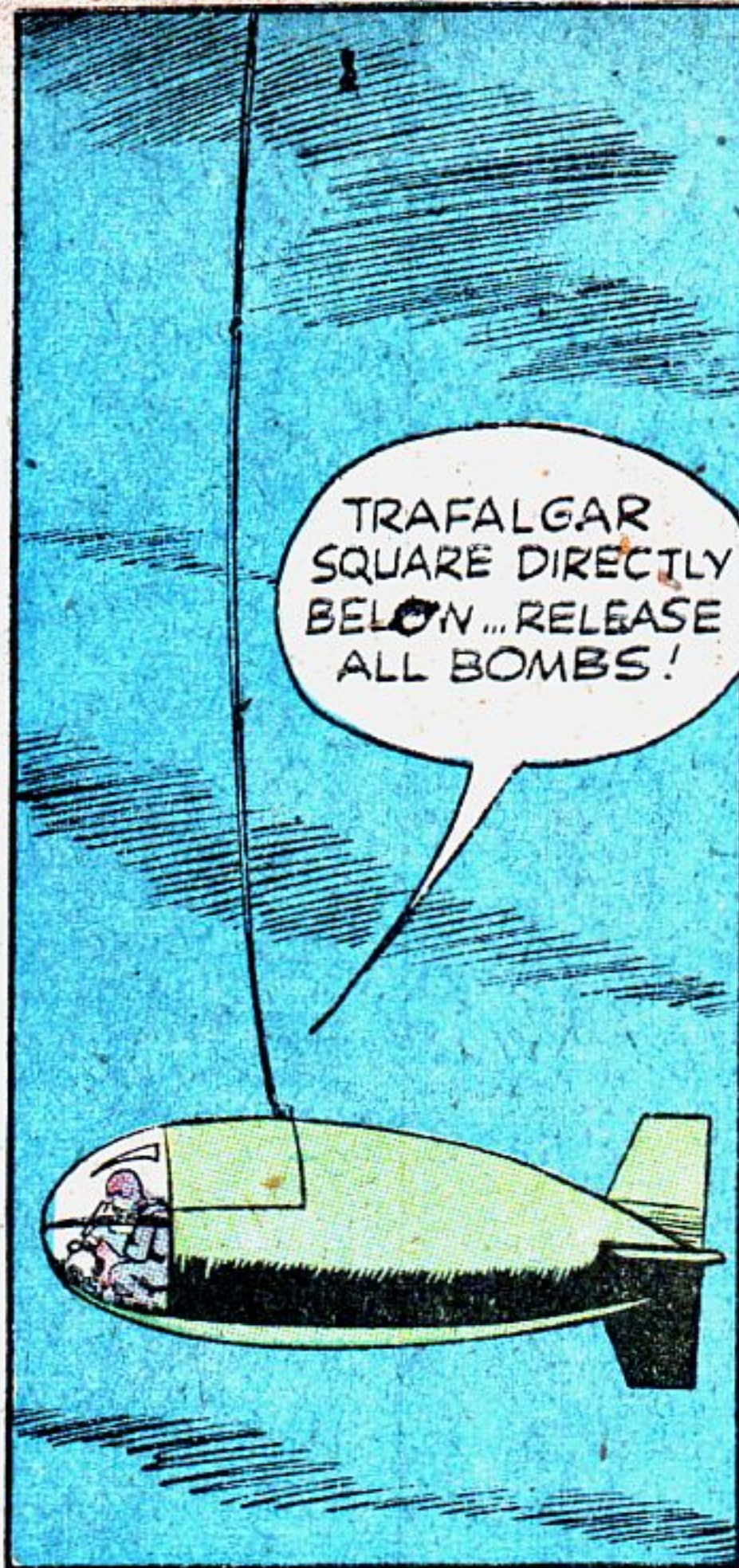


HIGH IN THE STRATOSPHERE  
CAPTAIN HUNZ BELLOWS  
ORDERS...

WE ARE OVER  
DER TARGET--  
PREPARE TO  
RELEASE BOMBS!

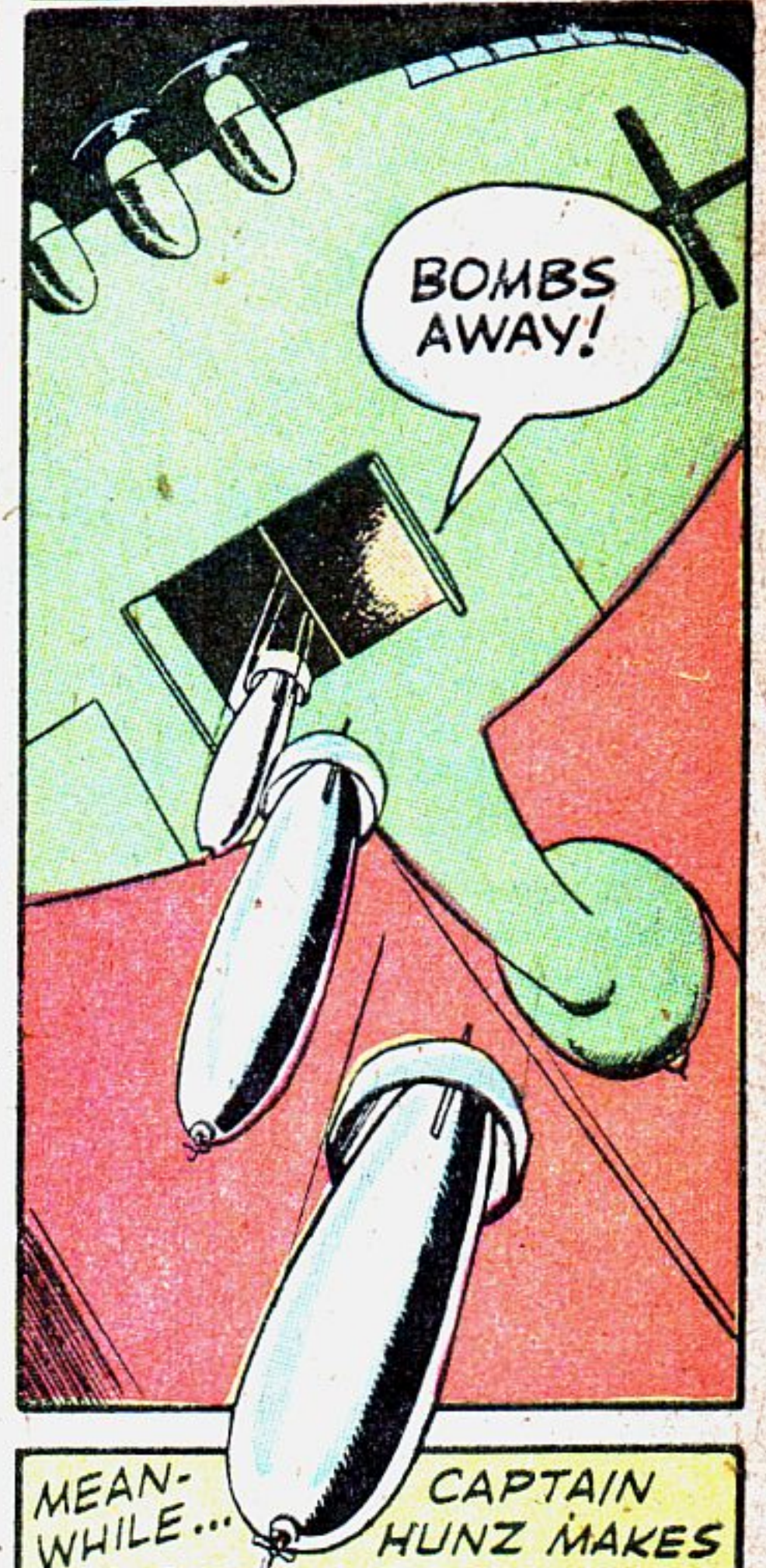


TRAFALGAR  
SQUARE DIRECTLY  
BELOW... RELEASE  
ALL BOMBS!

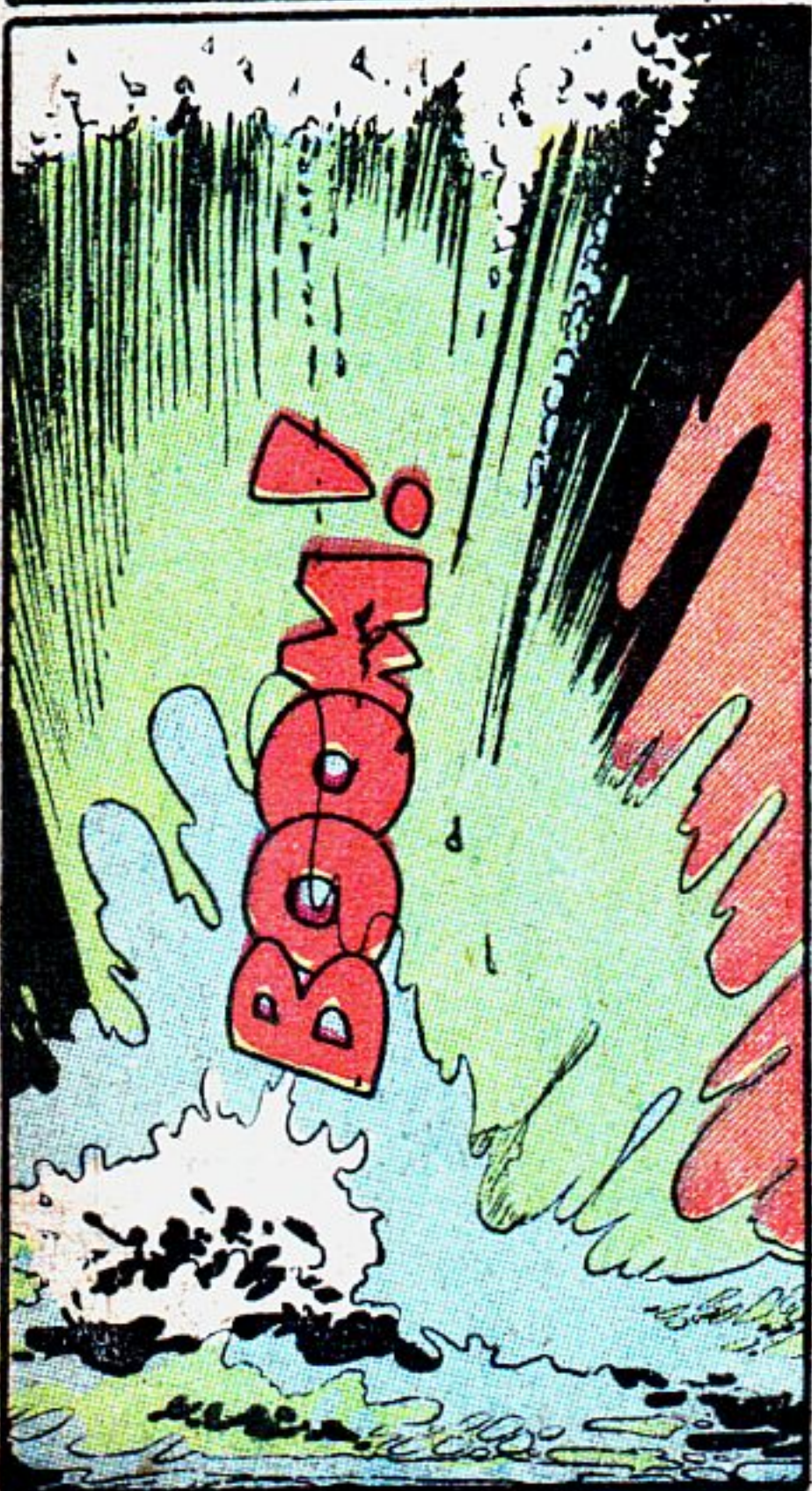


GIANT BOMB BAYS OPEN--AND  
SUPER BOMBS HURTLE DOWN!

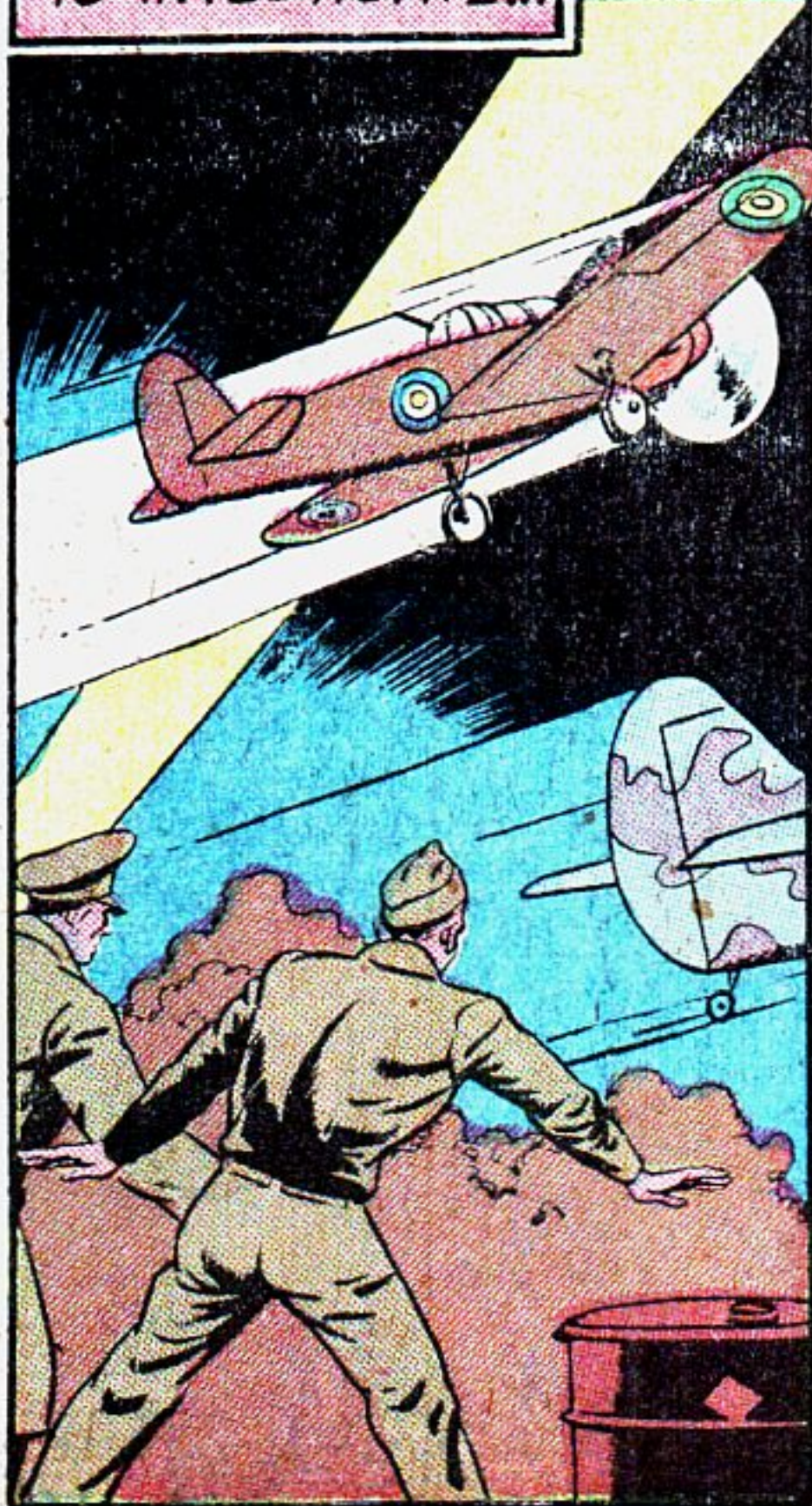
BOMBS  
AWAY!



...BUT THEY EXPLODE HARM-  
LESSLY IN A HUGE LAKE  
JUST OUTSIDE OF LONDON!



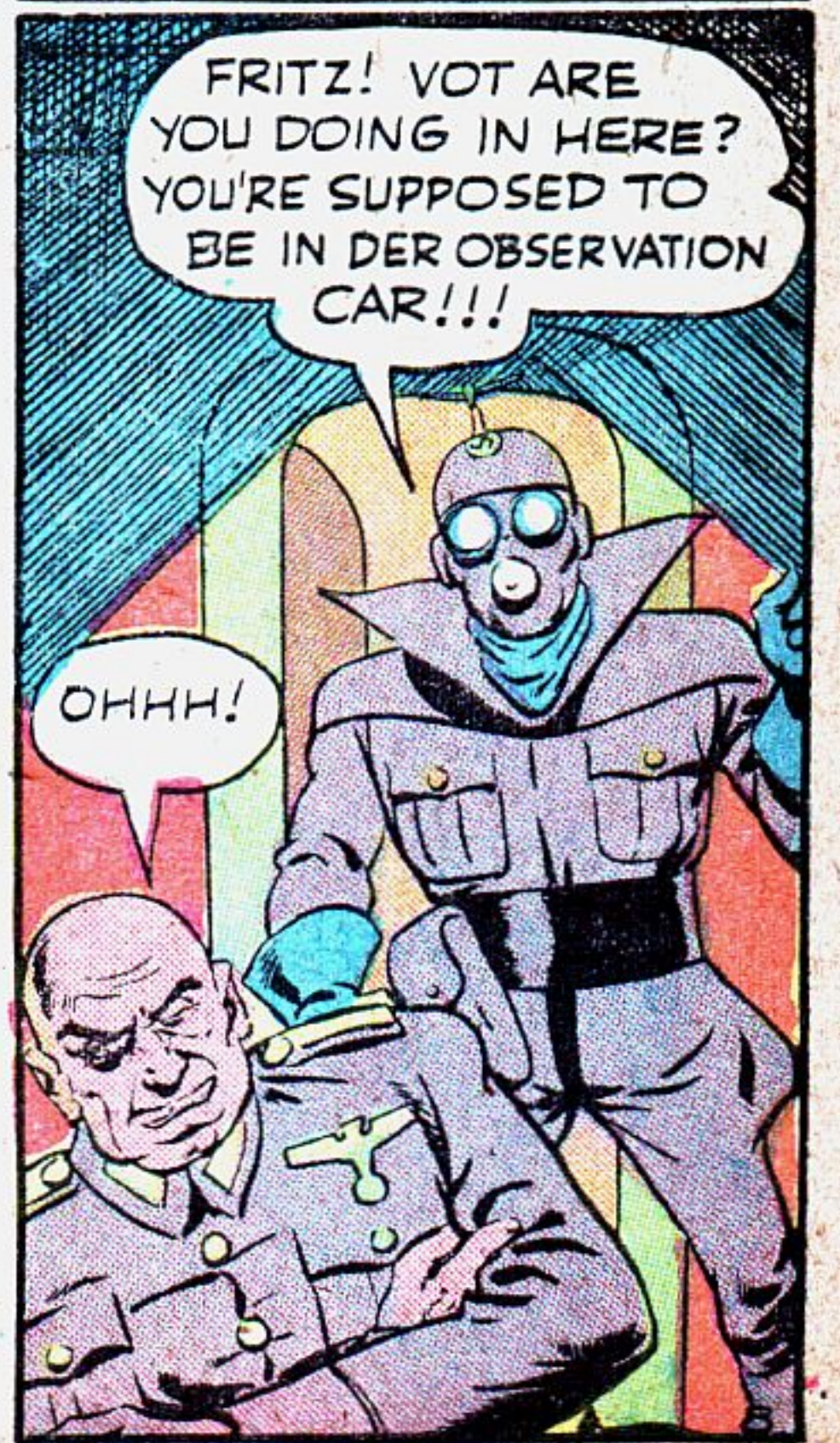
INTERCEPTOR FIGHTERS  
OF THE R.A.F. SWARM UP  
TO INVESTIGATE...



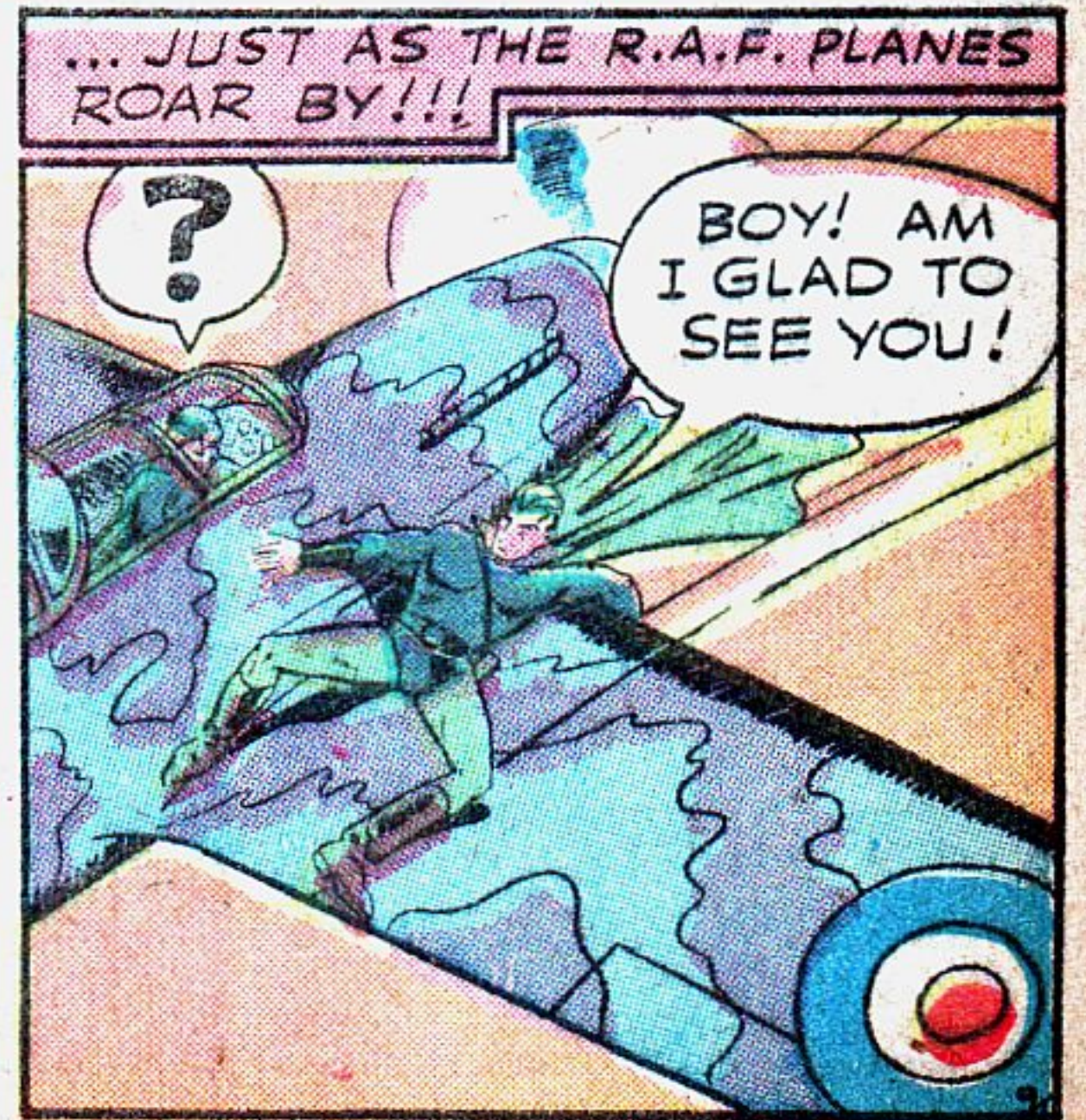
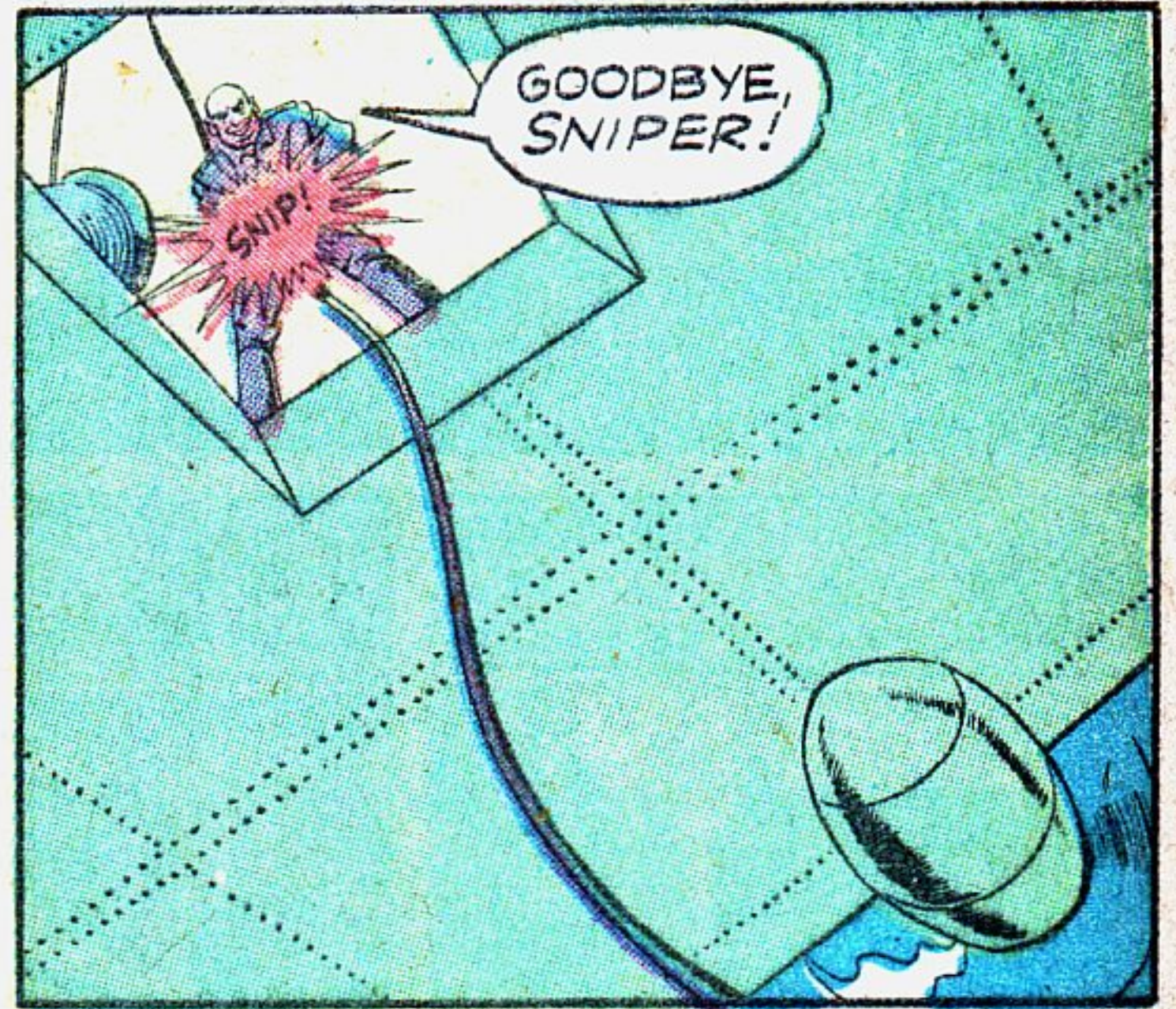
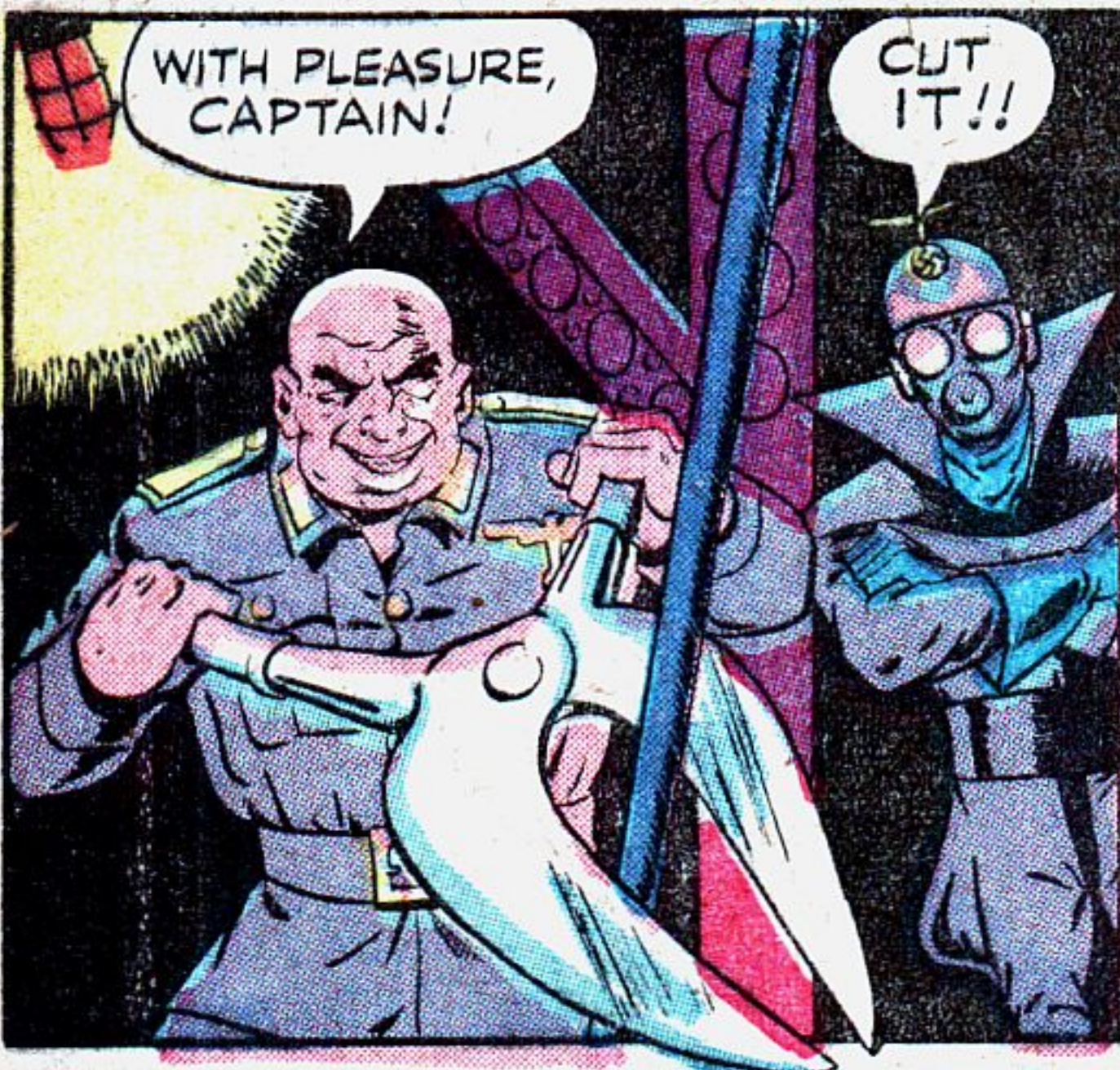
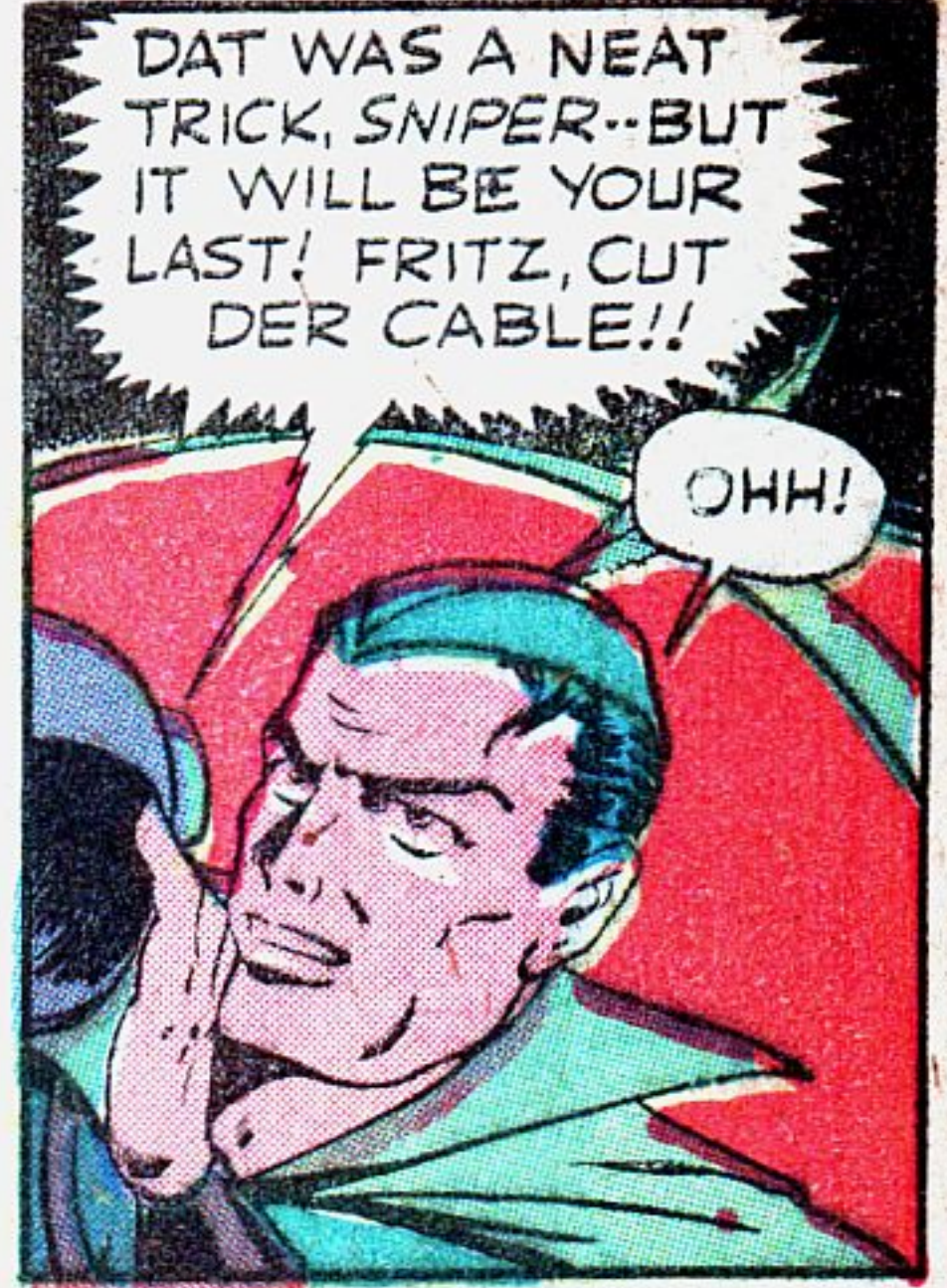
MEAN-  
WHILE... CAPTAIN  
HUNZ MAKES  
A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

FRITZ! VOT ARE  
YOU DOING IN HERE?  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO  
BE IN DER OBSERVATION  
CAR!!!

OH HH!





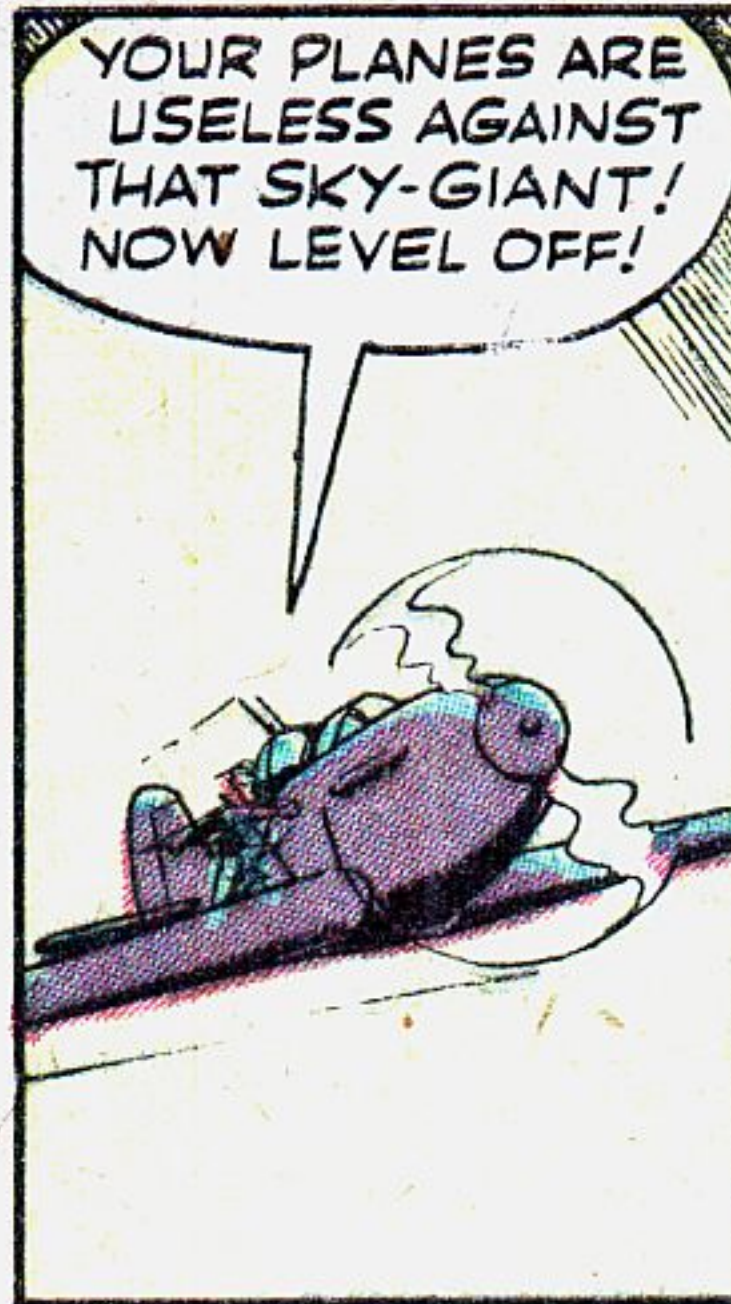






**SNIPER!**

RIGHT! GRAB SOME ALTITUDE! I HAVE A JOB TO FINISH UP HERE!!



YOUR PLANES ARE USELESS AGAINST THAT SKY-GIANT! NOW LEVEL OFF!



SO SWIFTLY THAT THEY NEVER KNOW IT, THE BOMBER TAKES ON A PASSENGER!

THANKS FOR THE LIFT!



WHAT TH'..? DER SNIPER! BUDT HOW??

HELLO, HUNZ -- I'VE COME TO DESTROY YOU!



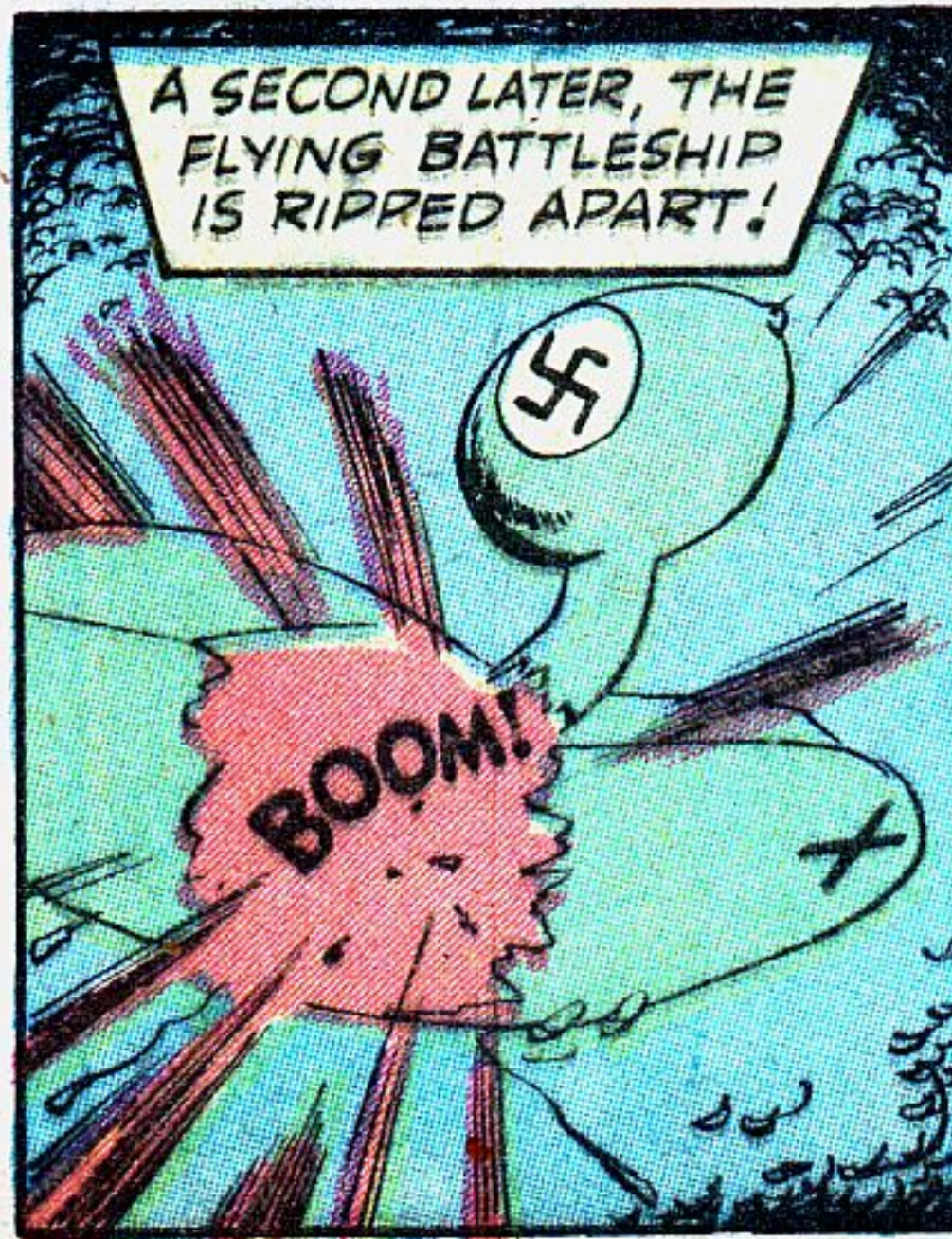
THE SNIPER BATTLES HIS WAY TO THE BOMB-MAGAZINE...

NOW TO FIX THIS WAGON FOR GOOD!



...WHERE A CAREFULLY PLACED BULLET IGNITES A FLARE...

IN A SECOND THAT FLAME WILL REACH THOSE BOMBS!...NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!!



A SECOND LATER, THE FLYING BATTLESHIP IS RIPPED APART!

**BOOM!**

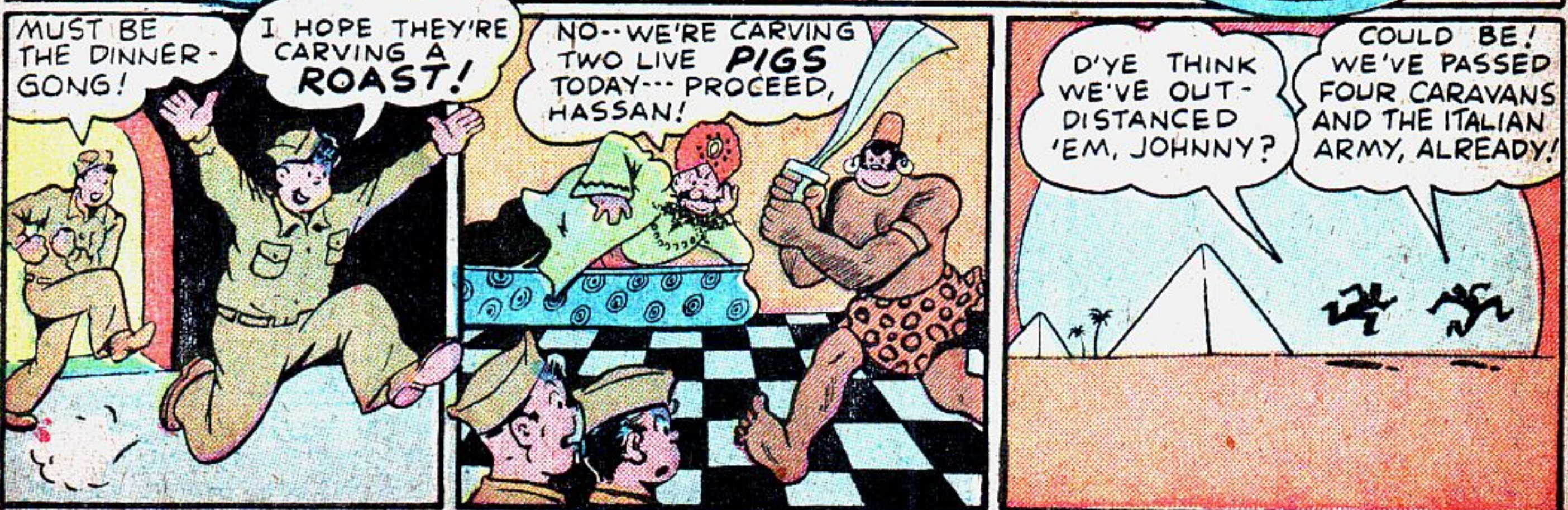
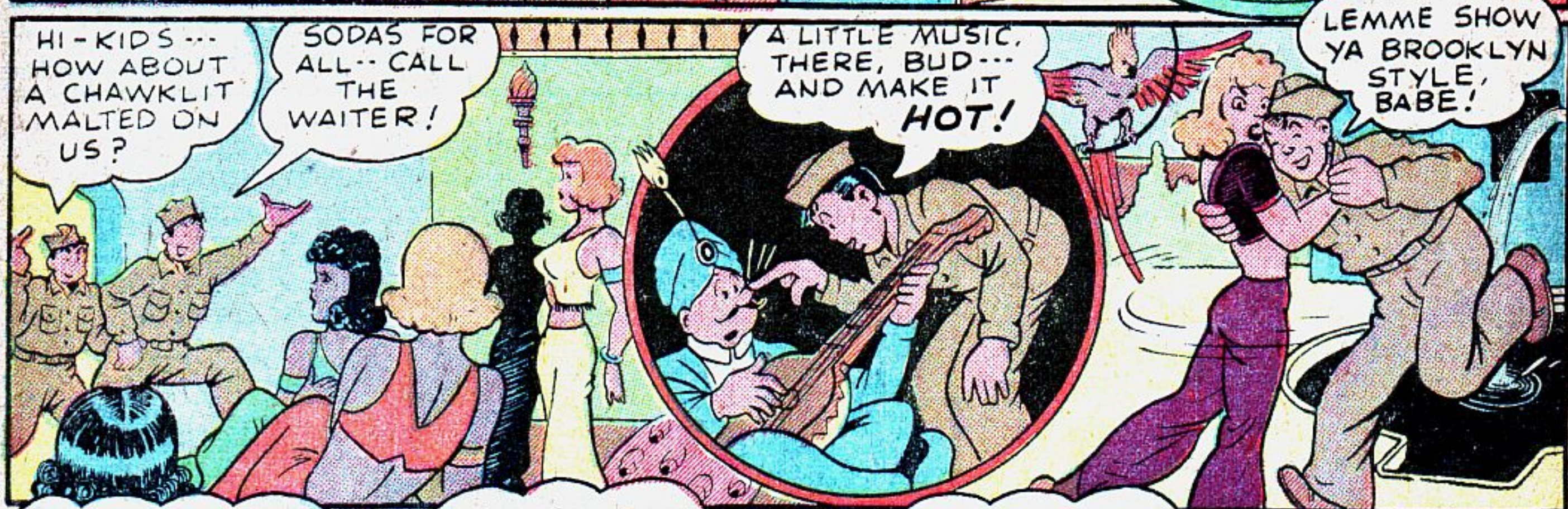
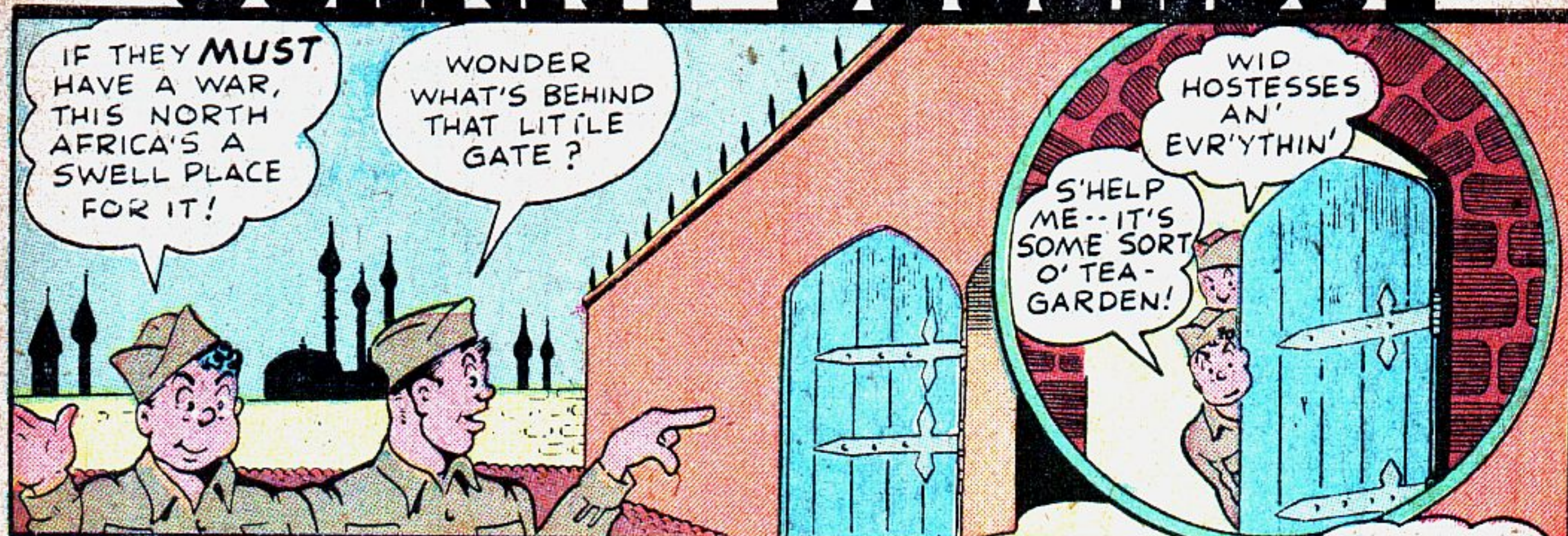


THAT ENDS THE SKY-MENACE! NOW FOR ENGLAND AND A SPOT OF TEA!

ANOTHER GREAT ADVENTURE OF THE SNIPER IN NEXT MONTH'S MILITARY COMICS!



# JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

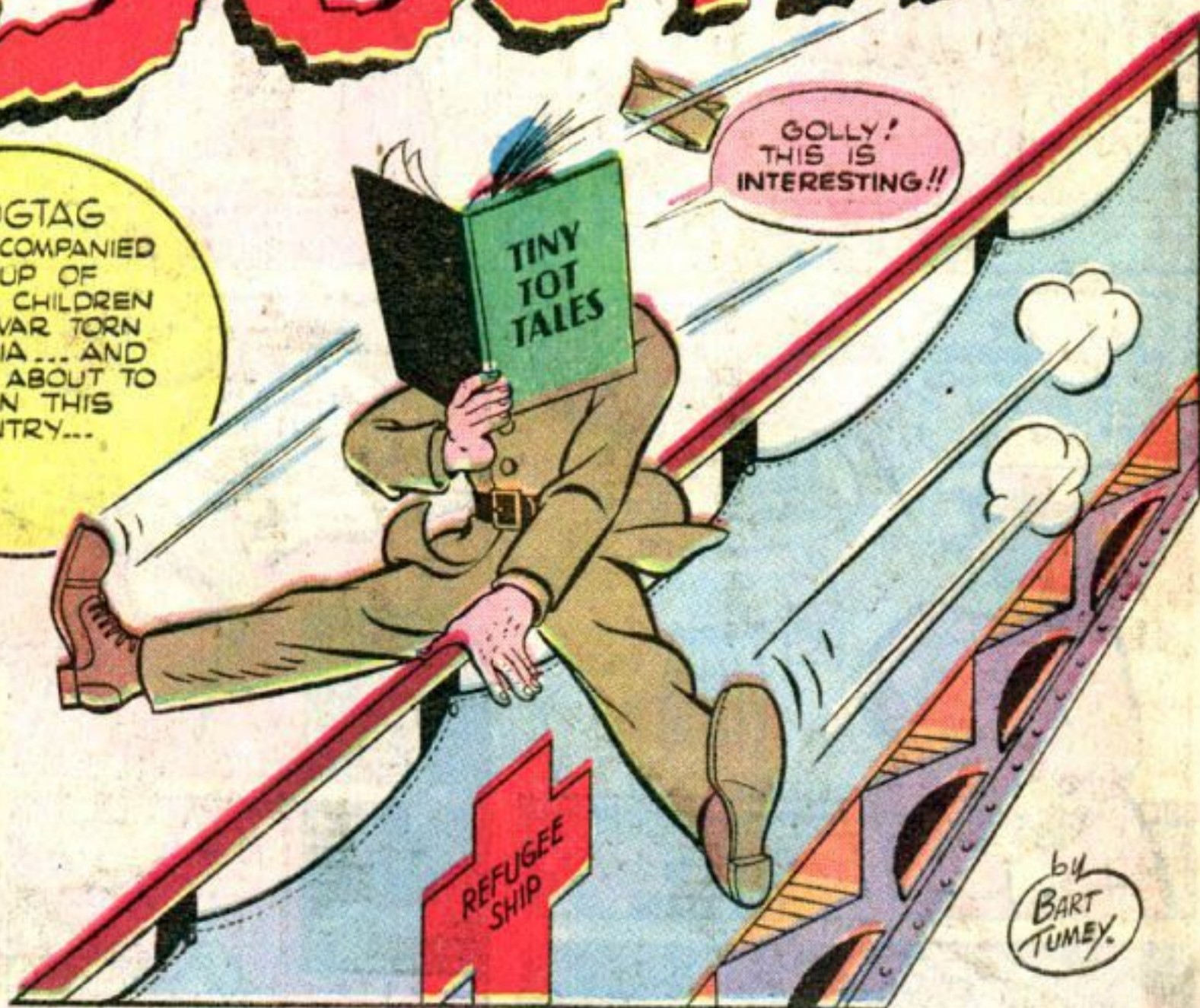




# Private DOGTAG

**DOGTAG**  
HAS ACCOMPANIED  
A GROUP OF  
REFUGEE CHILDREN  
FROM WAR TORN  
SLOVANIA... AND  
IS JUST ABOUT TO  
LAND IN THIS  
COUNTRY...

GOLLY!  
THIS IS  
INTERESTING!!



by  
BART  
TUMEY.

PRIVATE  
DOGTAG!

SERGEANT  
ROARIGAN!!

A BUS IS WAITING TO  
TAKE YOU ALL UP TO  
THE REFUGEE FARM..  
BUT GET THIS..

..IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO  
ANY OF YOUR CHARGES, I'LL  
HAVE YOU COURT-  
MARTIALLED...  
UNDERSTAND?

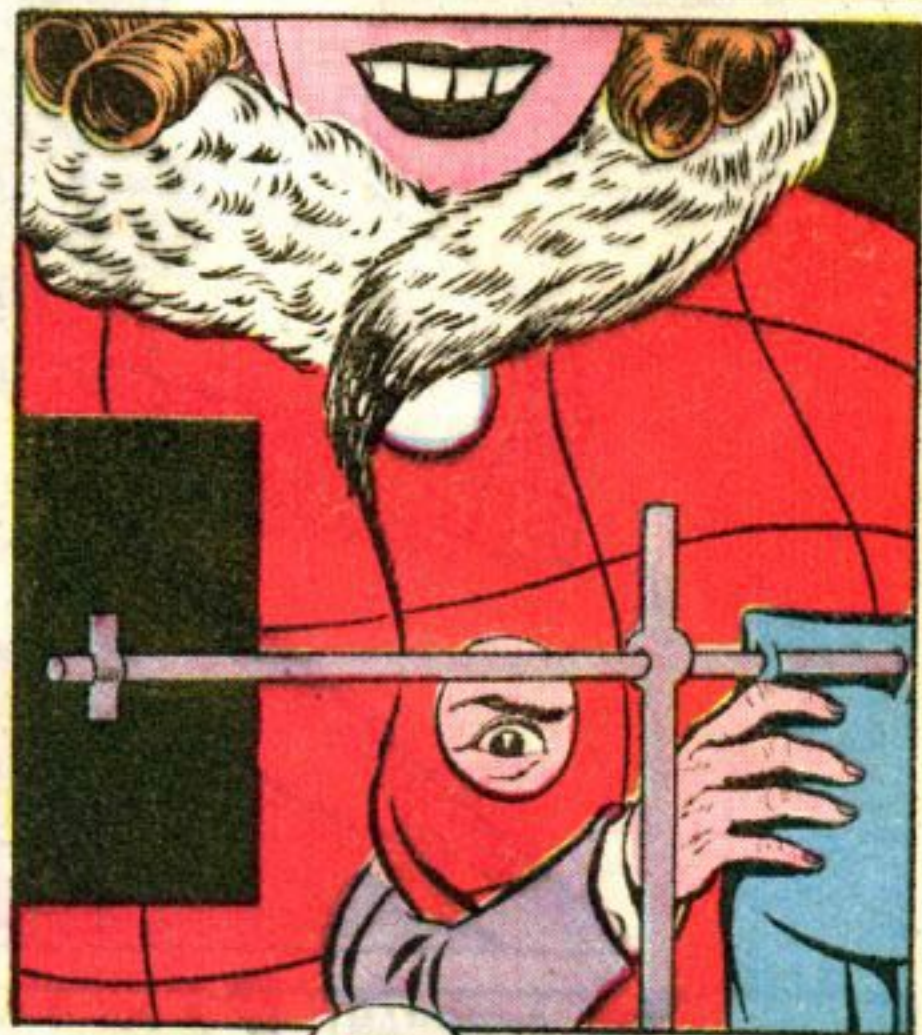
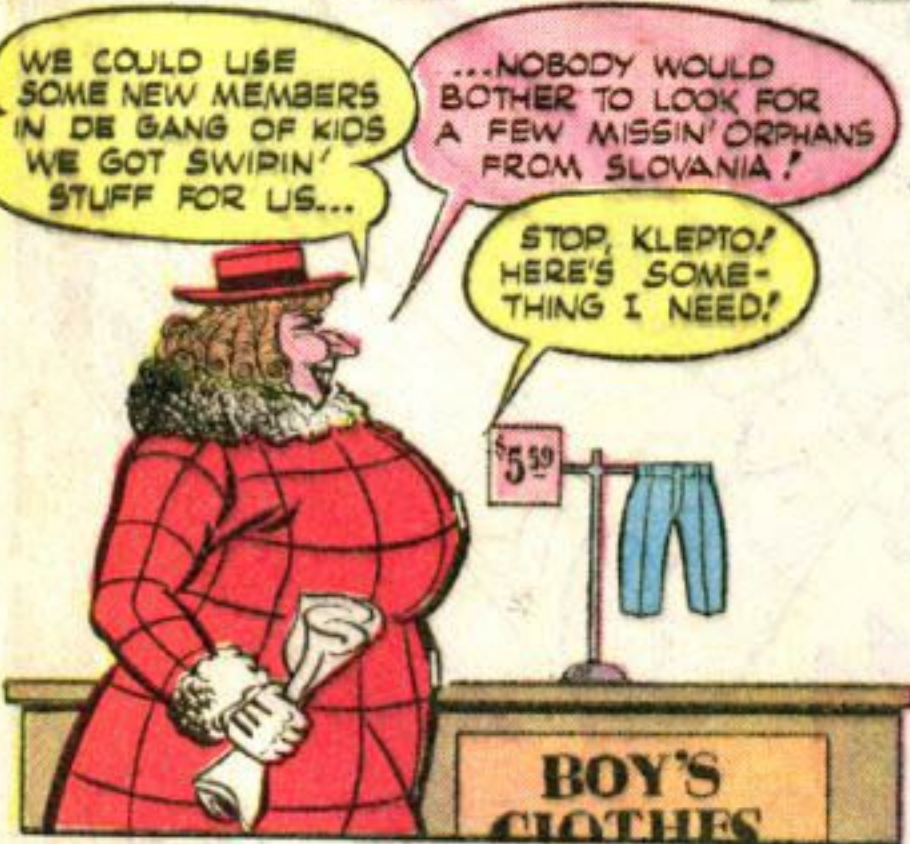
Y..YES  
SIR!

PIER 13





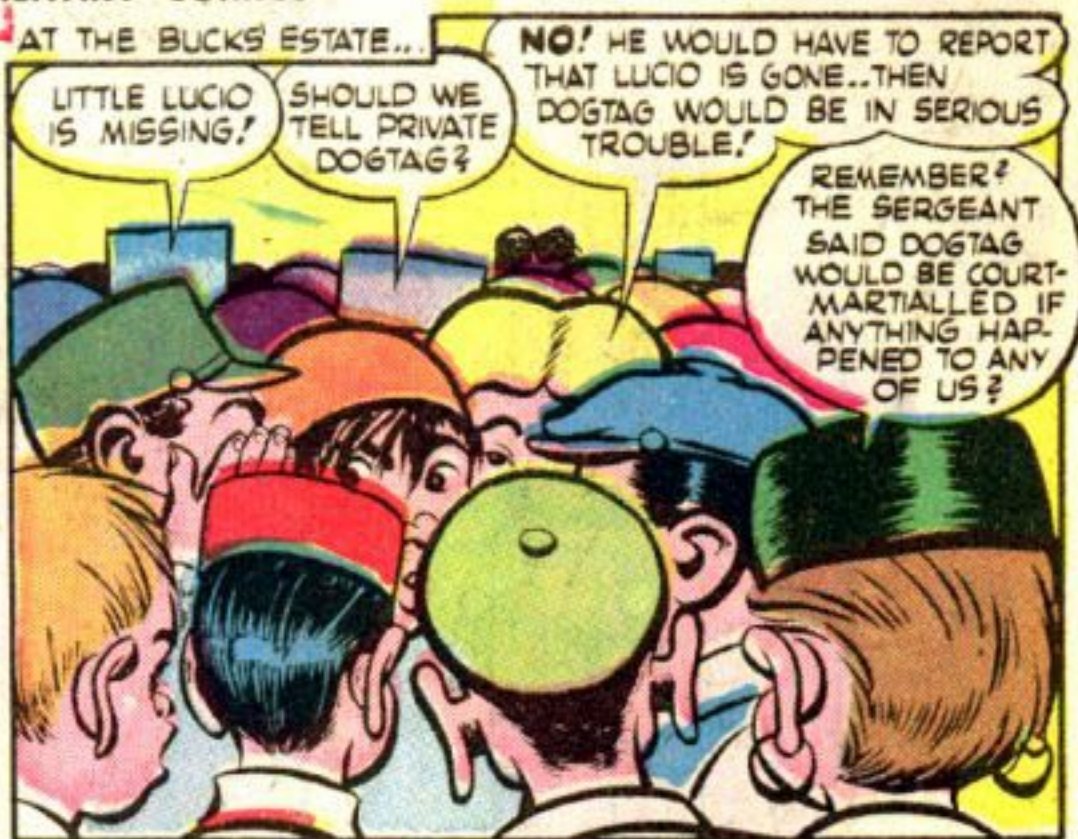
A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, WE FIND KLEPTO MEANIA-  
DISGUISED AS A GLAMOUR GIRL-AND HIS LITTLE  
PARTNER, SEMI-THE MIDGET...



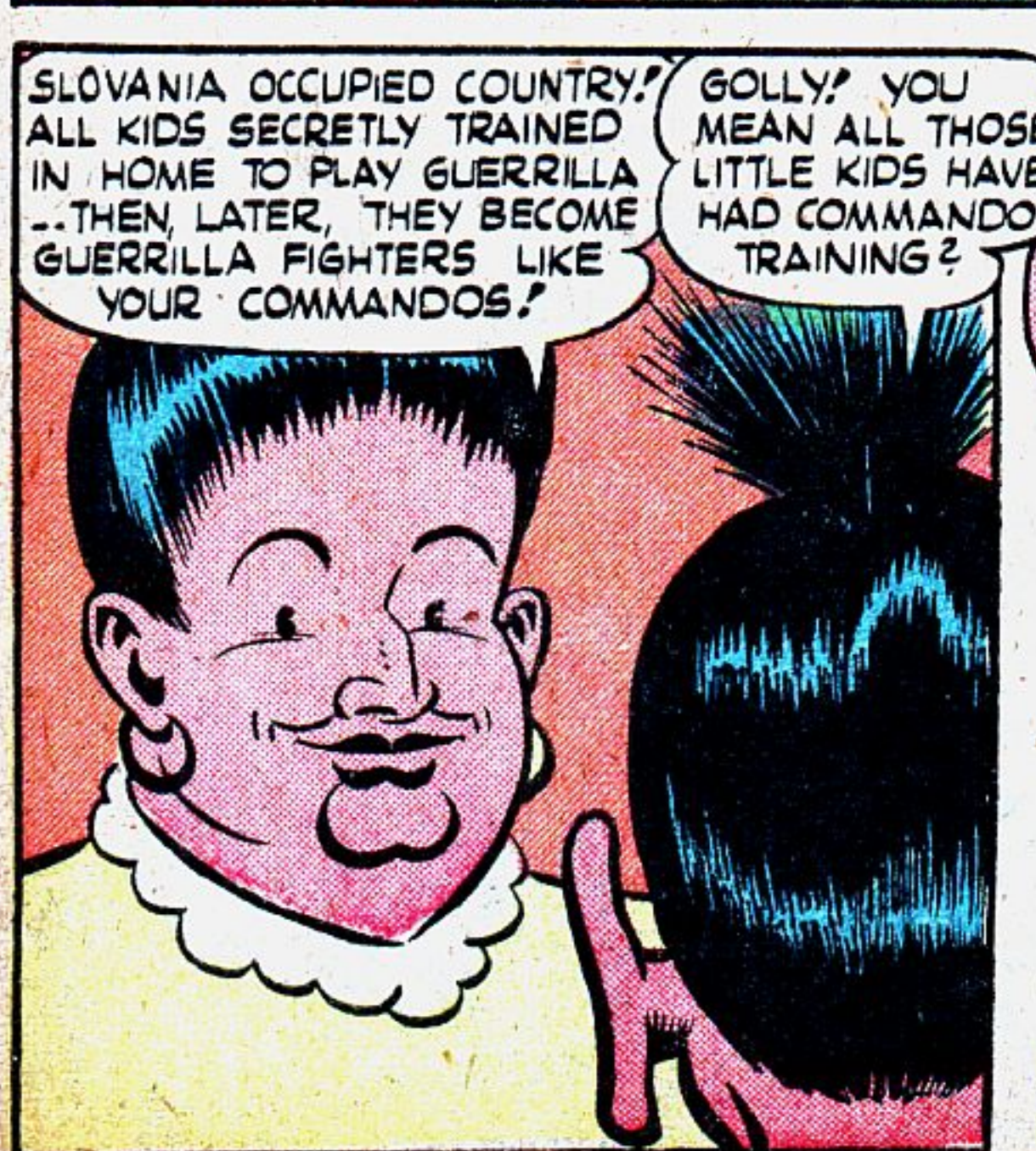
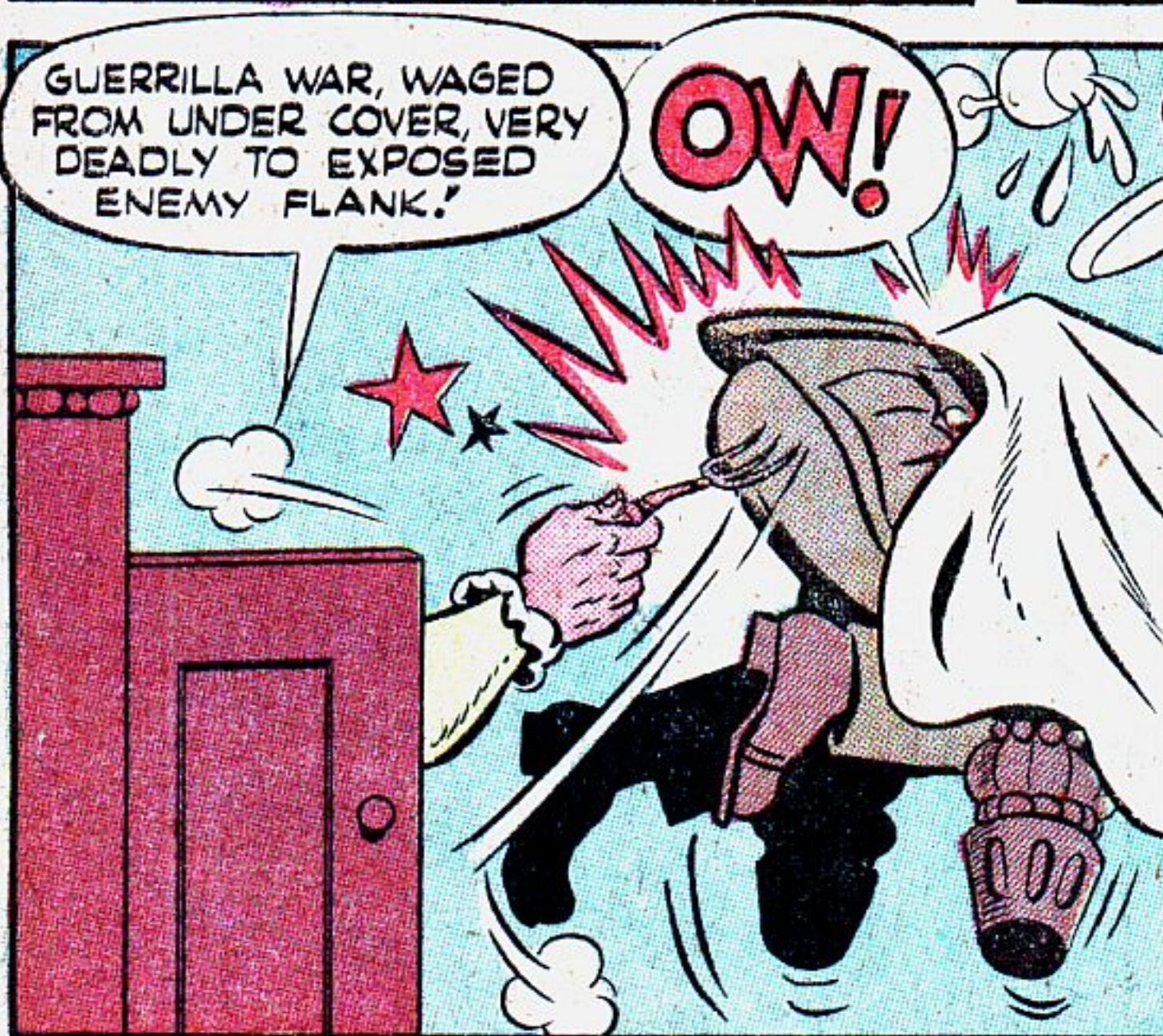




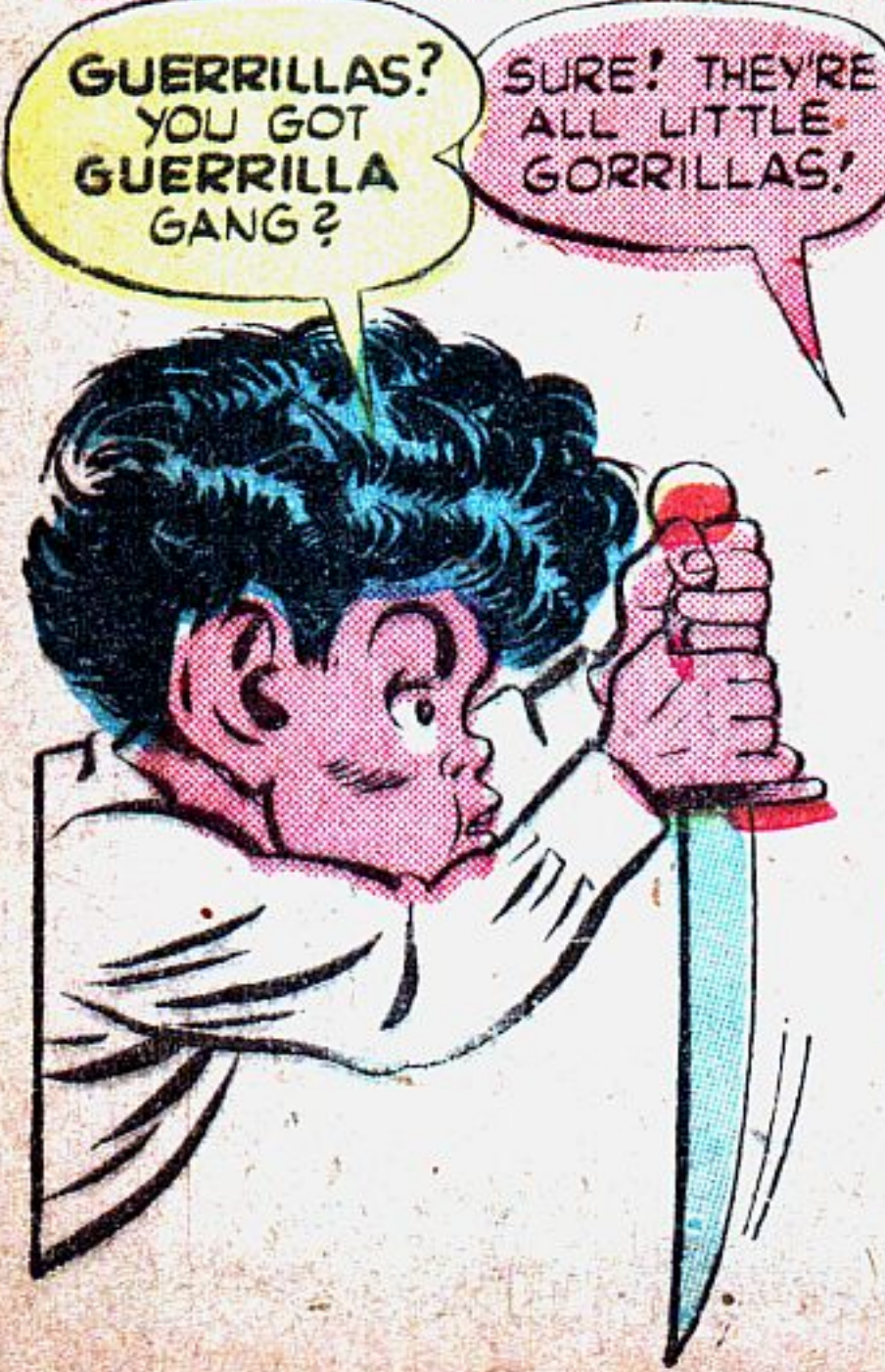
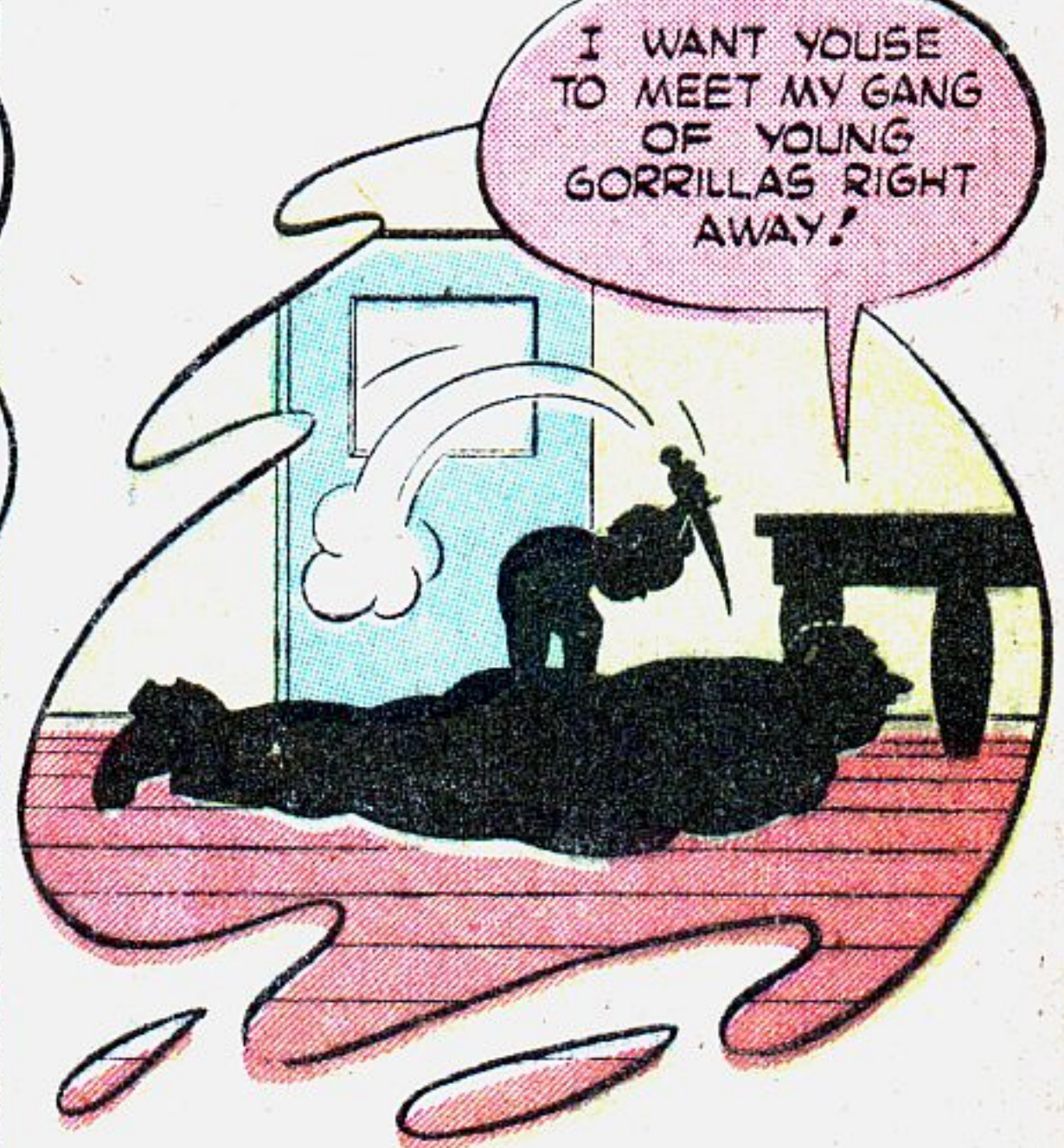
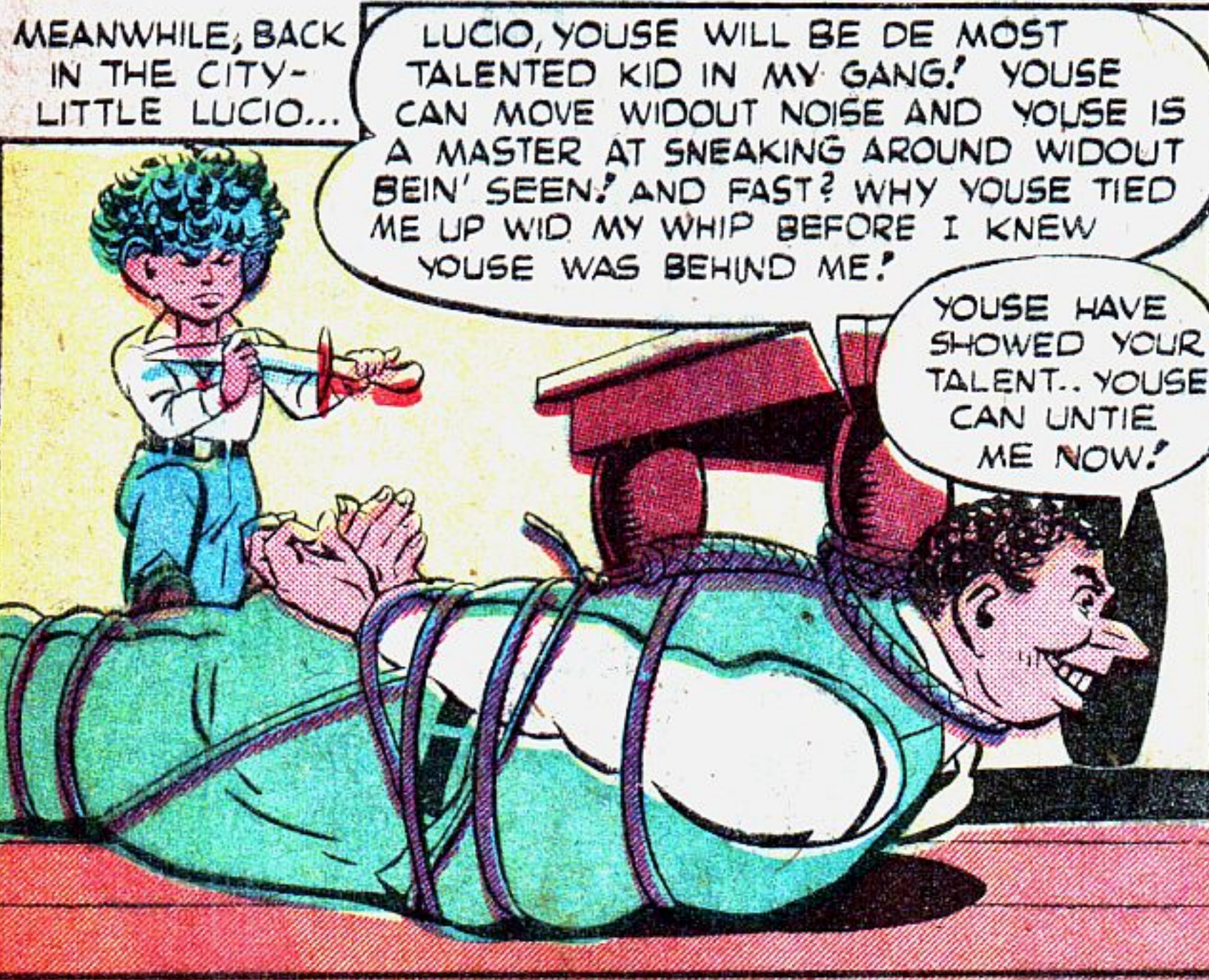
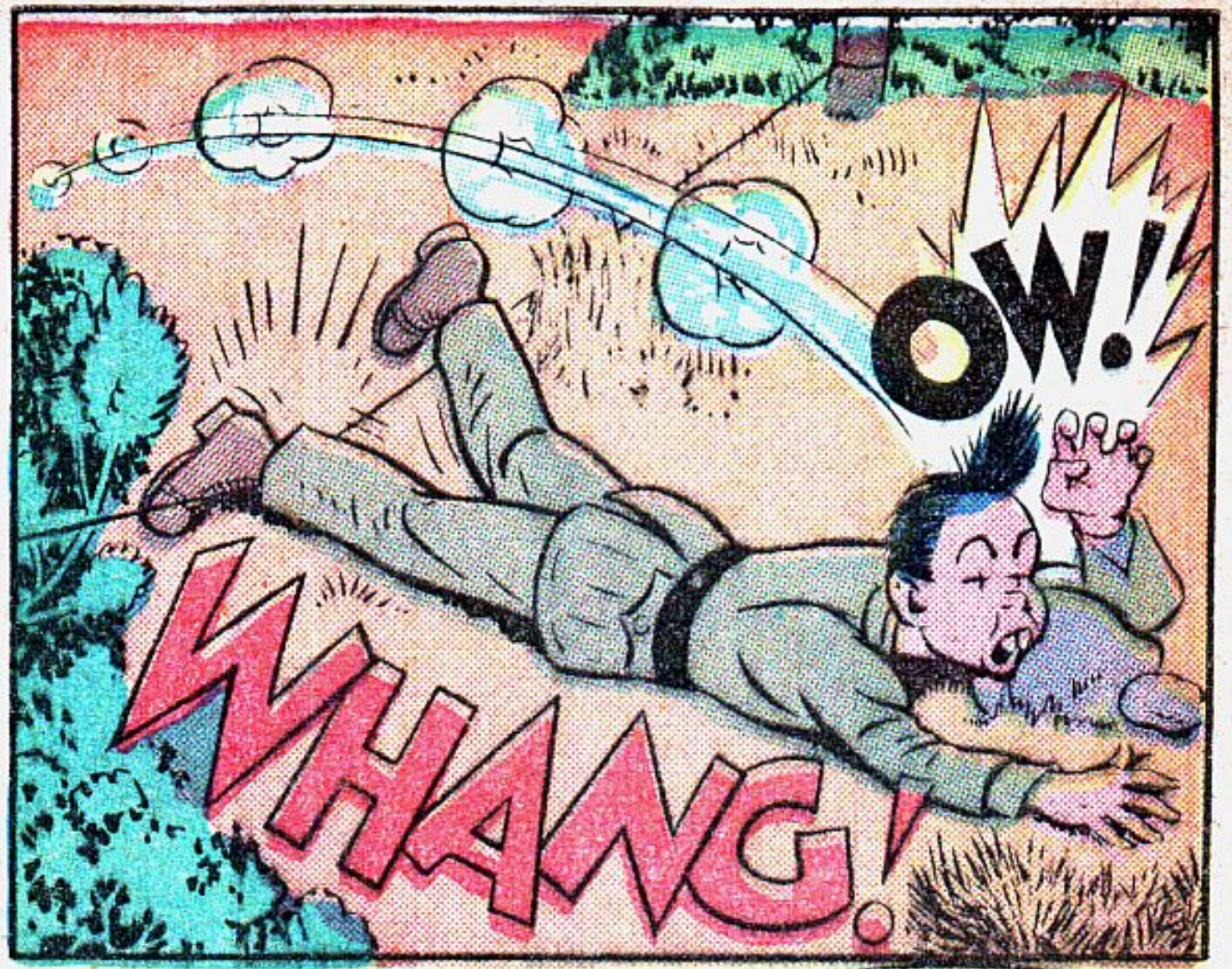




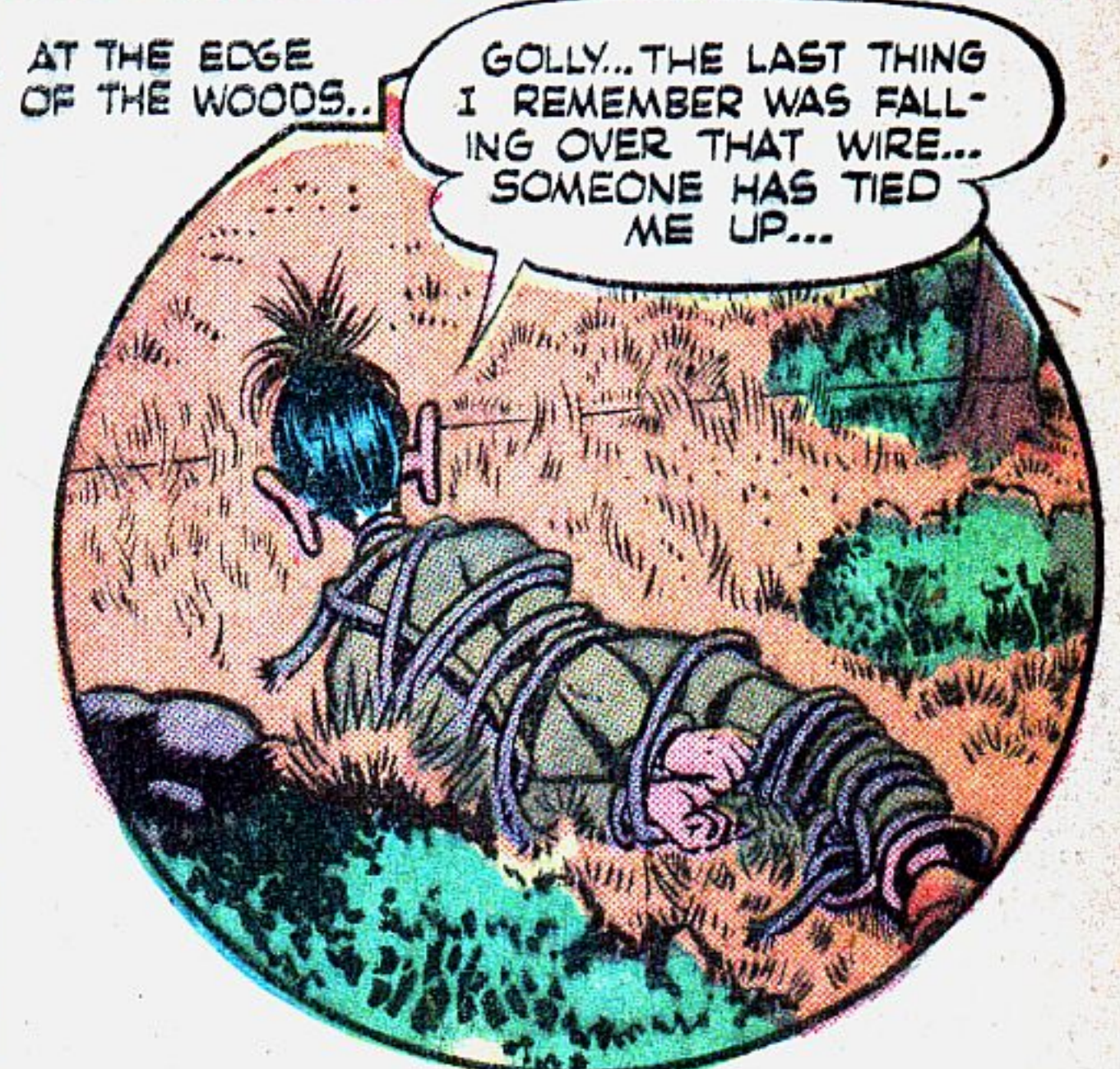
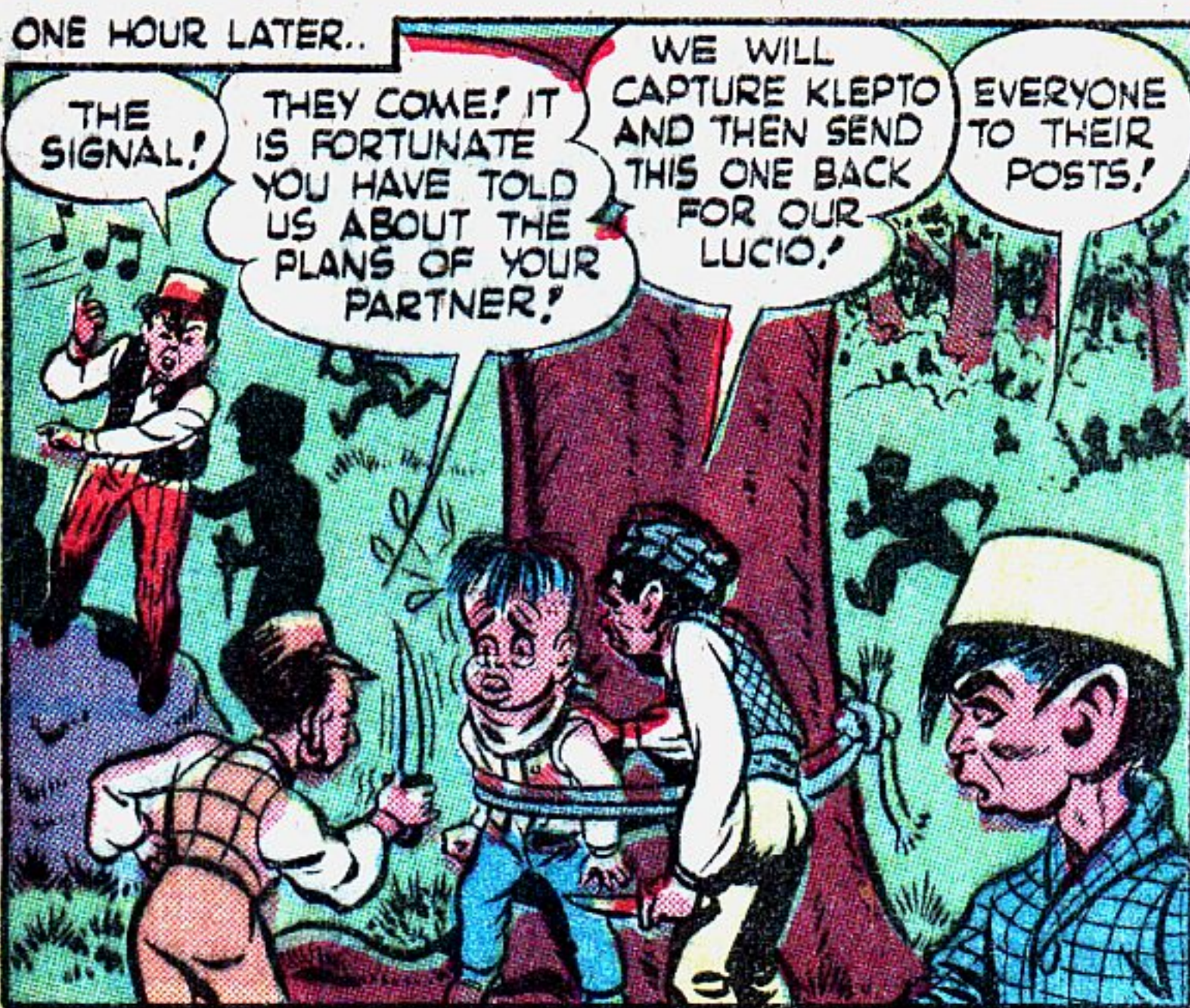
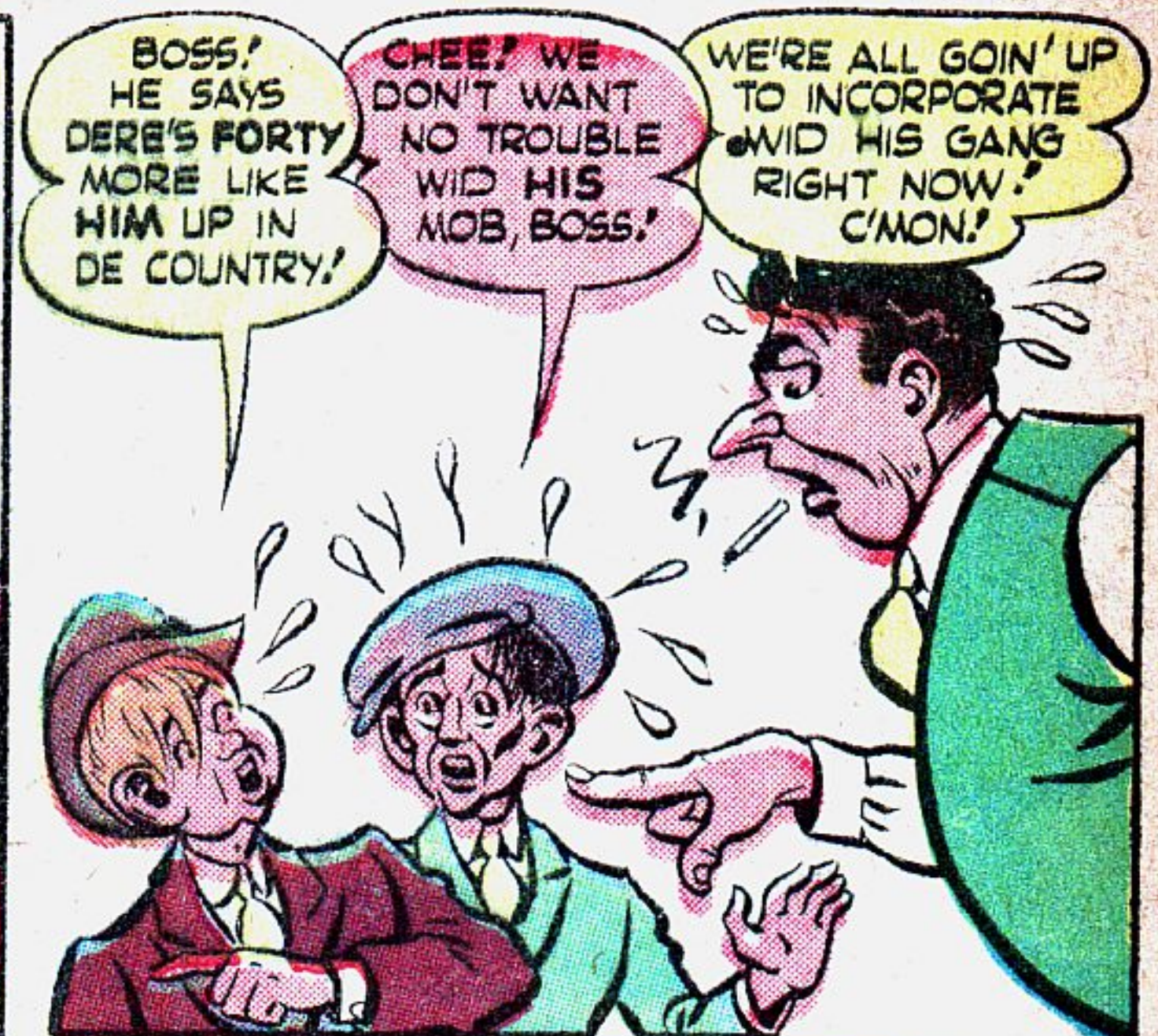
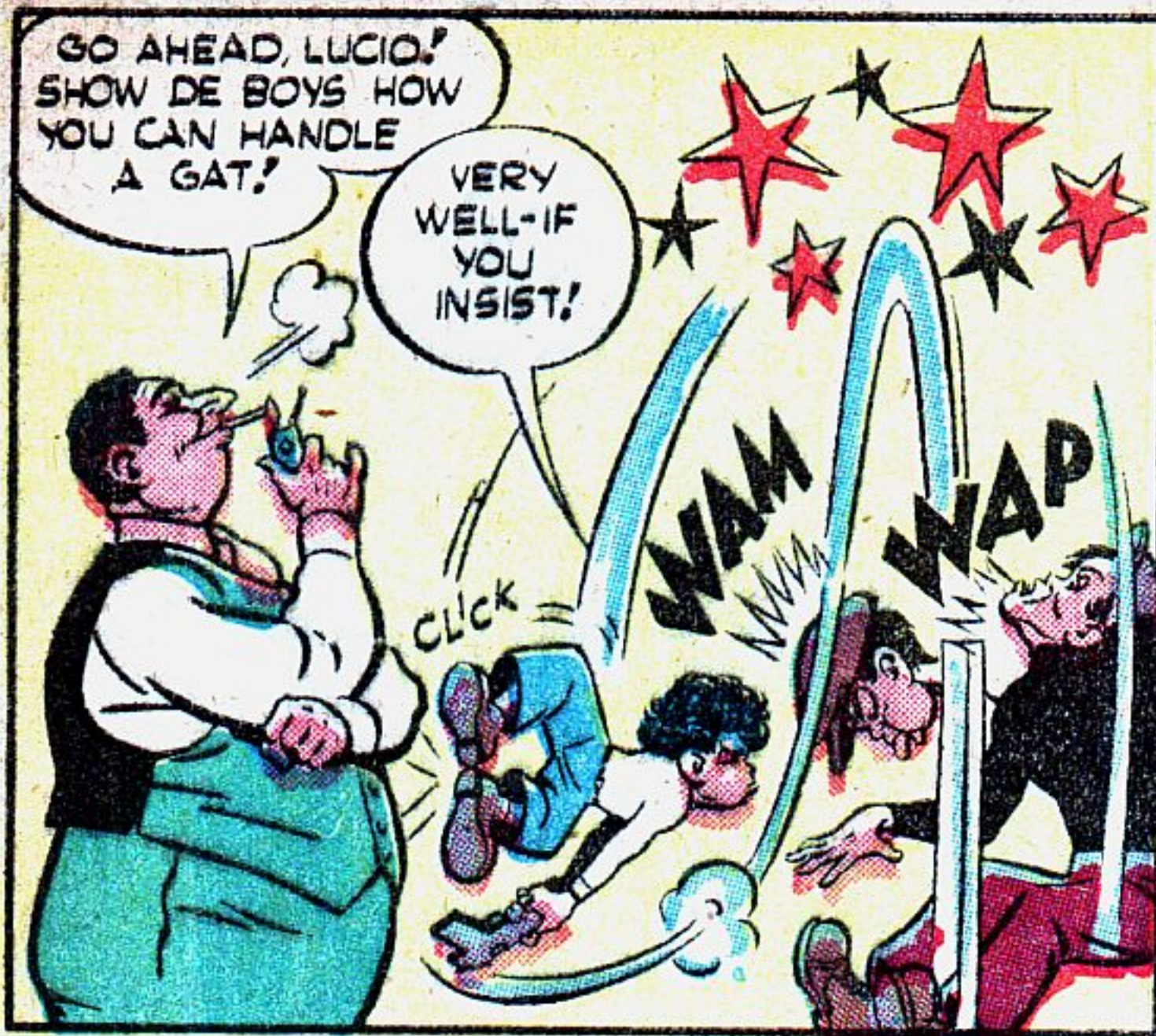








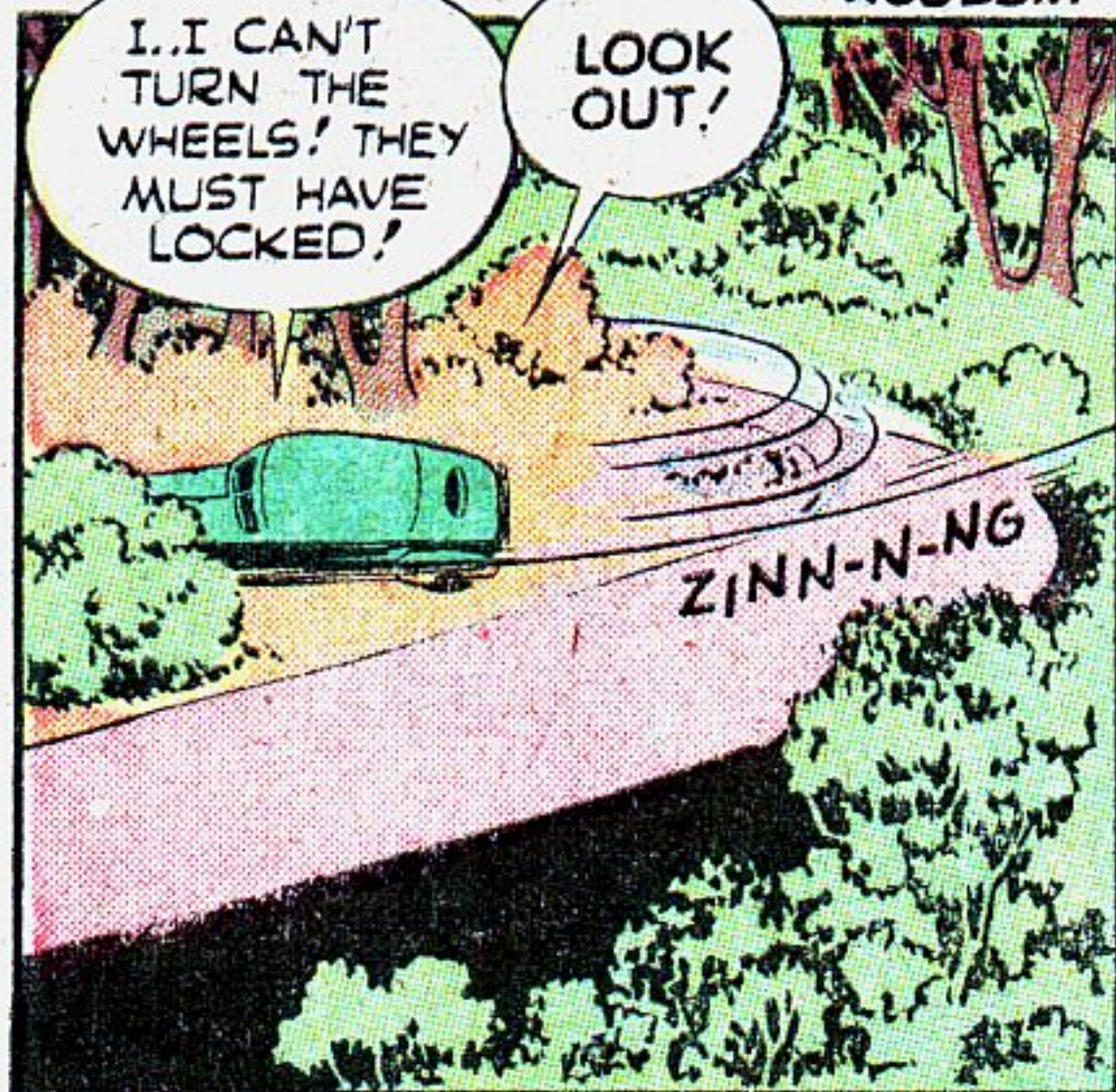






BUT TROUBLE LOOMS ON THE SCENE IN THE FORM OF AN UNSUSPECTING CAR WHICH STRIKES AN UNSEEN CABLE STRETCHED ACROSS THE ROAD...

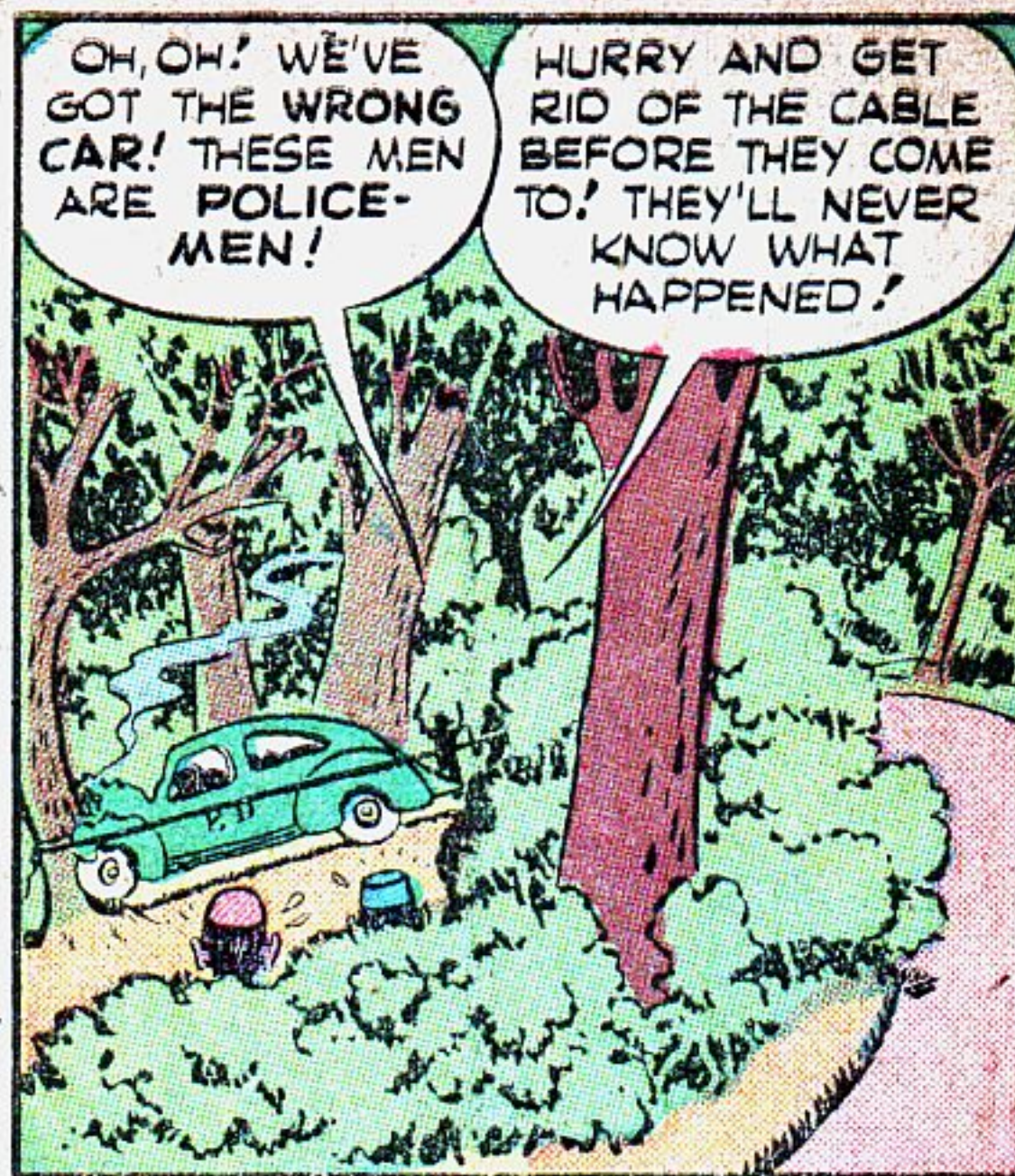
...THE 30° ANGLE OF THE CABLE CARRIES THE CAR OFF THE DRIVE AND INTO THE WOODS...



I..I CAN'T TURN THE WHEELS! THEY MUST HAVE LOCKED!

LOOK OUT!

**CRASH!**



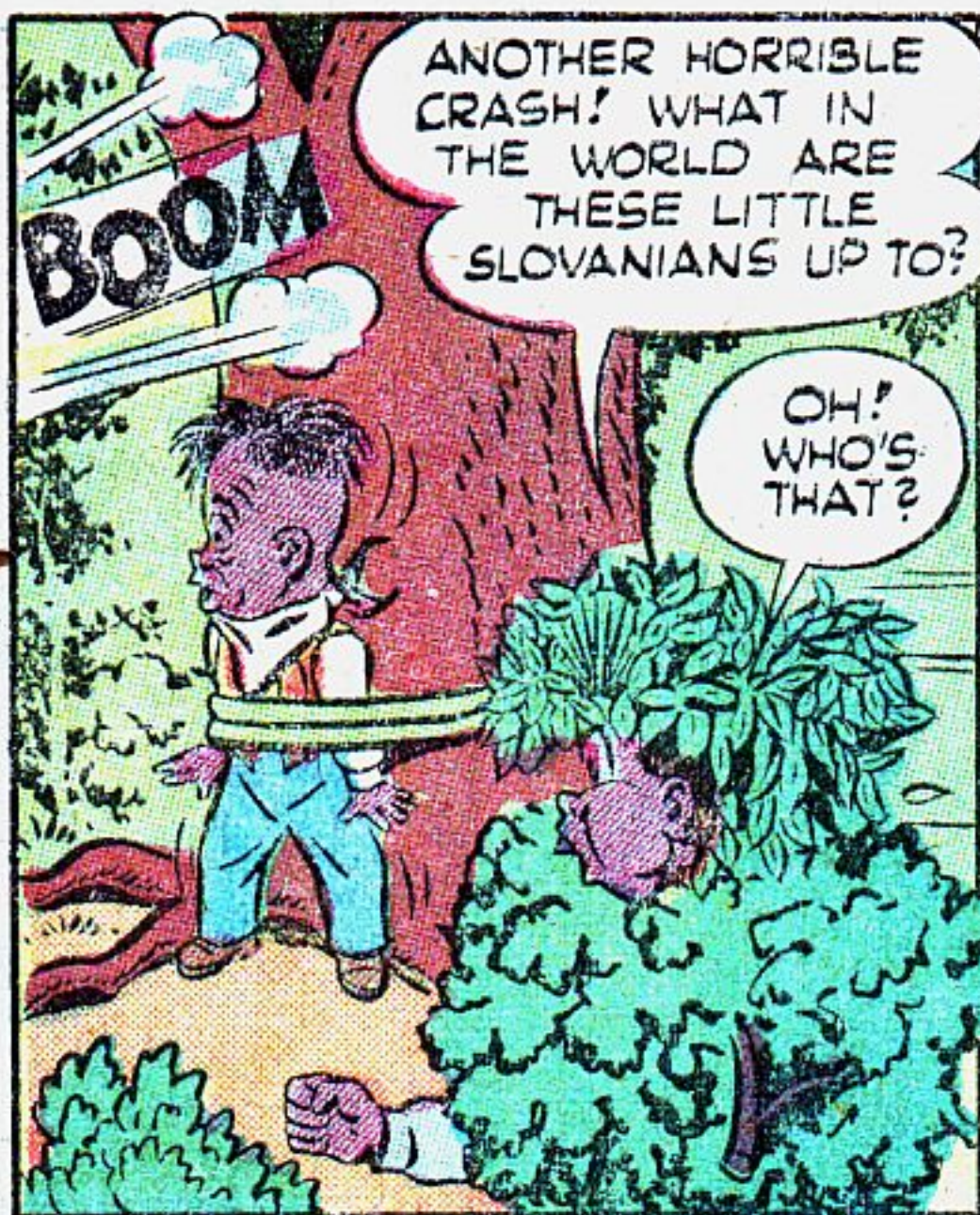
OH, OH! WE'VE GOT THE WRONG CAR! THESE MEN ARE POLICE-MEN!

HURRY AND GET RID OF THE CABLE BEFORE THEY COME TO! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



IT'S TOO LATE! HERE COMES ANOTHER CAR!

THIS MUST BE THE ONE WE WERE EXPECTING!



ANOTHER HORRIBLE CRASH! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE THESE LITTLE SLOVANIANS UP TO?

OH! WHO'S THAT?

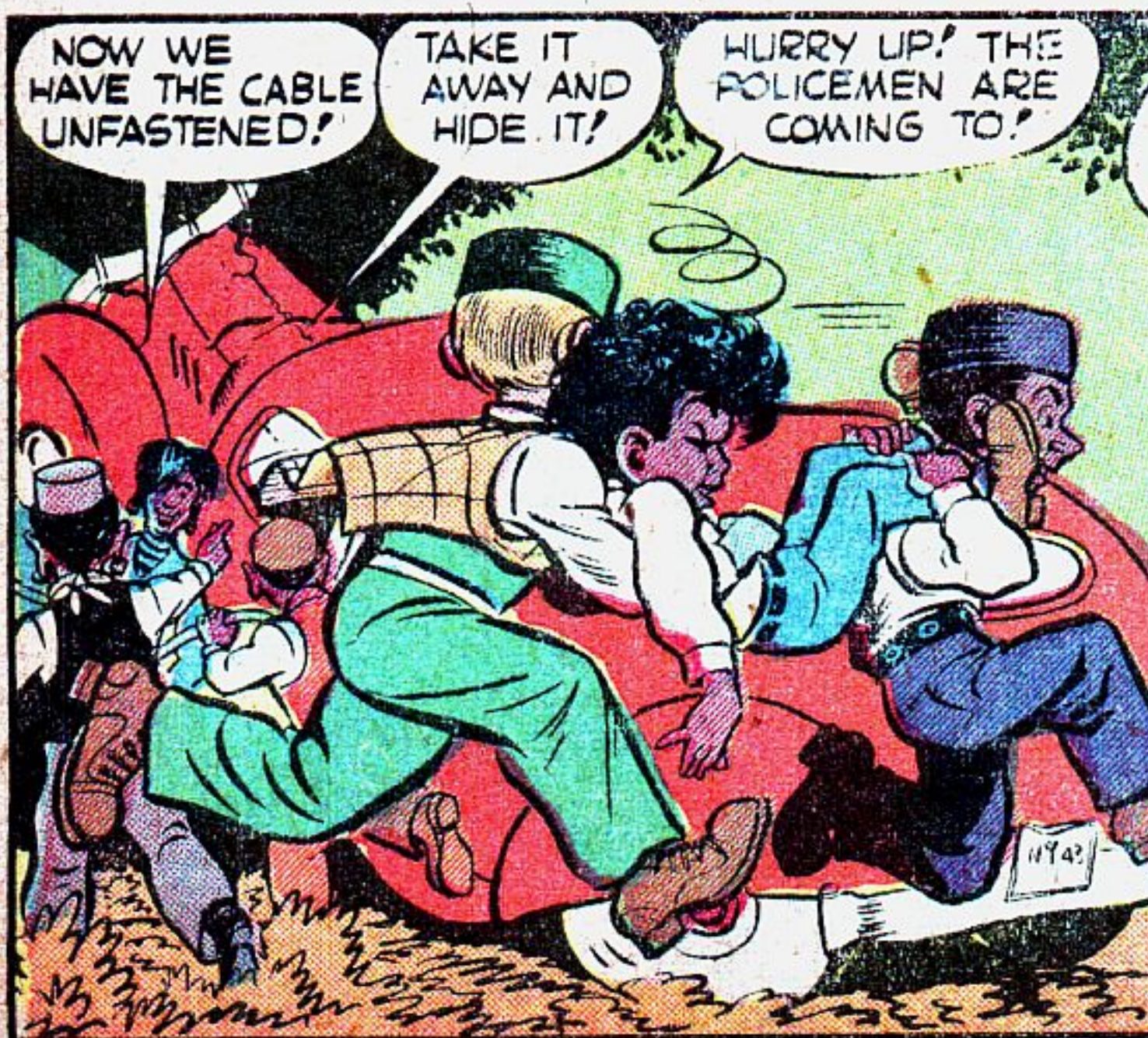


THIS IS THE RIGHT CAR!

THEY'RE ALL KNOCKED SENSELESS, TOO!

LOOK! LITTLE LUCIO IS IN HERE!

GET HIM OUT QUICK!



NOW WE HAVE THE CABLE UNFASTENED!

TAKE IT AWAY AND HIDE IT!

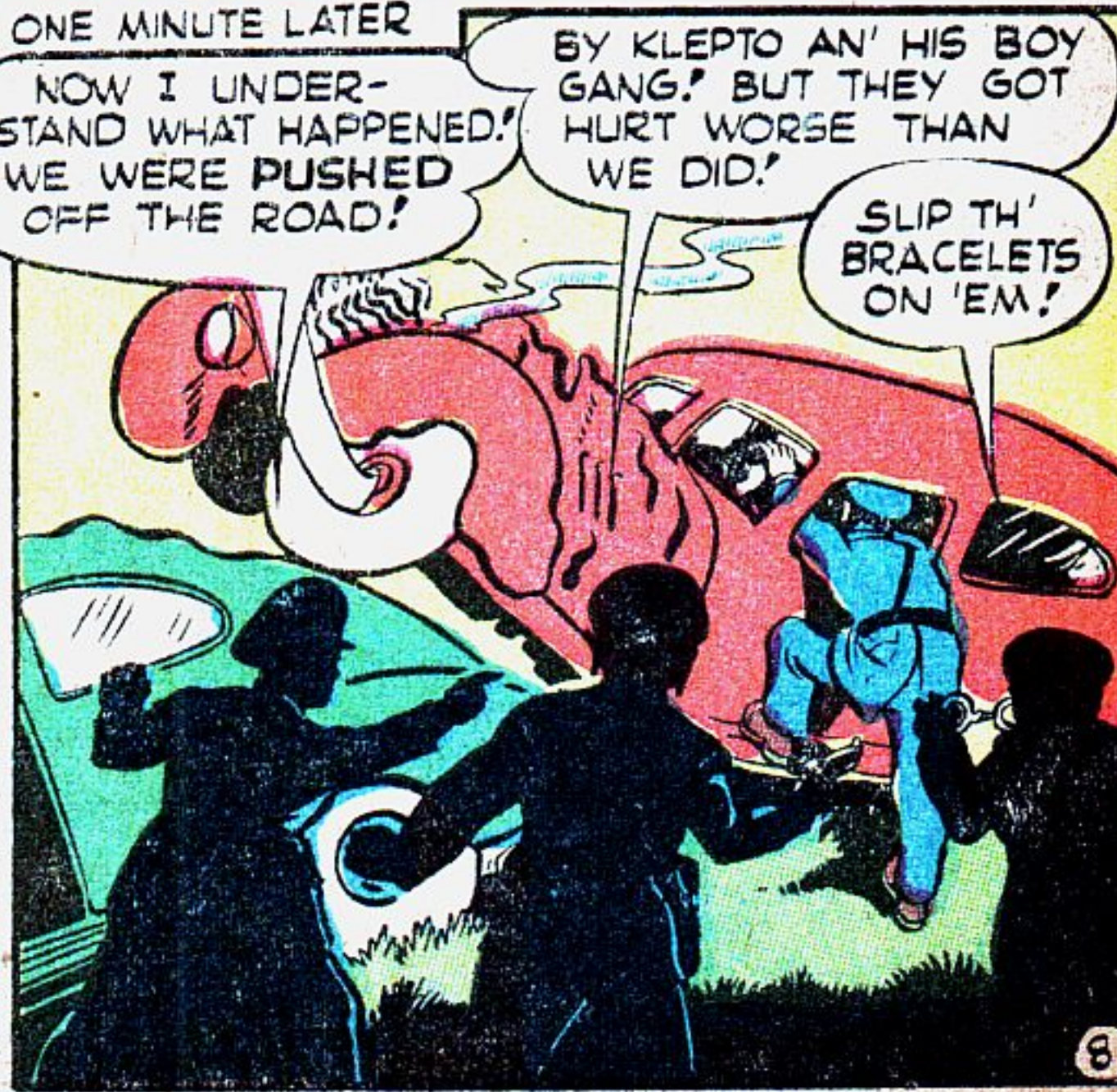
HURRY UP! THE POLICEMEN ARE COMING TO!

ONE MINUTE LATER

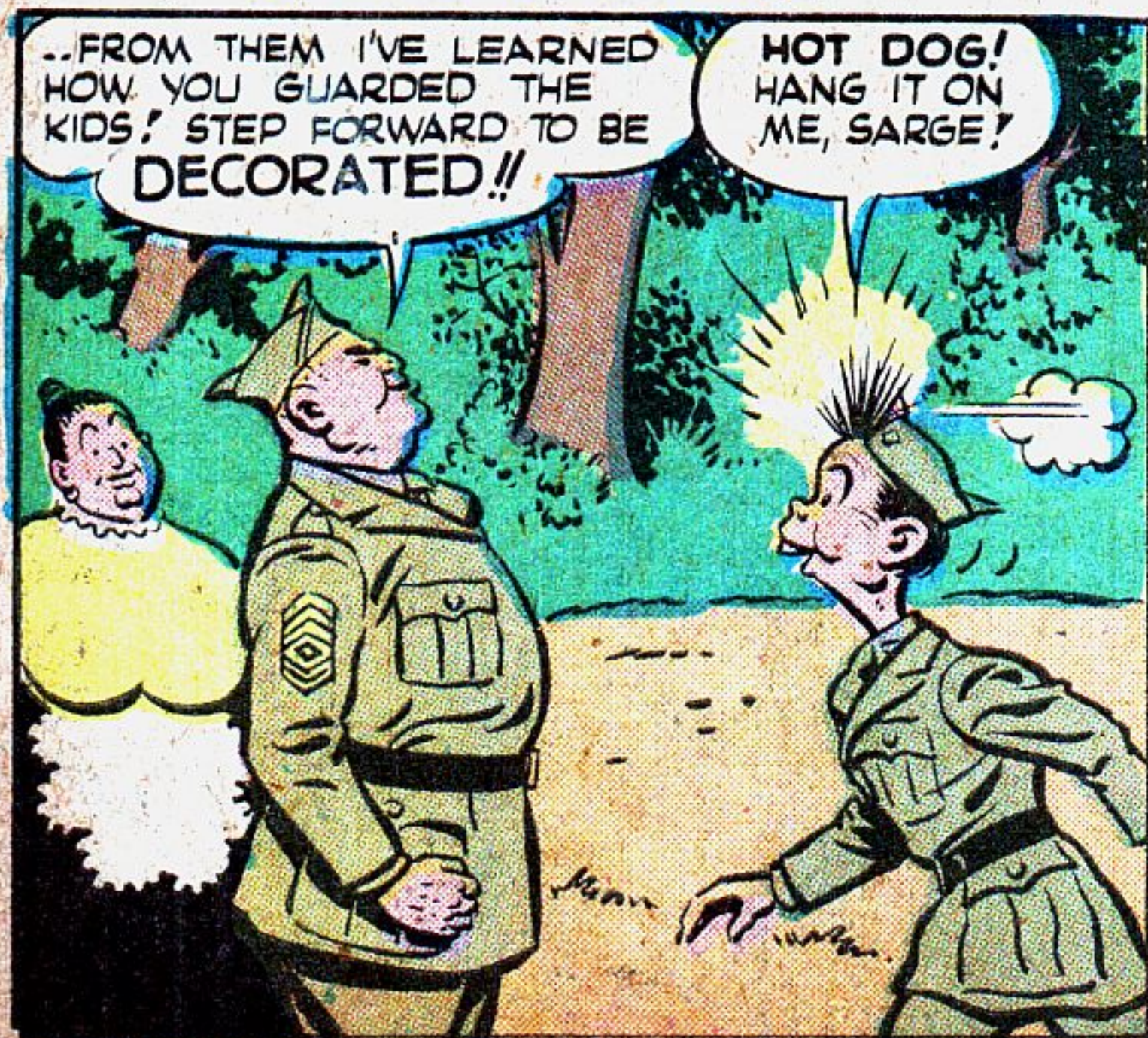
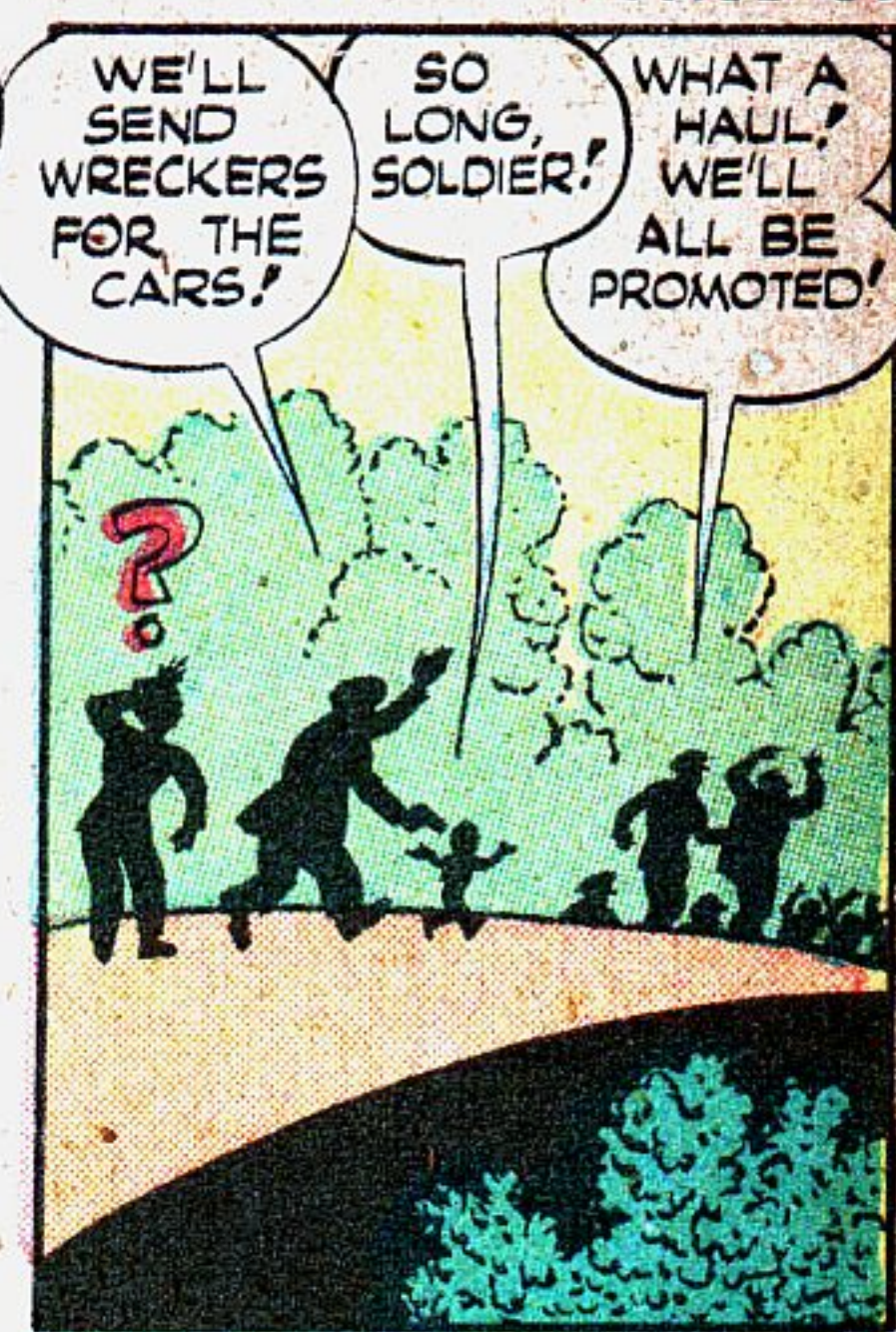
NOW I UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED! WE WERE PUSHED OFF THE ROAD!

BY KLEPTO AN' HIS BOY GANG! BUT THEY GOT HURT WORSE THAN WE DID!

SLIP TH' BRACELETS ON 'EM!





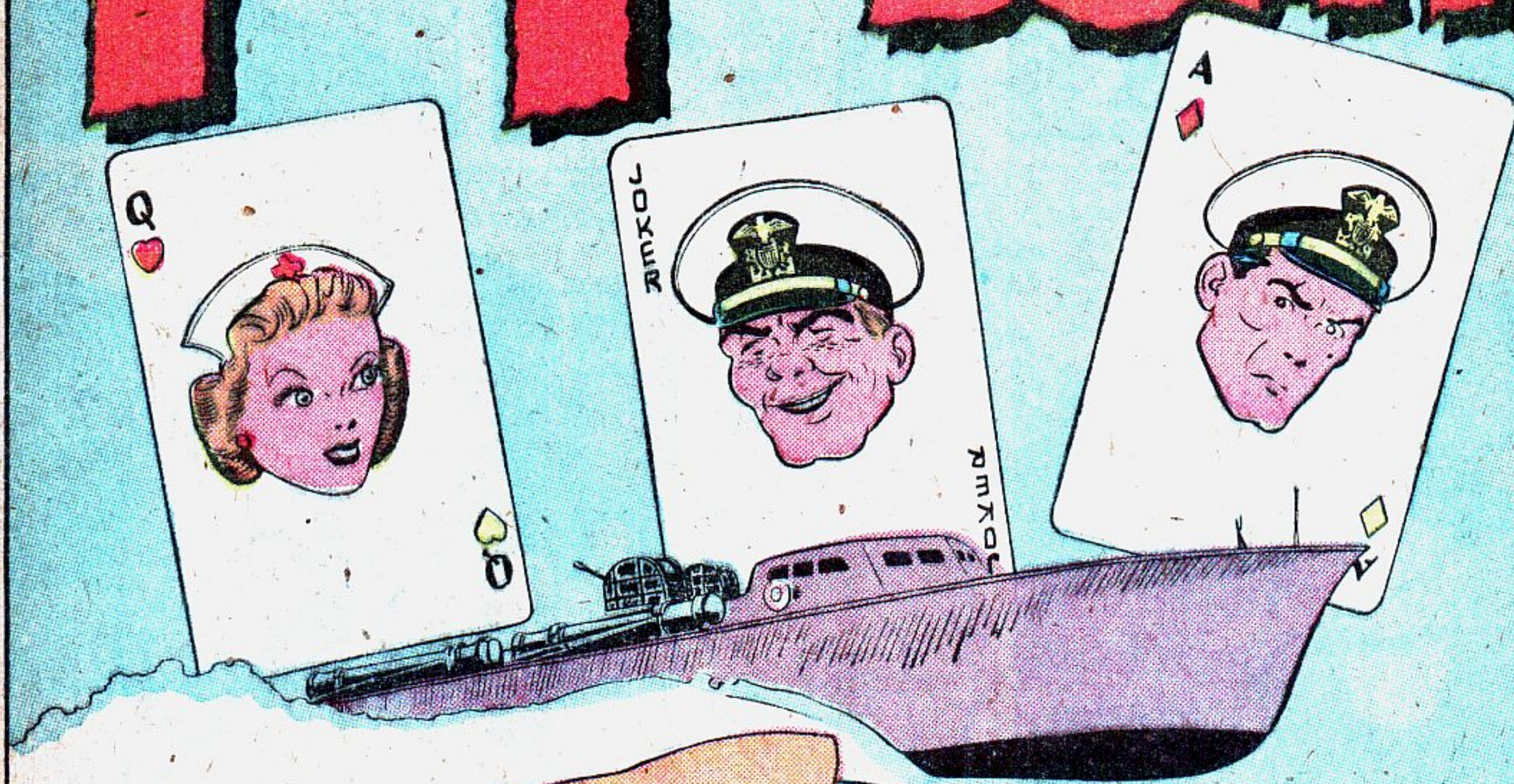




# NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION AT SEA  
*Section 2.*

# PT BOAT

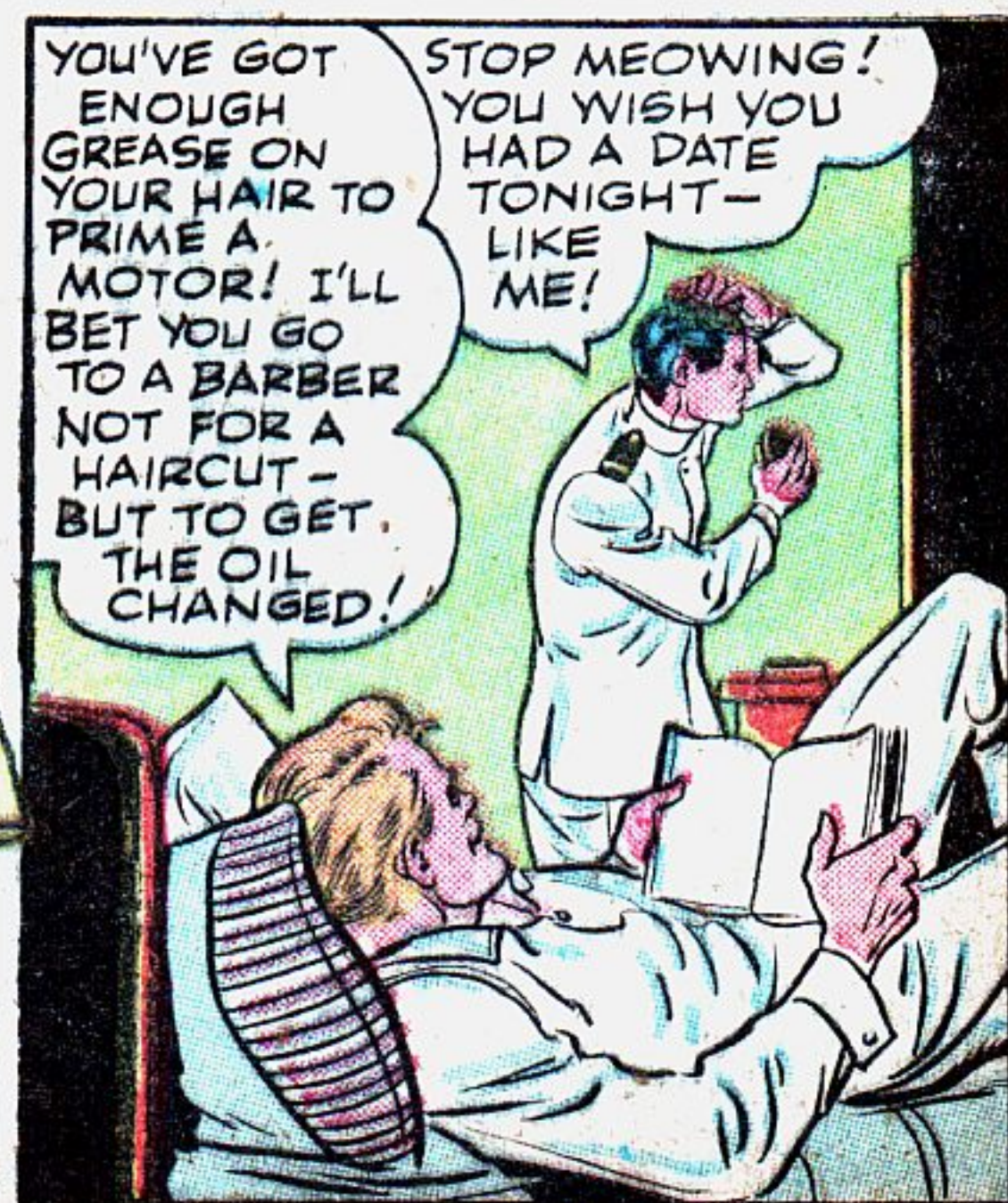


**P**ERRY TOBIAS AND PAUL HARVEY ARE NEWLY COMMISSIONED ENSIGNS ATTACHED TO AN MTB SQUADRON ... THE FAMED AND DREADED PT BOATS! BUT THEIR WAR WITH THE JAPANESE TAKES UP ONLY HALF THEIR TIME! ... THEY SPEND THE OTHER HALF FIGHTING EACH OTHER!

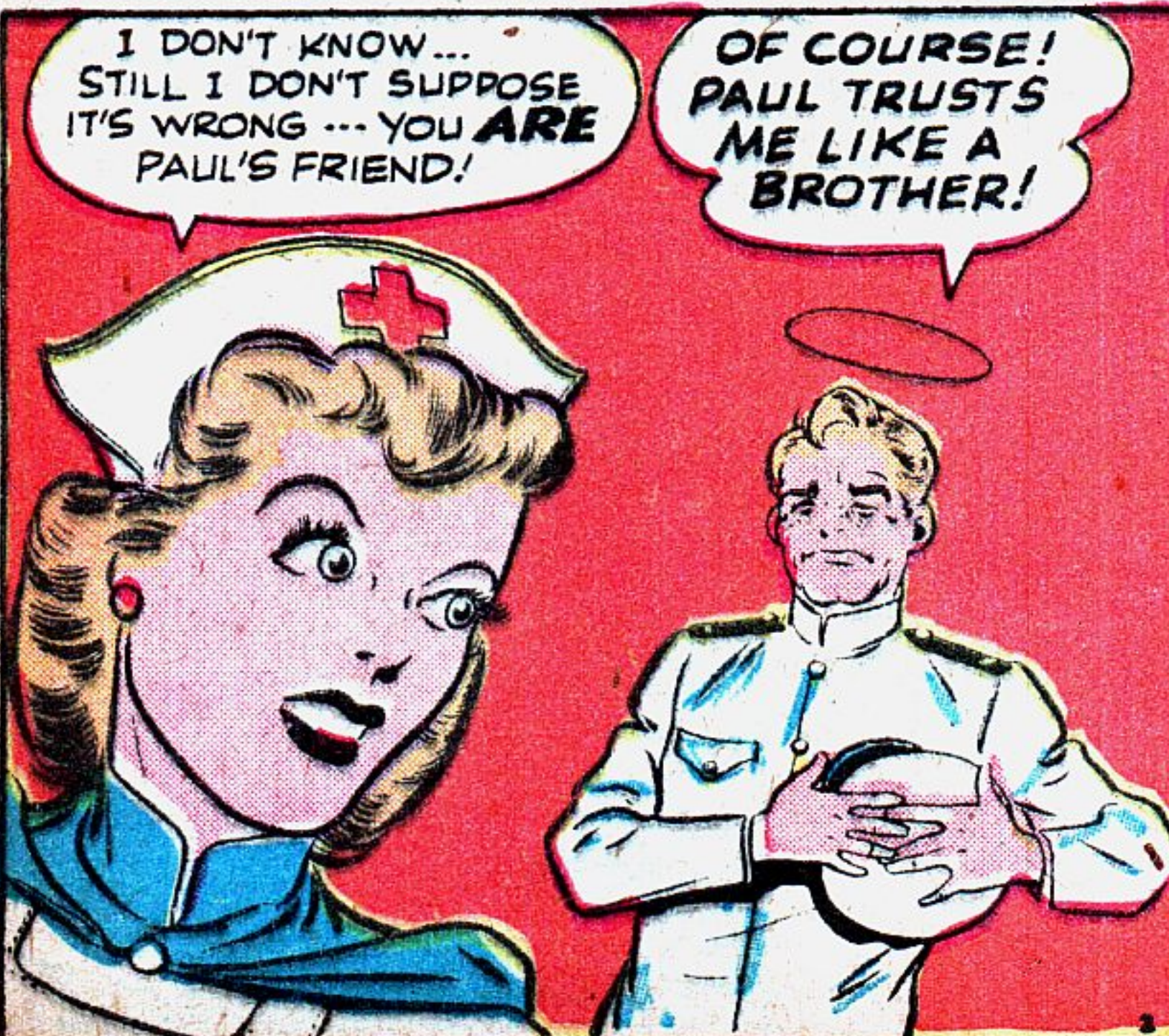
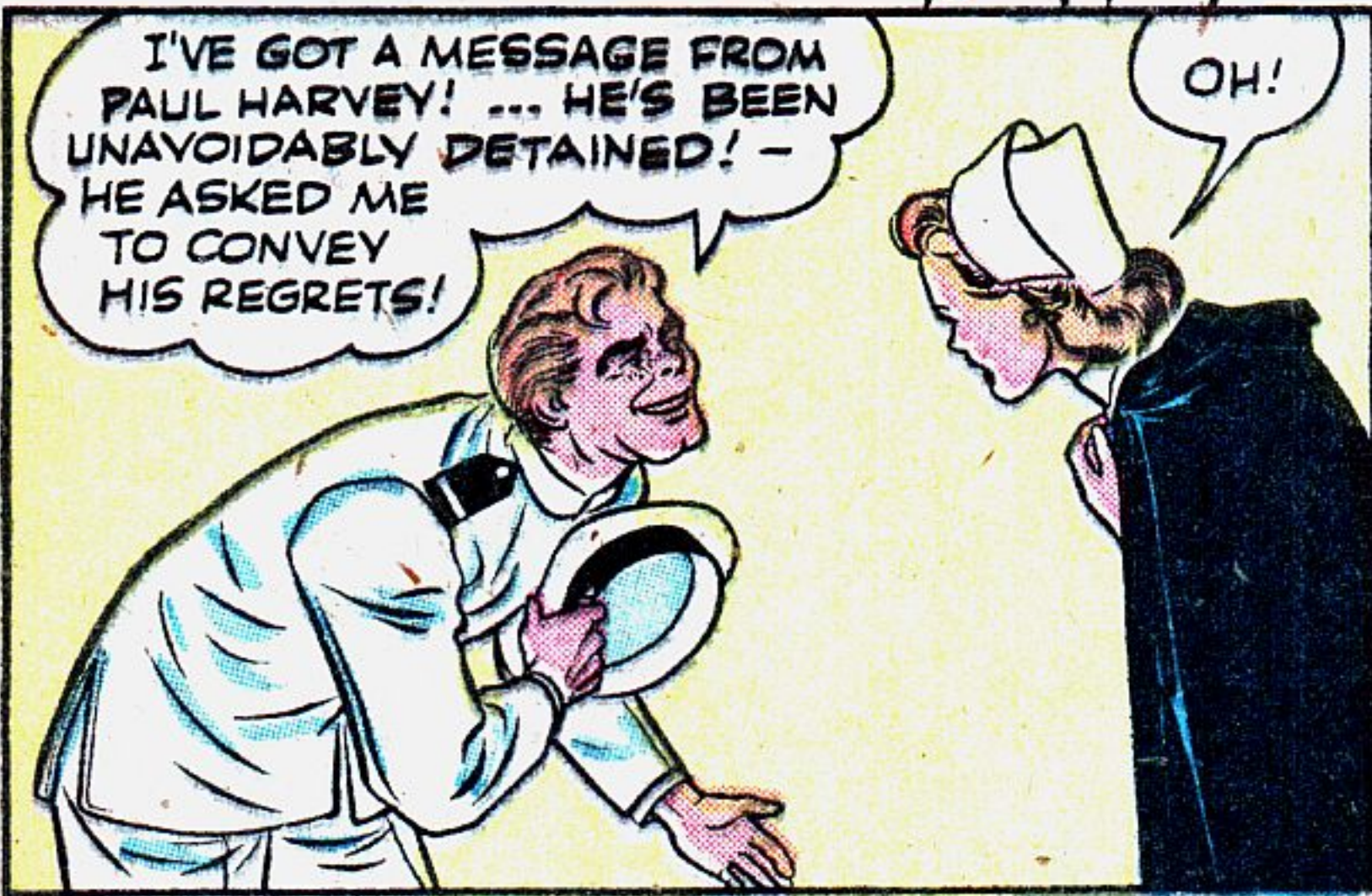
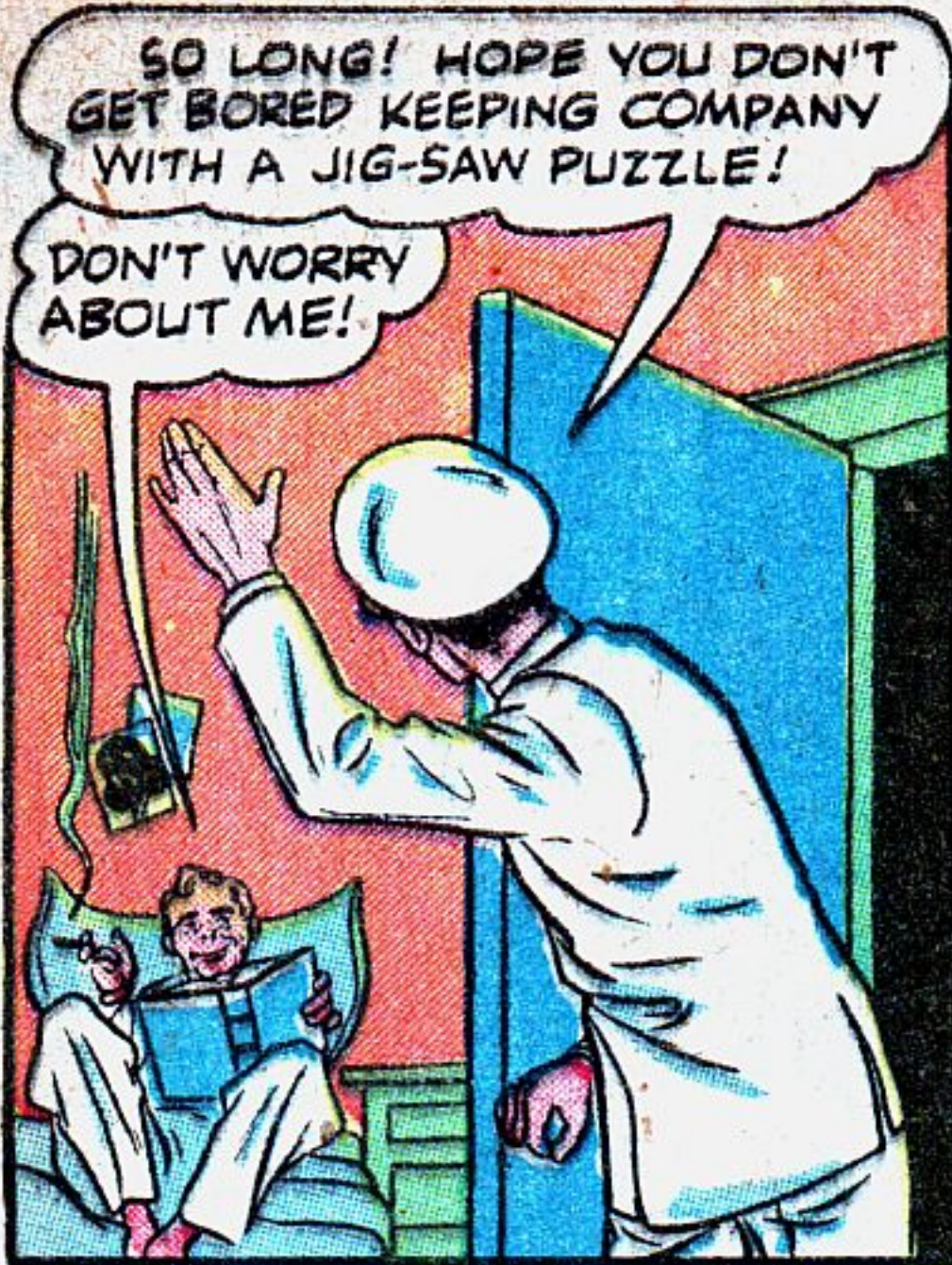
**I**T ALL BEGAN WITH A GIRL NAMED DOROTHY ... AS YOU'LL REMEMBER FROM A PREVIOUS STORY! BUT WHERE IT'S GOING TO END, NO ONE KNOWS! ... LEAST OF ALL, THE JAPS! ... AND THE JAPS NEVER WILL UNDERSTAND WHY TWO MEN WHO APPARENTLY HATE EACH OTHER ALWAYS FIGHT LIKE WILD CATS ... TOGETHER!

YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH GREASE ON YOUR HAIR TO PRIME A MOTOR! I'LL BET YOU GO TO A BARBER NOT FOR A HAIRCUT - BUT TO GET THE OIL CHANGED!

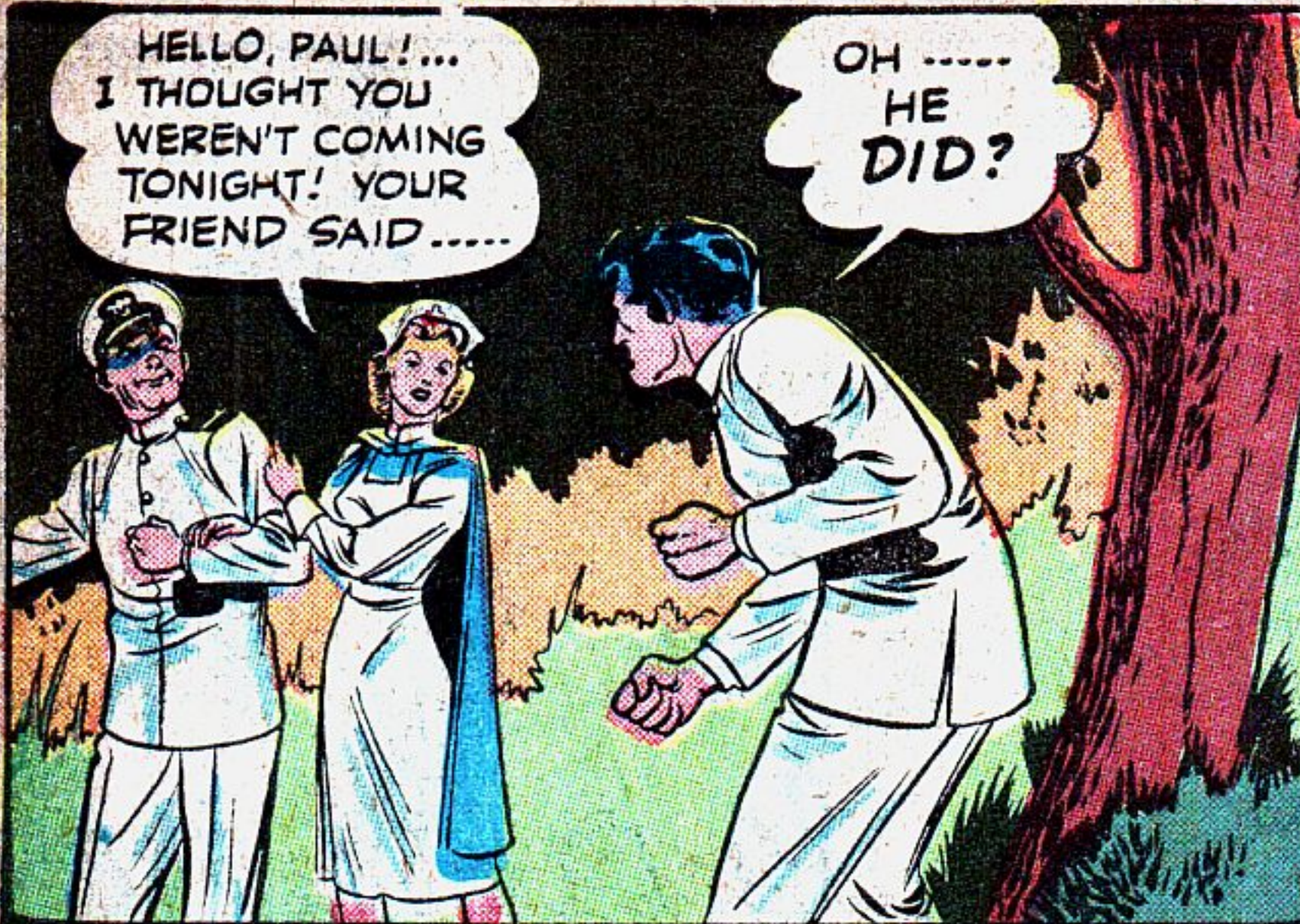
STOP MEOWING! YOU WISH YOU HAD A DATE TONIGHT - LIKE ME!











HELLO, PAUL!...  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WEREN'T COMING  
TONIGHT! YOUR  
FRIEND SAID.....

OH .....  
HE  
DID?



I WANT TO HAVE  
A TALK WITH  
YOU,  
MISTER!

YOU'RE  
TALKING TO  
ME RIGHT  
NOW, BUT  
YOU'RE NOT  
SAYING  
MUCH!

WELL, MAYBE.....

EEEE-EEEE-EEEEEEEEEEEEEE



WHAT'S  
THAT?



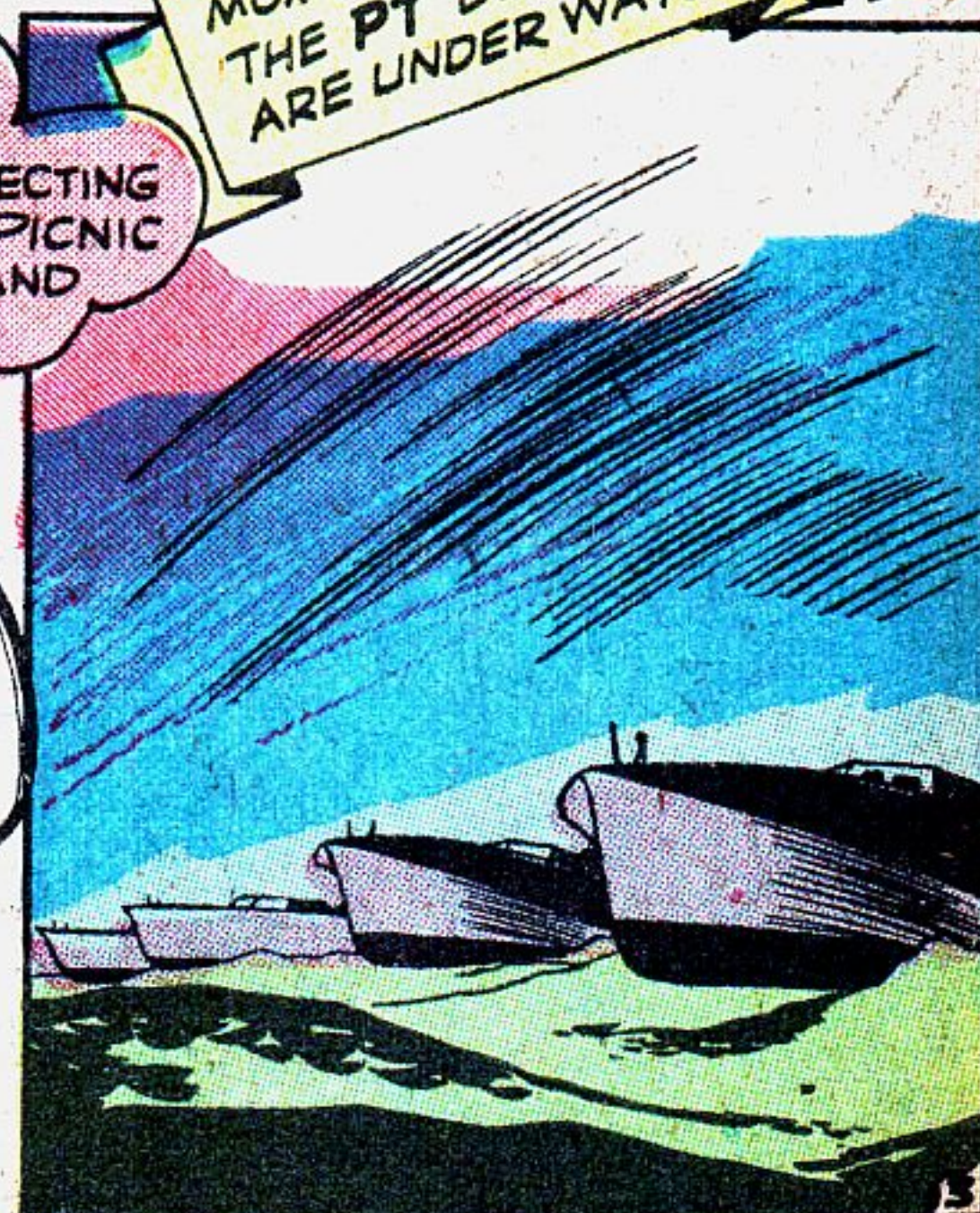
THEY'RE  
SOUNDING  
"GENERAL  
STATIONS"!

LET'S  
GO!



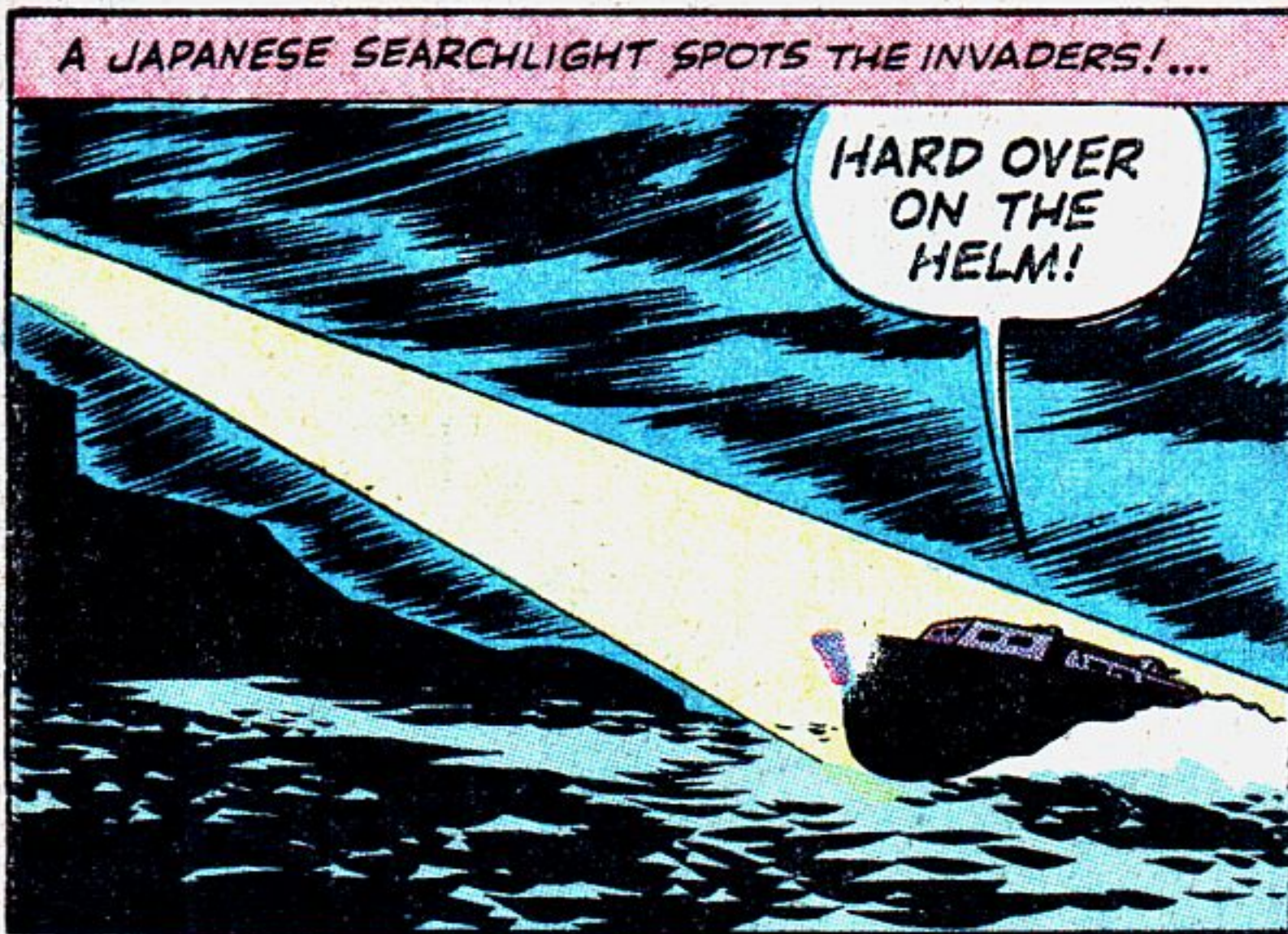
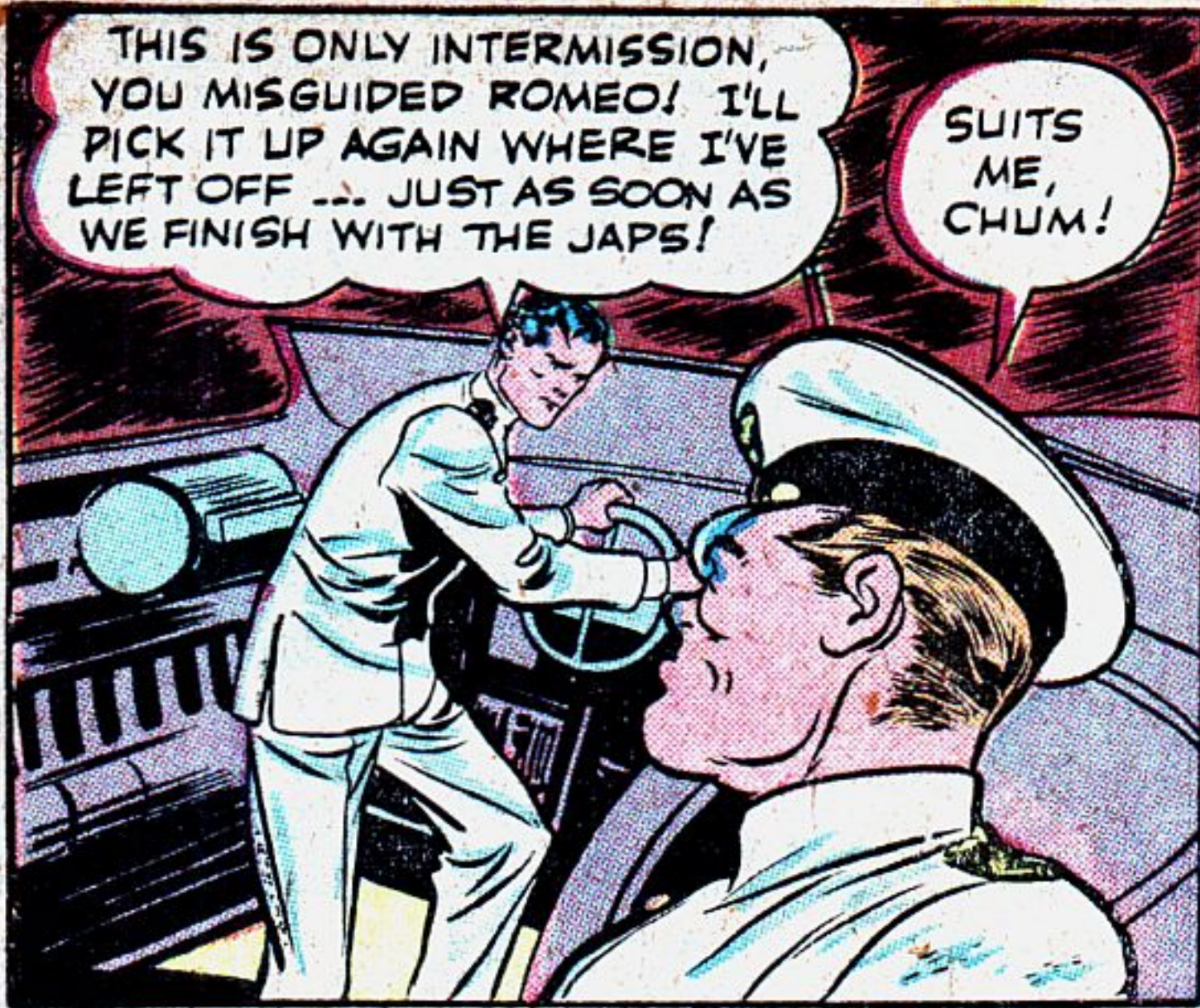
WE'VE JUST GOT WORD THAT  
THE JAPS HAVE SEIZED OWALLI  
HARBOR IN A SURPRISE ASSAULT!  
OUR JOB WILL BE TO WIPE OUT  
THE HARBOR SHIPPING BEFORE  
IT FALLS INTO ENEMY HANDS!

THIS WON'T BE AN  
EASY JOB! THE JAPS  
WILL PROBABLY BE EXPECTING  
US! SO LEAVE YOUR PICNIC  
BASKETS BEHIND! - AND  
GOOD LUCK!



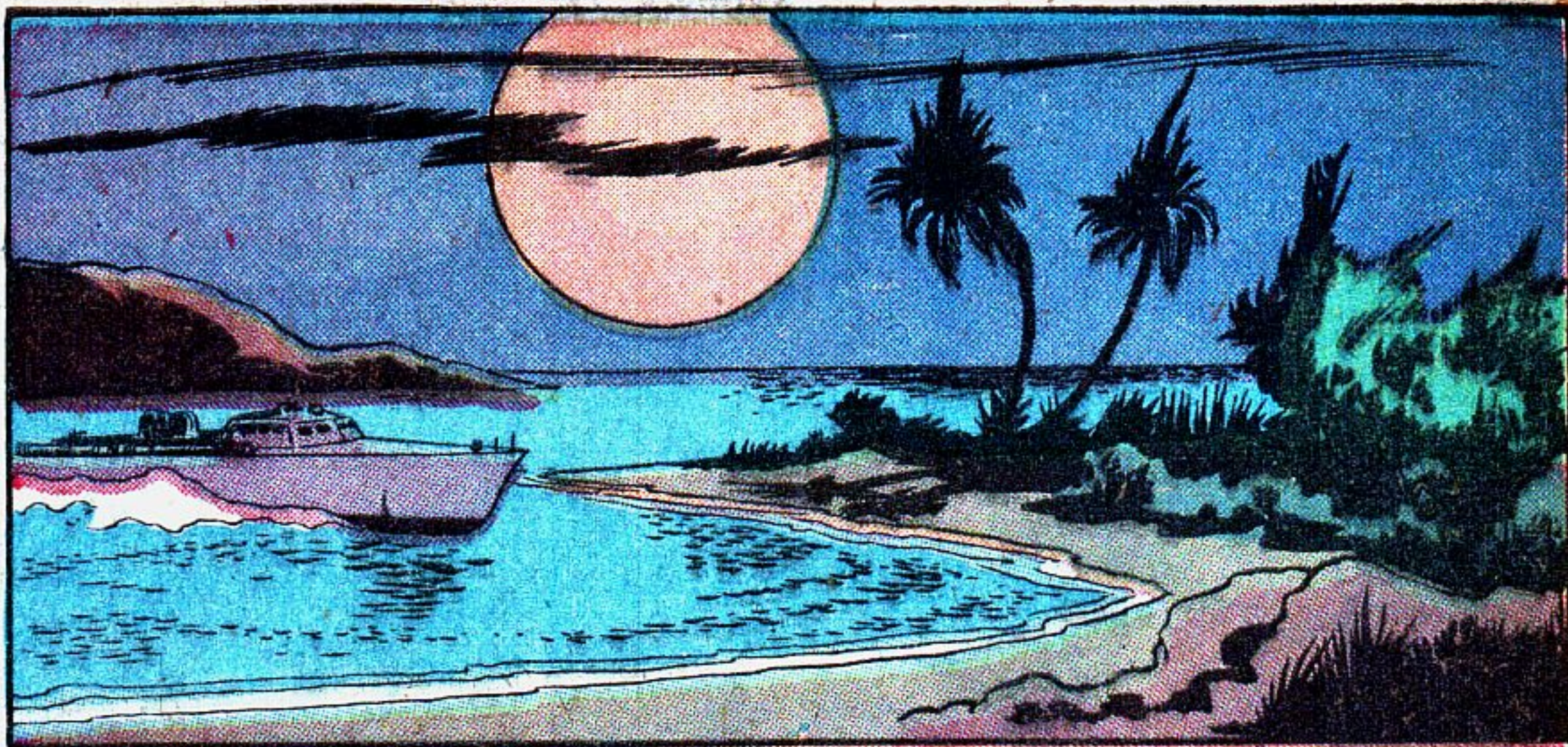
MOMENTS LATER...  
THE PT BOATS  
ARE UNDER WAY!







THE WOUNDED  
PT BOAT  
FINDS A HAVEN  
IN ONE OF  
THE MANY  
SMALL INLETS  
THAT INDENT  
THE ISLANDS  
OF THE  
SOUTH  
PACIFIC...



WE COULDN'T HAVE  
GONE MUCH FURTHER,  
WITH THAT RIP IN  
THE HULL!



COMPANY  
HAS  
ARRIVED!

TAKE IT EASY!  
THEY LOOK  
FRIENDLY!



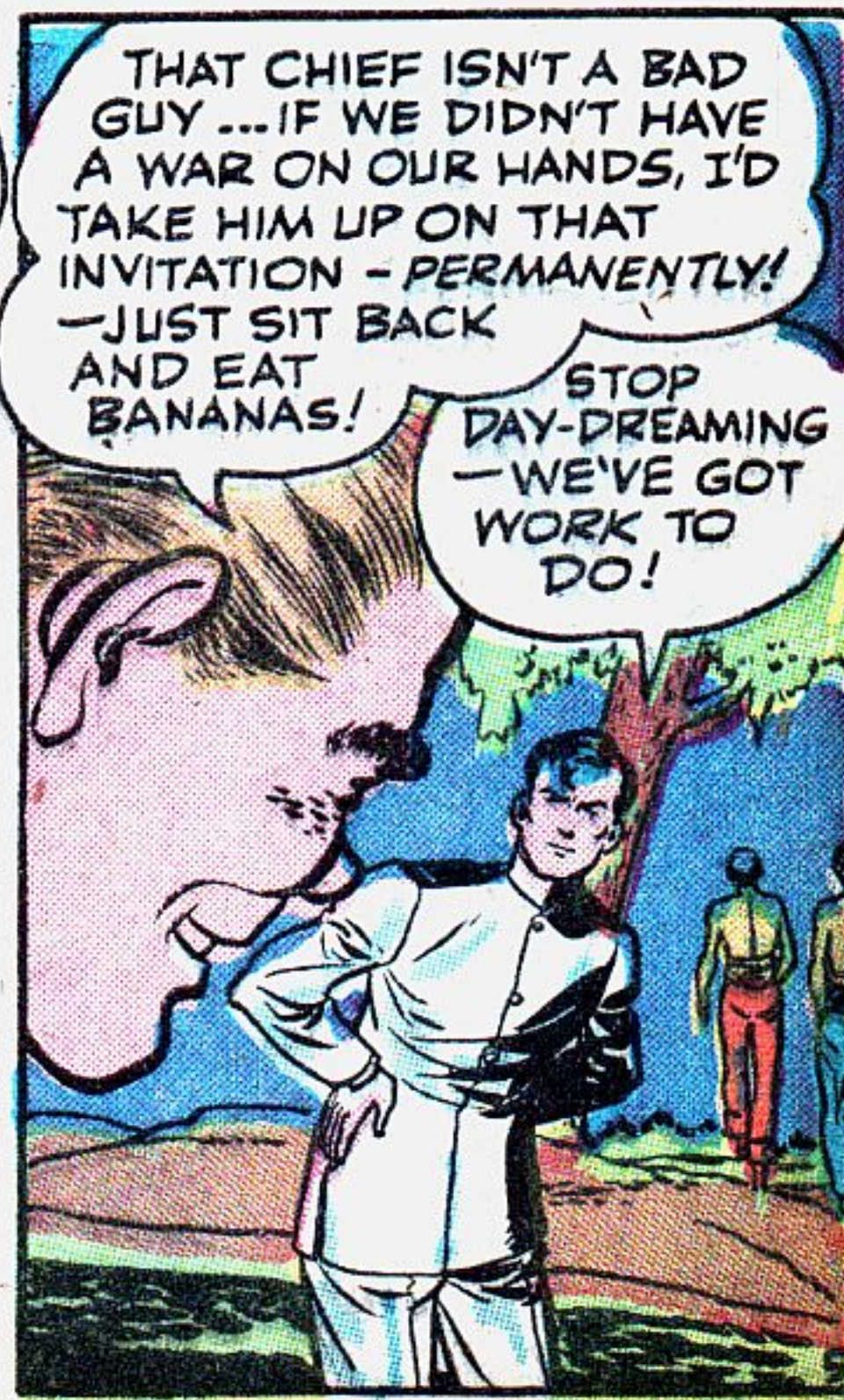
WELCOME TO OUR ISLAND,  
MEN OF THE SEA... I AM  
LIKOTA, CHIEF OF  
MY TRIBE!

SAY! --  
HE  
SPEAKS  
ENGLISH!

WE  
APPRECIATE  
YOUR KINDNESS,  
CHIEF-- BUT  
WE WON'T  
STAY  
LONG!



MY VILLAGE IS ONLY A  
FEW MILES FROM HERE.  
--IF YOUR STAY IS LONGER  
THAN YOUR WISH, YOU MAY  
COME -- WHATEVER WE  
HAVE IS YOURS...

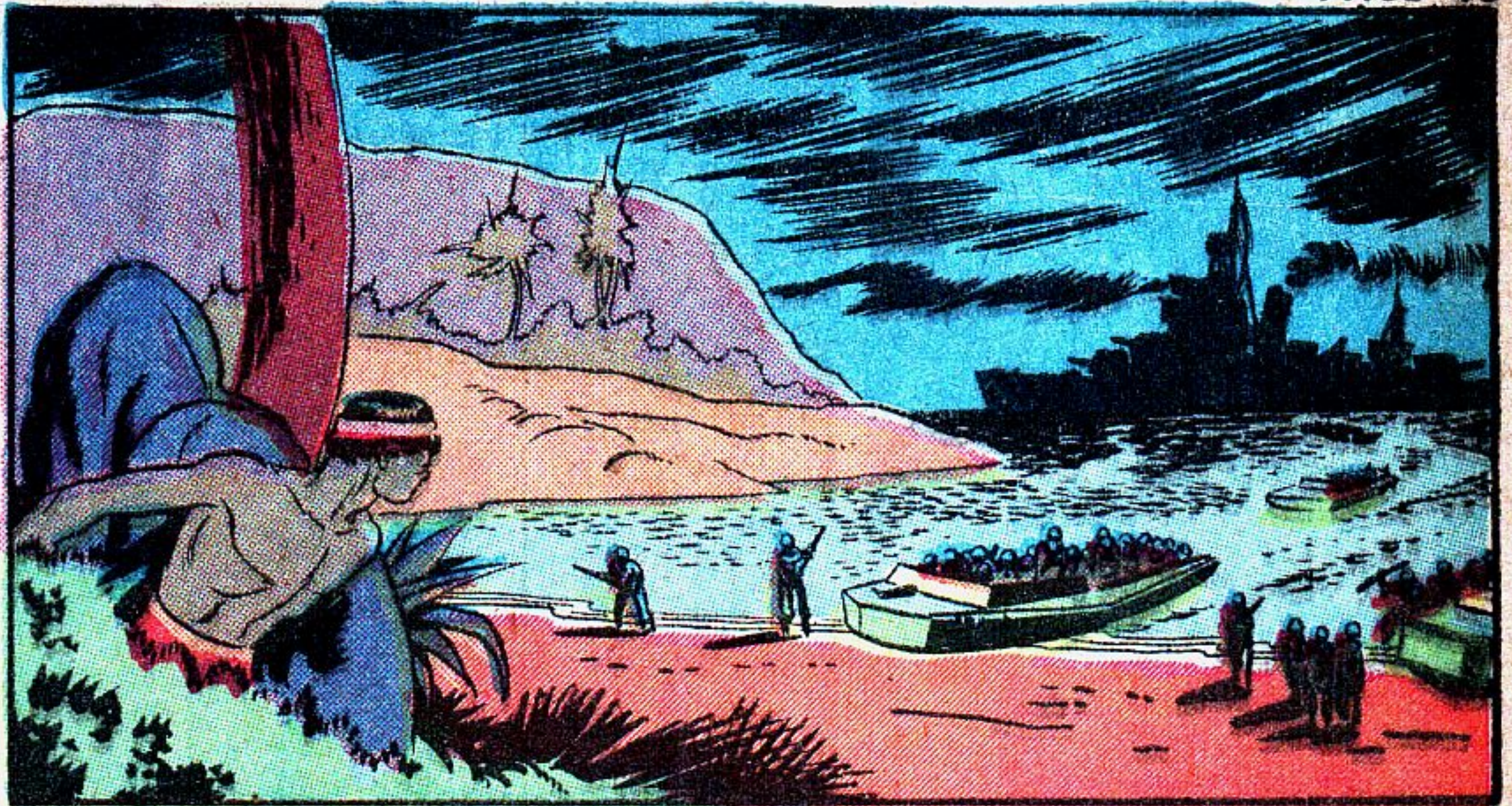


THAT CHIEF ISN'T A BAD  
GUY...IF WE DIDN'T HAVE  
A WAR ON OUR HANDS, I'D  
TAKE HIM UP ON THAT  
INVITATION - PERMANENTLY!  
--JUST SIT BACK  
AND EAT  
BANANAS!

STOP  
DAY-DREAMING  
--WE'VE GOT  
WORK TO  
DO!



**BUT**  
MORE TROUBLE  
IS BREWING FOR  
THE PT BOAT  
CREW! ON  
ANOTHER PART  
OF THE ISLAND  
JAP MARINES  
ARE LANDING!



MUST TELL  
LIKOTA! -EVIL  
MEN COME!



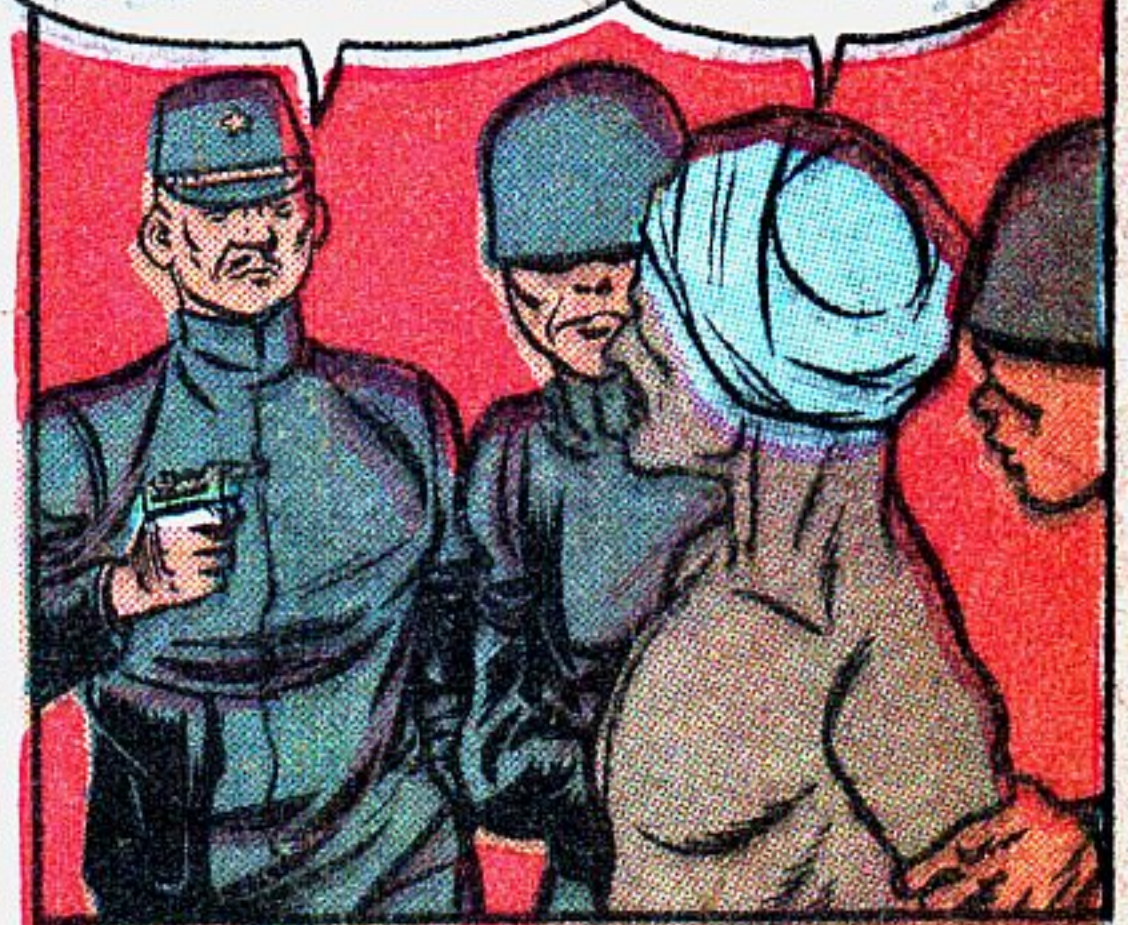
MY SON BRINGS GRAVE  
TIDINGS! THE YELLOW  
MEN HAVE COME! WE  
MUST WARN OUR  
WHITE FRIENDS  
AT ONCE!



NO SOONER HAS A MESSENGER  
BEEN DISPATCHED, THAN THE  
MARAUDING JAPS SWARM IN!...

YOU ARE CHIEF  
OF THESE SAVAGES!  
YOU WILL DIRECT US  
TO SUPPLIES OF  
FOOD AND WATER!

YOU KILL MY  
PEOPLE!  
IT IS YOU  
WHO ARE  
SAVAGES!



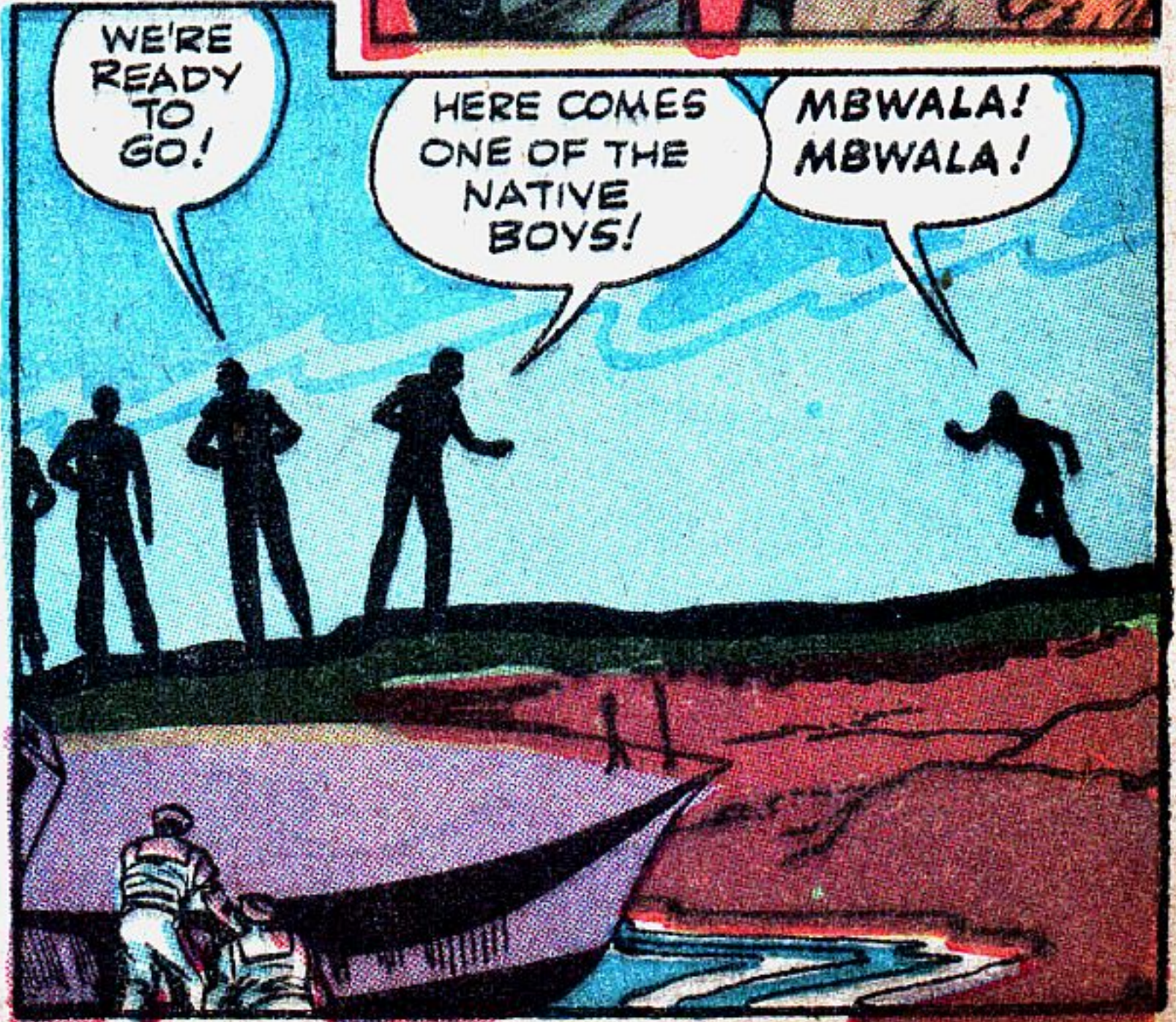
THIS WILL TEACH YOU  
NOT TO BANDY WORDS  
WITH YOUR SUPERIOR!



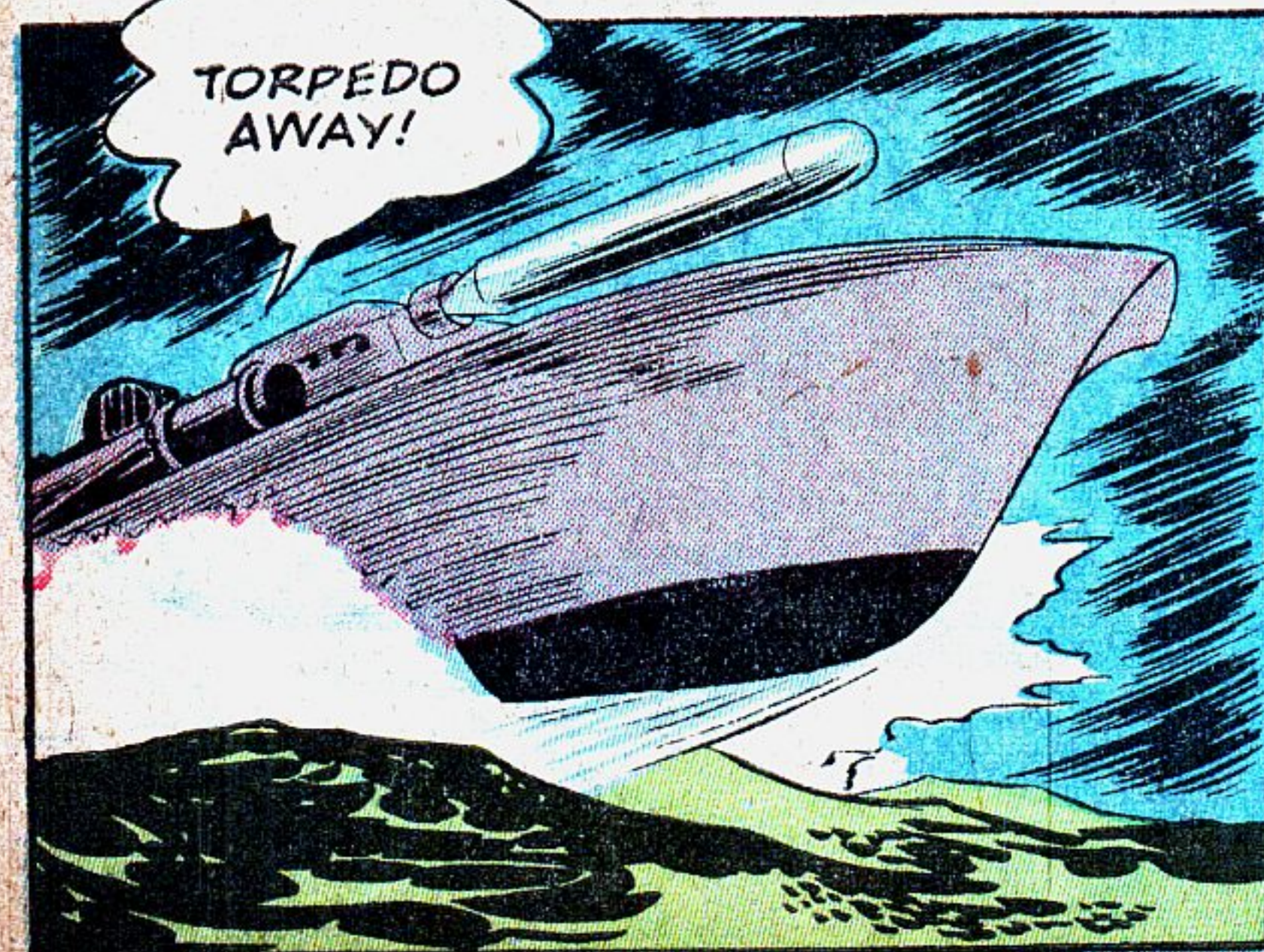
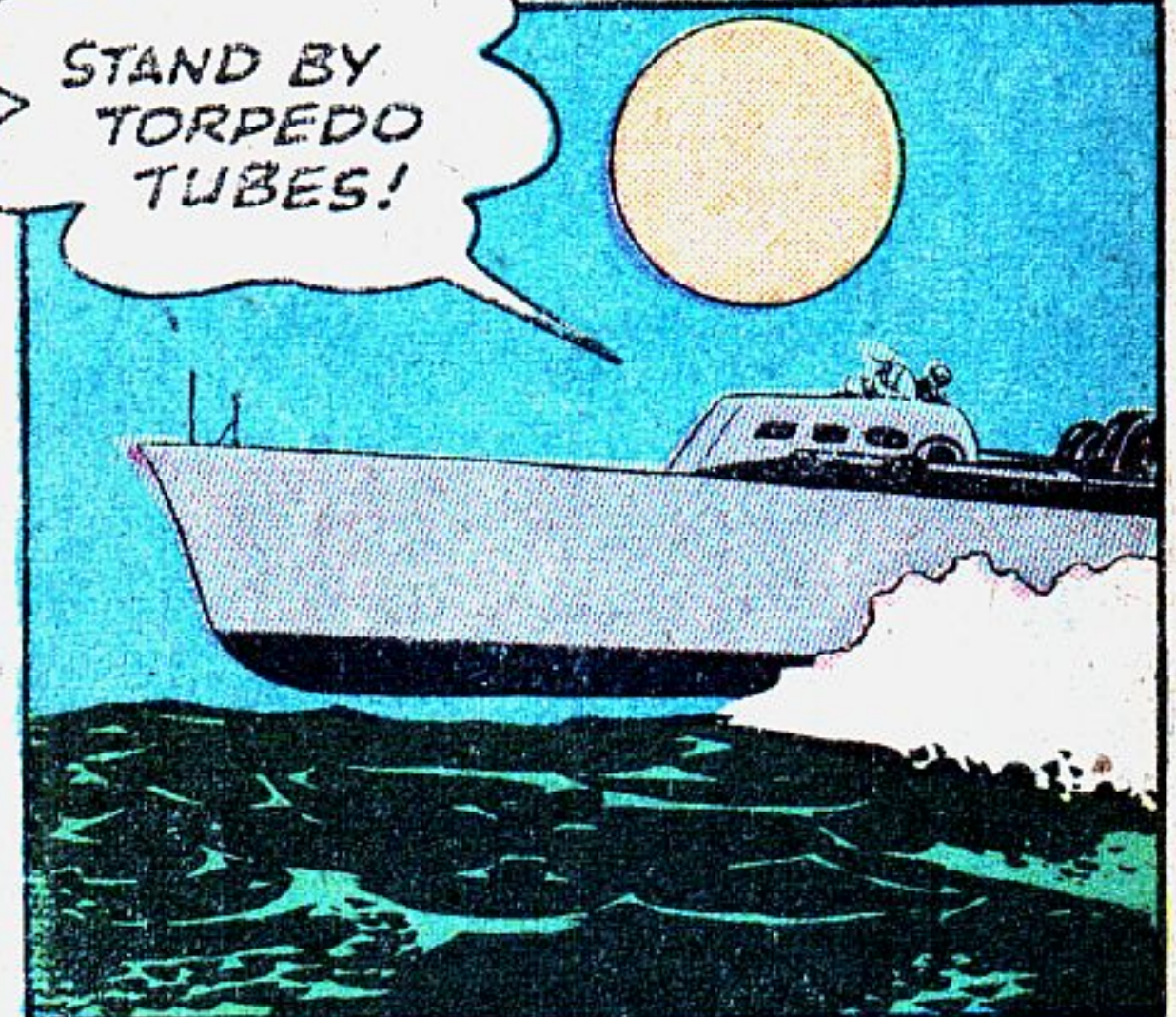
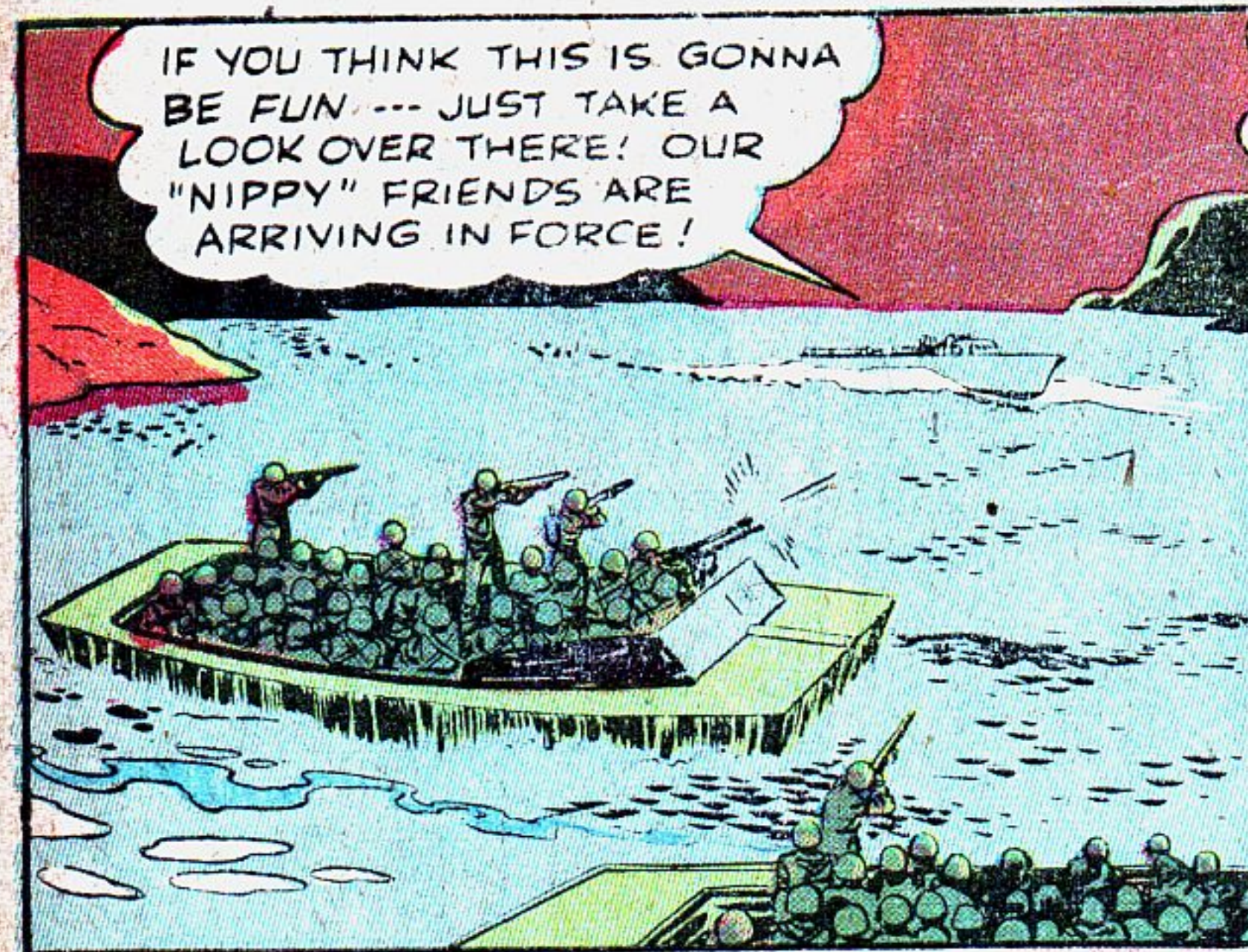
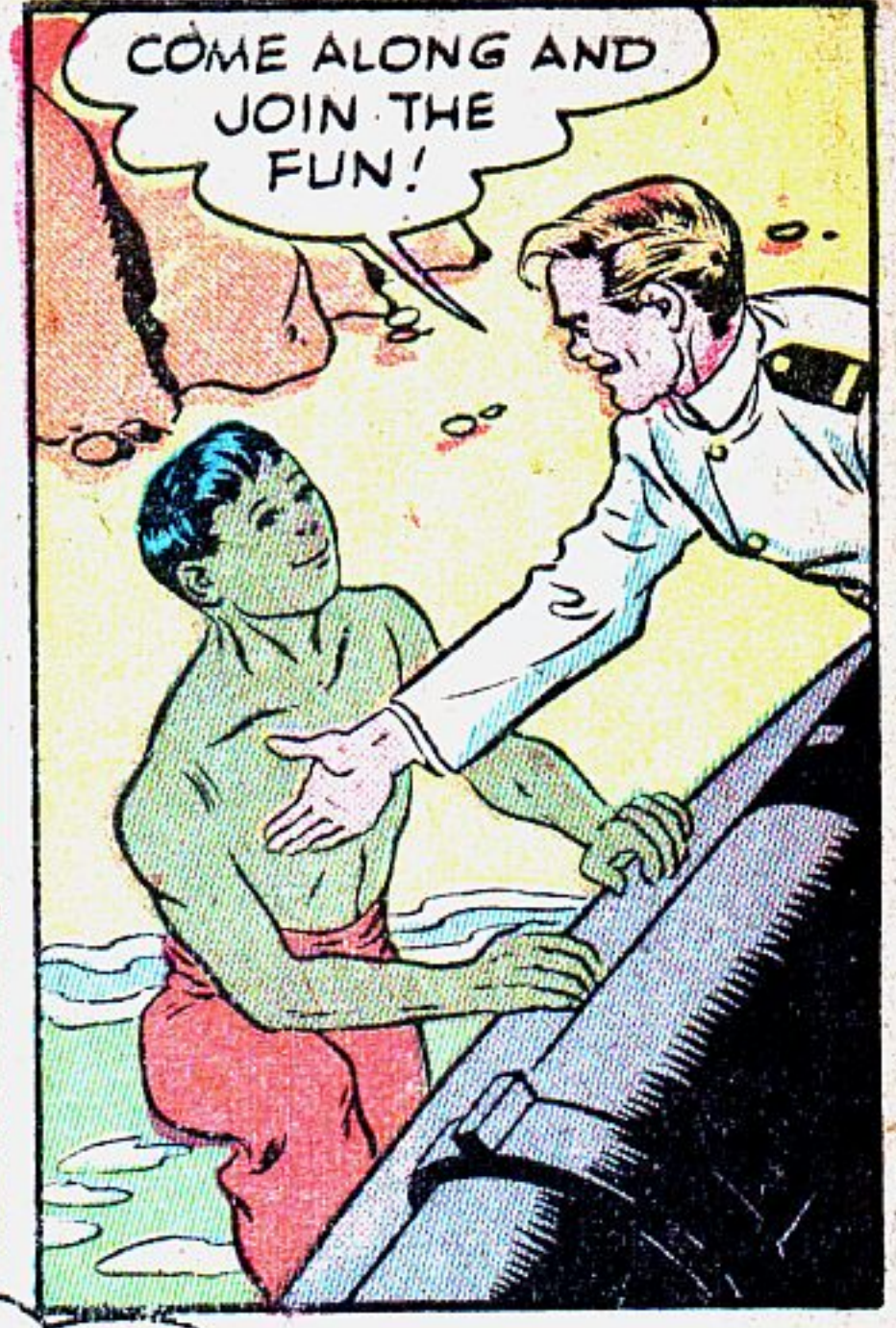
WE'RE  
READY  
TO GO!

HERE COMES  
ONE OF THE  
NATIVE  
BOYS!

MBWALA!  
MBWALA!



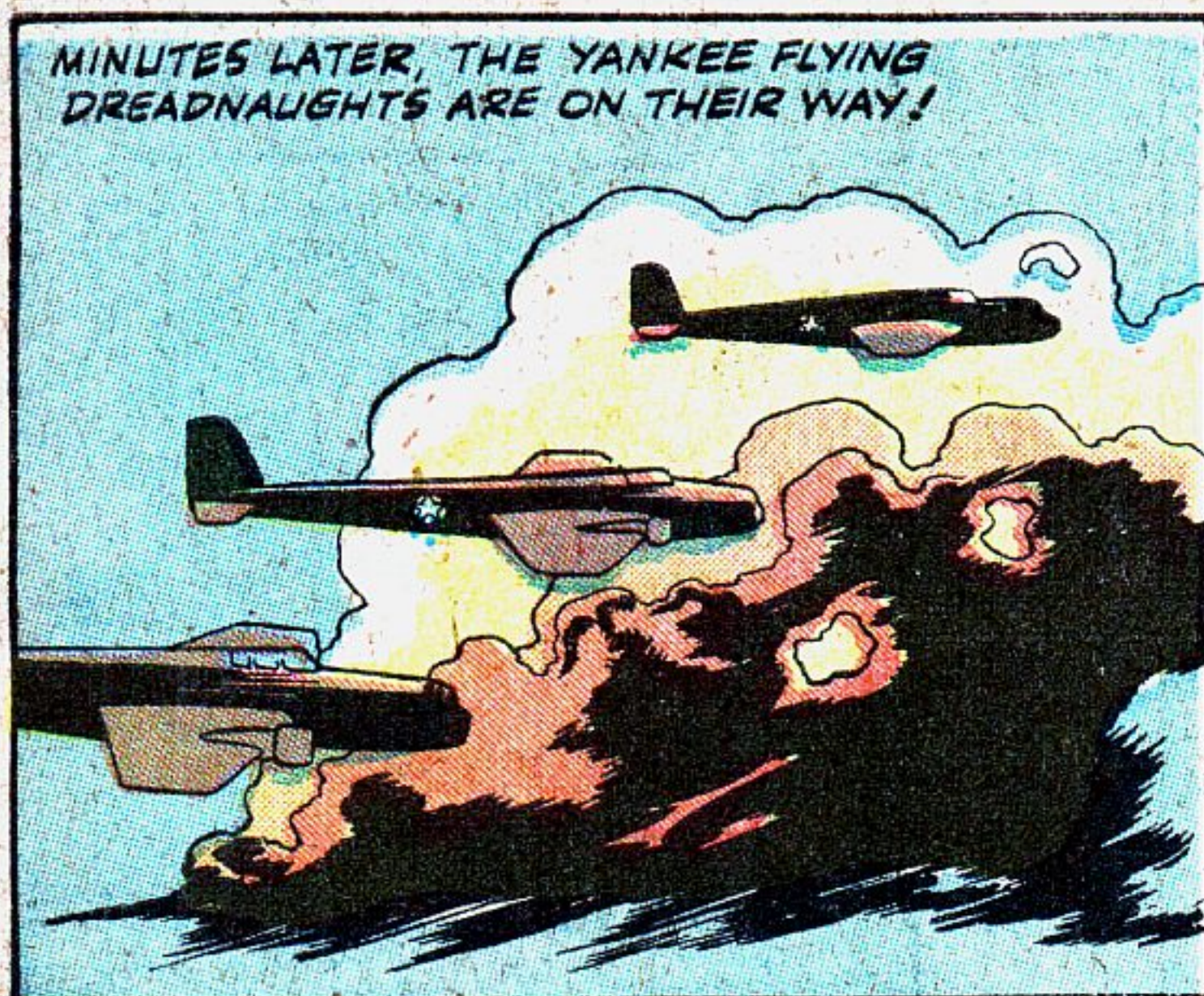




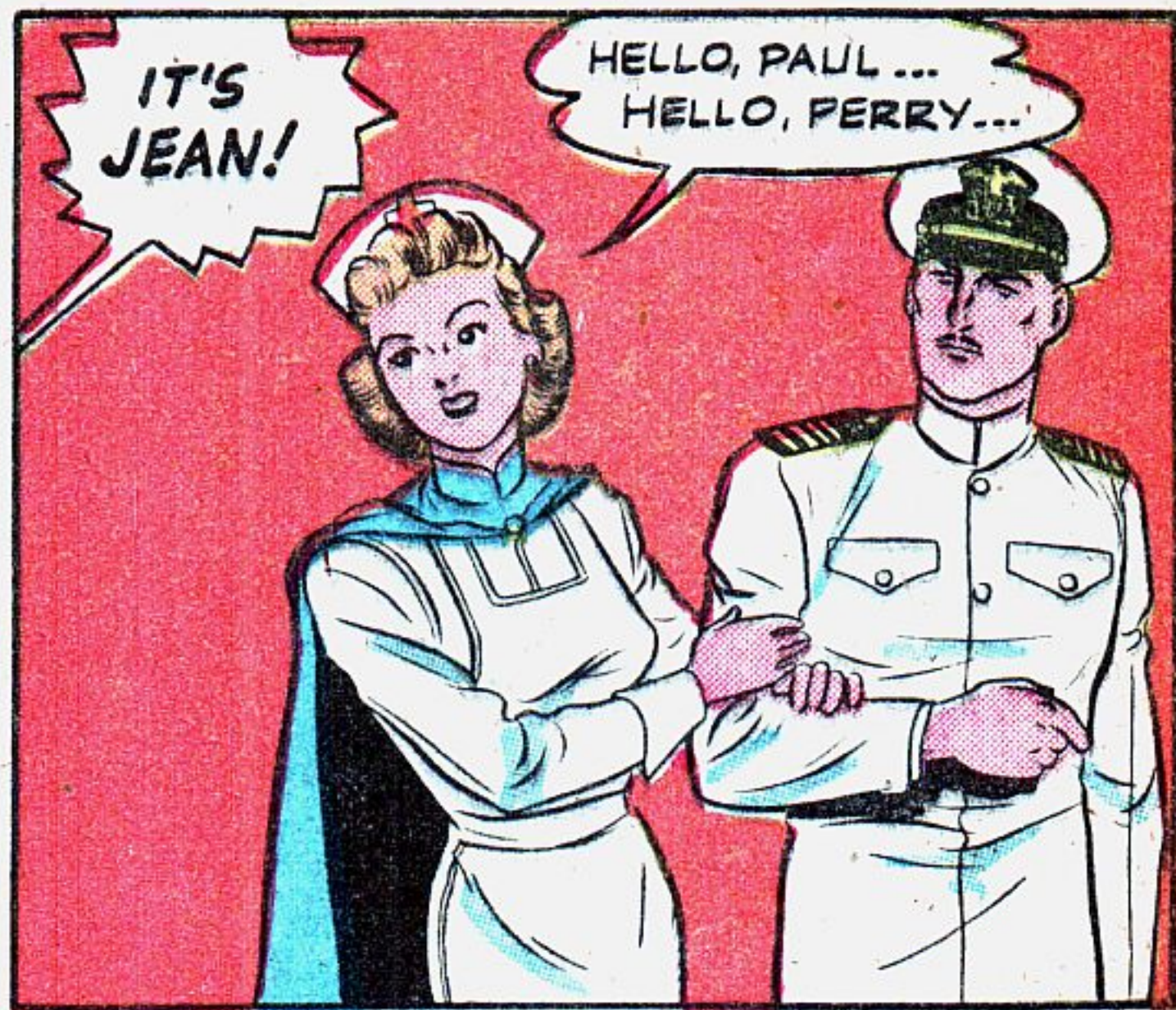
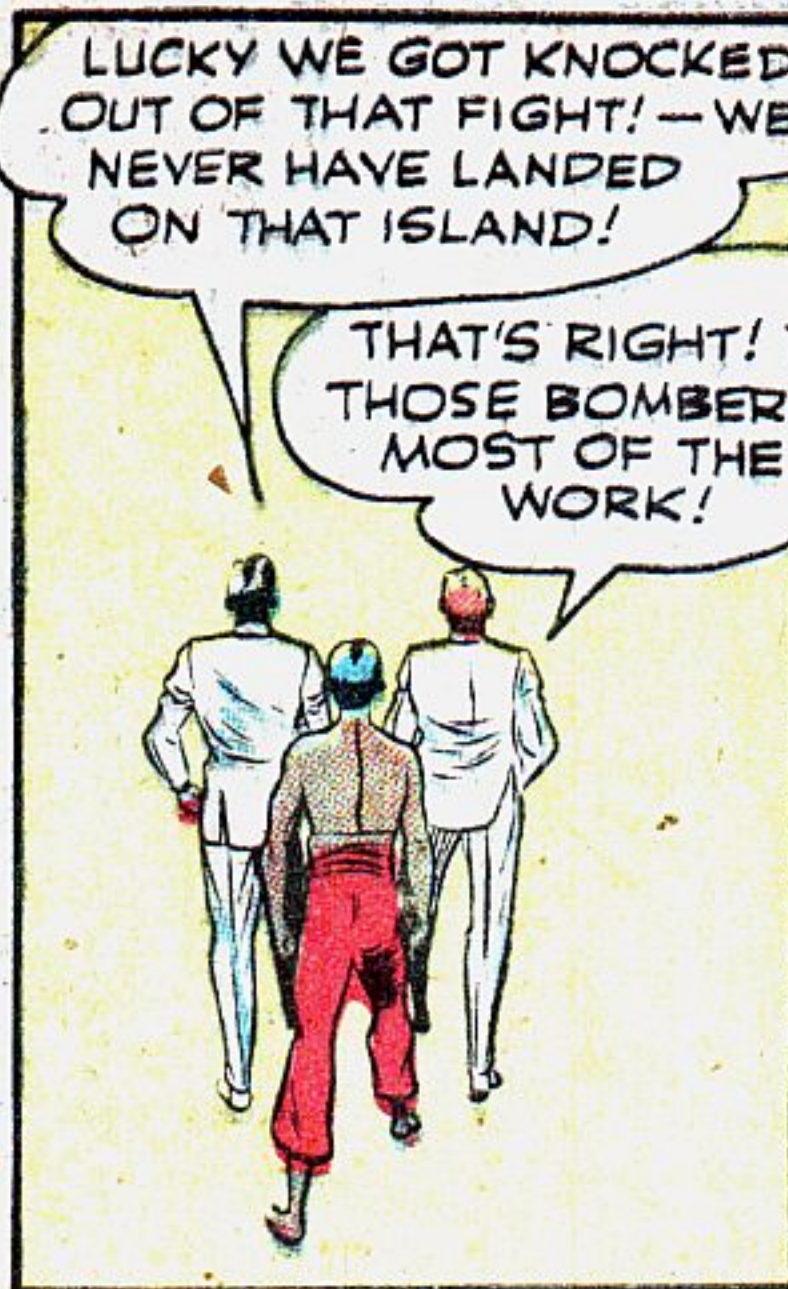




**S**TRAIGHT  
AWAY, THE  
PT BOAT  
SPEEDS BACK  
TO ITS  
BASE...  
PERRY AND  
PAUL  
REPORT  
TO THE  
COMMANDING  
OFFICER...









# The HAWK and the DRAGON

SATURDAY ISLAND, that had once been American, was triply fortified by its treacherous Japanese captors. Every coral rock sheltered a machine gun, every brushy clump of palm or bamboo hid anti-aircraft equipment. A row of hangars cunningly camouflaged, housed bomber and fighter planes. A garrison of two battalions of picked Nipponese infantry occupied neat barracks. The harbor was full of supply and battle craft. And the former peaceable islanders—inoffensive natives, as well as such Americans as had survived the invasion—toiled ceaselessly at carrying bales, boxes and sheafs of equipment to the storehouses.

General Murako, favored cousin of the Emperor and deservedly hated throughout the Pacific for his cunning and cruelty, stood at the doorway of his own quarters and watched the work. He was big, one of the biggest Japanese in existence—six feet tall, and tremendously broad for even that height. His beefy bulk and smooth movements bespoke the trained athlete, a holder of high honors in the semi-ceremonial brotherhood of Judo—that method of self-defense which is at once a skill, a religion and a brotherhood among the people of the Rising Sun.

"As a visitor you will be interested," he addressed the chubby little officer beside him. "All this looks to be an impregnable defense, eh? Yet we intend to desert it as the American advance rolls this way across the Pacific—desert and retreat with barely enough resistance to make things look natural."

"Impossible!" murmured the little fellow respectfully. "You,

General Murako, are a high leader of the Black Dragon society of Nippon—sworn never to withdraw except to deal a knockout blow——"

"Ah, that's just it!" Murako grinned as if his device were already successful. "You should be a Black Dragon yourself, Colonel! Our brotherhood planned this well . . . but I shall explain." One strong brown hand pointed to the lines of laden captives, driven to their work by the whips of overseers. "See them carrying those burdens? If they knew that they bore anything but mere food and clothing, they might rebel in horror. But I'll tell you, Colonel, they carry the death of their would-be rescuers!"

And General Murako laughed one of his rare, cold laughs.

"I — begin — to — understand——" ventured his companion slowly.

"Each man-load is a mass of high explosive," Murako told him, "and each load is equipped with a detonator—remote control radio device—that can be exploded from a distance. Our ships are full of such things. We shall put them at all landing points. Then, when the Americans come, we withdraw. They think to take Saturday Island—steam into the harbor, land their garrison. And, when the time is ripe——" He made an upward gesture. "We blow the whole expedition to pieces!"

The chubby colonel shook his head. "If it is set off too early or too late . . ."

"No chance of that." Murako put his hand inside his tunic and brought out a radio device the size of an alarm clock. "Only this single control can cause the explosion. And I

carry it with me constantly. Mine will be the finger that touches the button and blows thousands of Americans to bits."

At that moment, voices rose from the palm jungle behind Murako's quarters — excited, rough voices. Then the sound of hurrying feet, and a non-commissioned officer came into view, saluting.

"Mighty general! Prisoners have been taken!"

Murako stared. "More? But I thought we had combed the island!"

"These came in an American scouting plane that crashed in the jungle. A patrol went to see, and they surrendered. Here they come now."

A group of wiry little Japanese infantrymen were herding three tall blue-clad captives into view. Murako stared. His narrow eyes grew narrower.

"I know these men . . . have seen their pictures . . . yes! They are BLACKHAWKS!"

The nearest captive nodded. He was dark, handsome, powerful-looking.

"Right, General. I'm Blackhawk. These are my lieutenants——"

"I know them," snapped Murako. "Olaf and Andre. Right? Well!" and he grinned. "What a triumph for me when I give you to my emperor!"

Olaf reddened a trifle, Andre bit his moustache. That was all.

"And you are such heroes, such champion fighters!" jeered the general. "Why didn't you fight against capture? Or did you realize, as the world will soon realize, that the Japanese are bound to be masters?" He



thrust his face close to Blackhawk's. "Well for you that you did not resist. My men are all experts in judo, the highest form of jiu-jitsu. They would have broken you into pieces."

Blackhawk scowled. "We're prisoners of war. We demand proper treatment."

"And you shall have it," promised Murako. "All prisoners here work. You are all strong. You shall form a special gang to fetch and carry from the ships to the island. And I'll put a trusted guard over you—an officer——"

"General," put in the little colonel. "A favor, if you please. Let me guard these men."

"Well thought of," approved Murako. "March them away."

He gazed as his companion led the three big Blackhawks out of sight. He made a new plan. The other captives should be left behind when the island was deserted, to die with the attacking Americans. But these men should be brought back with him. He would show them to Emperor Hirohito in Tokyo—then, for a triumphant exhibition, cripple and kill them with judo. He licked his lips with relish at the thought.

\* \* \*

The Americans were coming!

A fleet of cruisers and destroyers, screening transports with troops, had been sighted. The Japanese garrison of Saturday Island stood ready at its guns, the planes hummed in the hangars. General Murako, at a point of observation, waited.

"Is the colonel bringing those Blackhawks?" he asked an orderly. "Quickly, I say! Tell him——"

"Here he comes, sir," said the orderly, and four figures—three huge, one small—approached. Murako smiled.

"Greetings," he sneered at Blackhawk. "You've worked hard these past days? Obeyed orders? Good! For when we de-

part from the island you alone will accompany us, while the others stay to perish."

"Perish?" repeated Olaf. "You'd kill helpless captives?"

"Silence, dog!" snarled Murako. "Speak when I give you leave. Colonel, these men have worked under your direction?"

"Like lambs," assured the colonel, with a bow.

"You personally supervised the planting of the explosives they carried?"

"I did."

"Then I shall tell them," and Murako was smiling once more, "what they have done."

He faced Blackhawk. "You have laid traps for your own friends. The stuff you carried was to blow up the Americans as they landed——"

Blackhawk shrugged, as if bored. "Oh, I know all about it, general," he added. "Don't waste your breath. It's all to be set off by you at the proper time, by punching a button on that radio gadget you carry under your blouse—like this!"

He moved with lightning speed for so big a man. His hand shot at the chest of the general. Murako, for all his judo training, could not avoid the move. Blackhawk quickly found the lump that betokened the radio device, pressed a button through the uniform——

BAM!!!!

In a score of places the island seemed to spout fire like a volcanic eruption. Anti-aircraft guns sprang high into the sky. Hangars burst like seed-pods, then belched flame. And the ships, the ships in the harbor——

"Treachery!" yelled Murako. "Explosives were left aboard our fighting craft—they're blown to bits, sinking!"

He felt for his pistol. Andre had snatched it away and was threatening the orderly.

"Things change," Andre said. "Now we are masters, you are

captives—look yonder! We told the others where and how to rush for the arsenal and grab the rifles!"

It was true. The erstwhile slaves of the Japanese had armed themselves and were rounding up throngs of Japanese soldiers.

"Who said Japanese never surrendered?" said Olaf softly.

Murako drew something else from his belt—a dagger. "Suicide—hari-kari—that's left——" he breathed.

But Blackhawk threw his big fist. Murako went down like an empty sack, and lay dazed as Blackhawk disarmed him.

"Judo's a good method of defense, but it can't protect you against a good left hook," Blackhawk said. "Stand up, General. You say you know the Blackhawks. Why didn't you recognize the colonel here?"

The colonel had taken off his cap, and was showing his teeth in a broad smile.

"Permit me," he said. "I'm Chop-Chop!"

"We fitted him up with the uniform and credentials of a captured Japanese officer," explained Blackhawk. "You see, there were some rumors, picked up by your spies, of what you intended doing here. So the bunch of us came to spoil your little plan."

Murako bowed his head. He was beaten, and he knew it.

"And all was ordered so carefully," he half-sobbed. "So masterfully!"

"Like your judo. Wonderful method of fighting—but it forgets that the other side has wonderful methods, too. We came ashore as prisoners, Chop-Chop pretended to guard us, and we planted explosives where they'd harm you instead of us. Now, come down to the shore."

The foremost American craft were already heading for the occupation of Saturday Island.



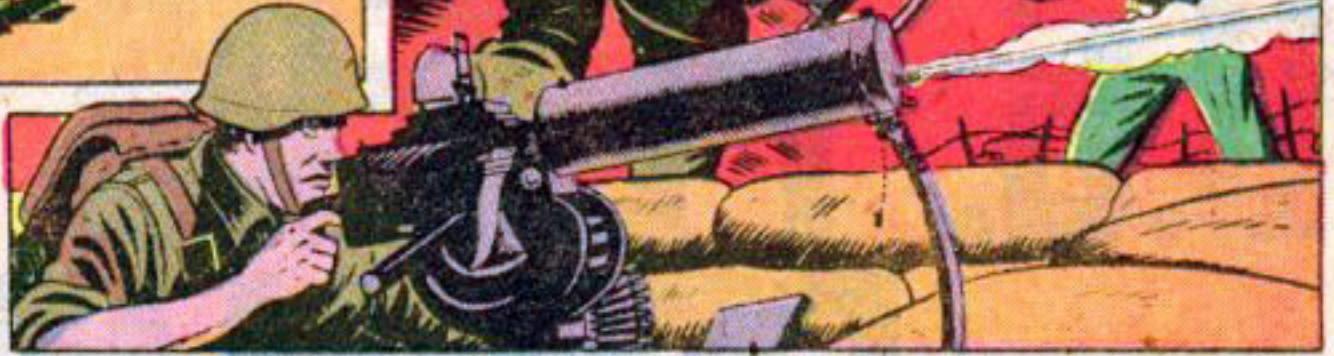
# THE PACIFIC PATROL

A SECRET NEW AMERICAN ISLAND BASE IN THE PACIFIC IS SUDDENLY RAIDED BY JAPANESE CARRIER-BASED DIVE BOMBERS.

AN ARMY SERGEANT PASSES OUT RIFLES TO THE CIVILIAN WORKERS

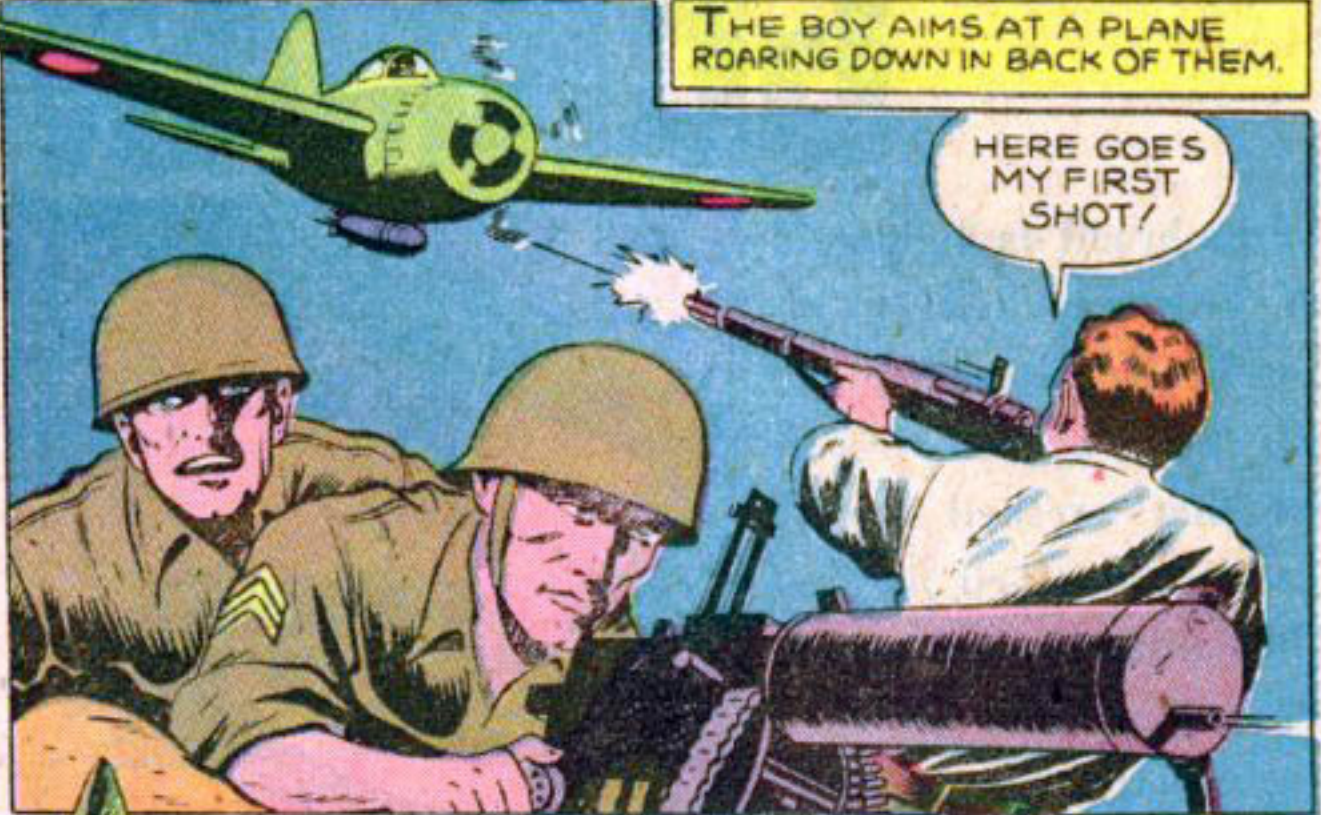
HERE, KID - EVER SHOOT A GUN?

Y-YES! BUT ONLY AT RABBITS!



THE BOY AIMS AT A PLANE ROARING DOWN IN BACK OF THEM.

HERE GOES MY FIRST SHOT!



WELL, BLAZE AWAY AT THOSE NIPS WHILE I WORK MY MACHINE GUN!



HOLY SMOKE! THE KID BLEW UP THAT PLANE! HIS BULLET HIT THE DETONATOR ON THE BOMB IT WAS CARRYING!

LOOK! HE FAINTED!

YOU O.K., SHARP-SHOOTER?

SURE/BUT GEE WHIZ - I NEVER EXPECTED TO BRING DOWN A PLANE WITH A RIFLE SHOT!





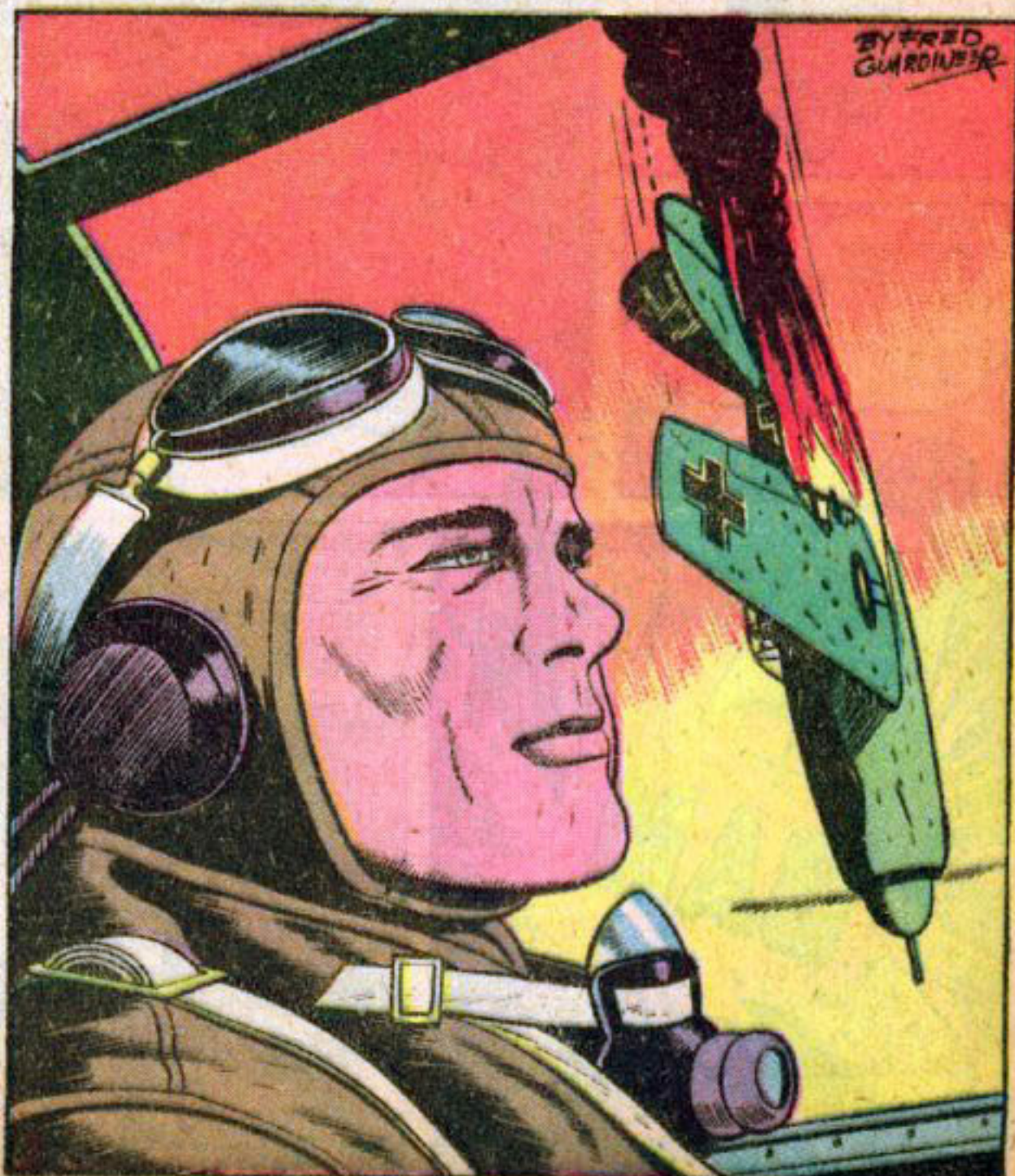


This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

# U.S. FLIERS RAID GERMANY

In a broad daylight raid on Germany Captain Charlie Kegelman's plane was struck by anti-aircraft fire that wrecked one of his twin engined motors. The damaged plane struck the ground and smashed its fuselage, but the valiant American and his crew got their plane back up in the air and destroyed several flank towers and ground batteries.

Captain Kegelman flew his damaged plane back to base and for his daring feat was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and promoted to the grade of Major.





GENERAL DWIGHT EISENHOWER ARRIVES AT THE AIRFIELD THE DAY BEFORE THE ATTACK TO CHECK THE PLANS FOR THE RAID.



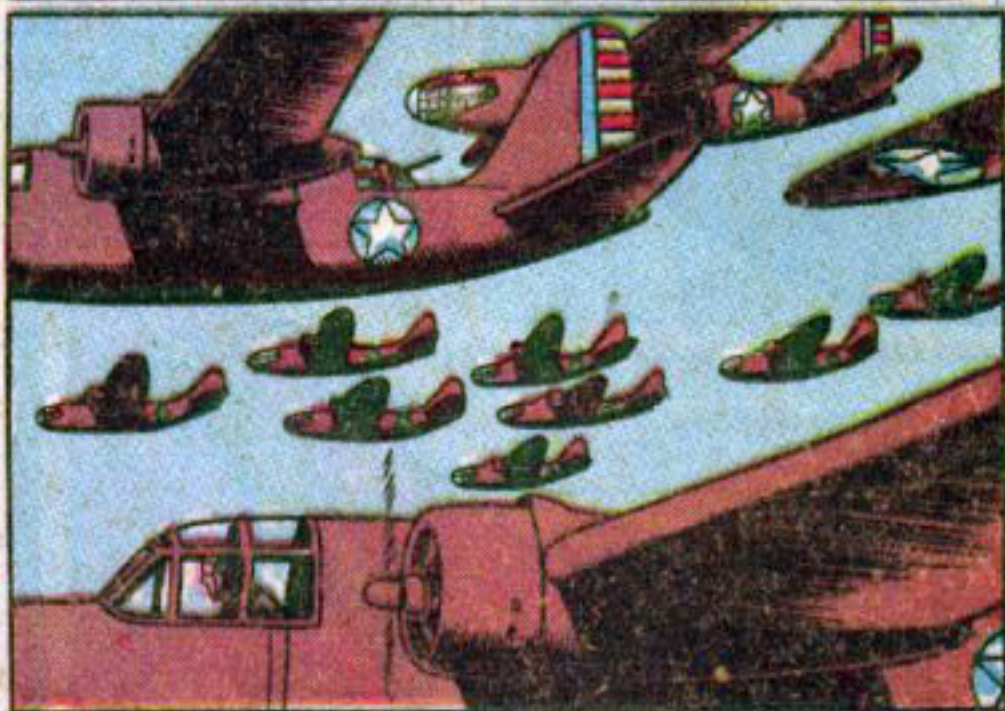
GOOD LUCK TOMORROW, CAPTAIN! YOU CAN GIVE THOSE NAZIS THE BUSINESS WITH THESE ATTACK BOMBERS!



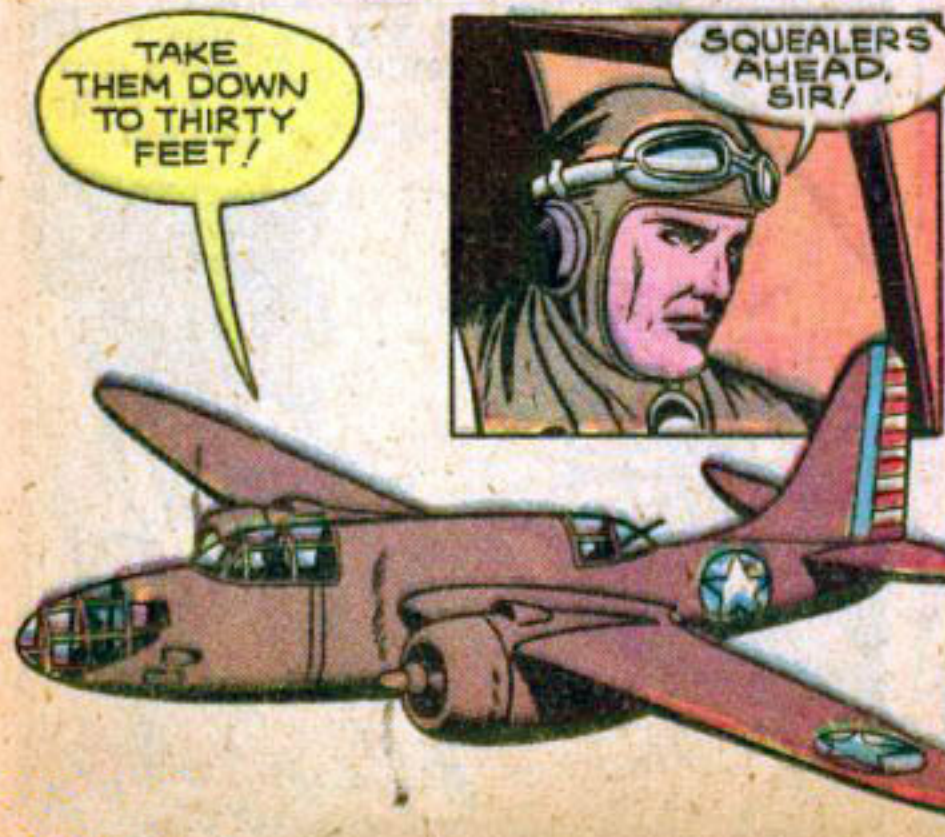
EARLY NEXT DAY CAPTAIN KEGELMAN AND HIS CREW, LIEUTENANT DORTON AND SERGEANTS CUNNINGHAM AND GOLAY, PREPARE TO TAKE-OFF.



SECONDS LATER 12 BOMBERS ARE ROARING OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL!



TAKE THEM DOWN TO THIRTY FEET!



NEARING THE ENEMY COAST THEY PASS SEVERAL SQUEALERS... GERMAN FISHING BOATS THAT REPORT PLANES TO THEIR FLAK BATTERIES ASHORE!









THEY FIGHT THEIR WAY TO THE AIRFIELD AND KEGELMAN'S PLANE SWEEPS IN FROM THE REAR...



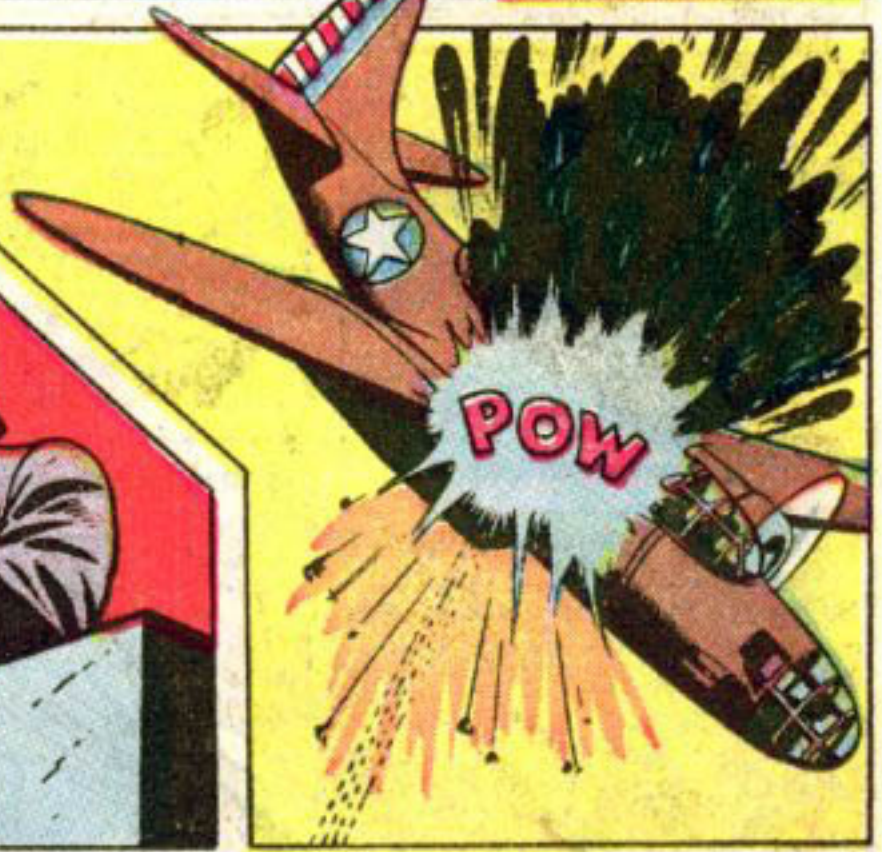
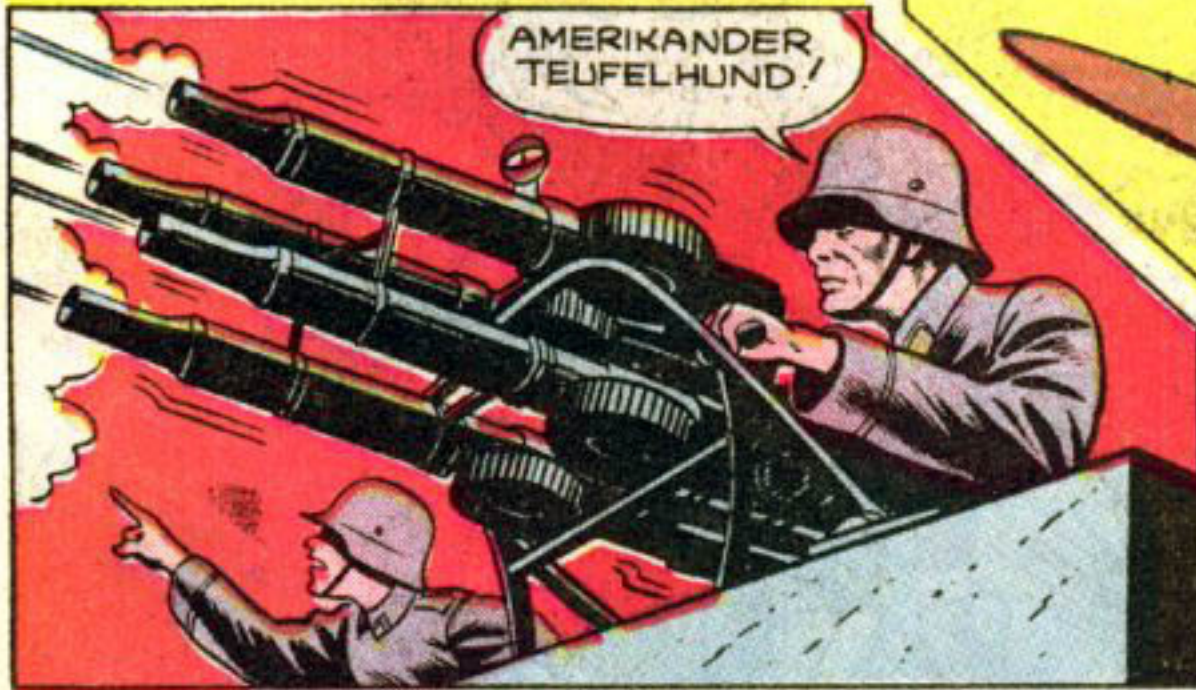
NOW FOR THAT FLAK TOWER!

GOT 'EM!



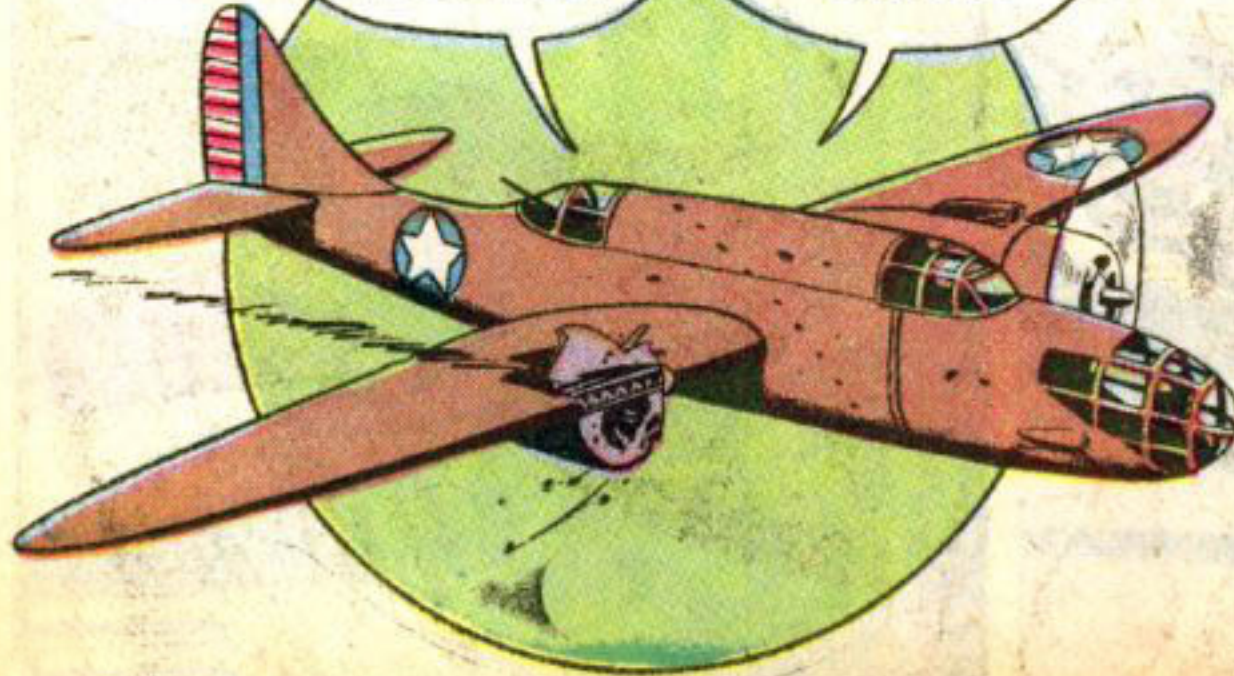
BUT FROM ANOTHER TOWER A MULTIPLE MACHINE GUN GETS THE CAPTAIN'S PLANE IN HIS SIGHTS!

AMERIKANDER TEUFELHUND!



THEY HIT OUR RIGHT ENGINE!

THE PROPELLER'S GONE!

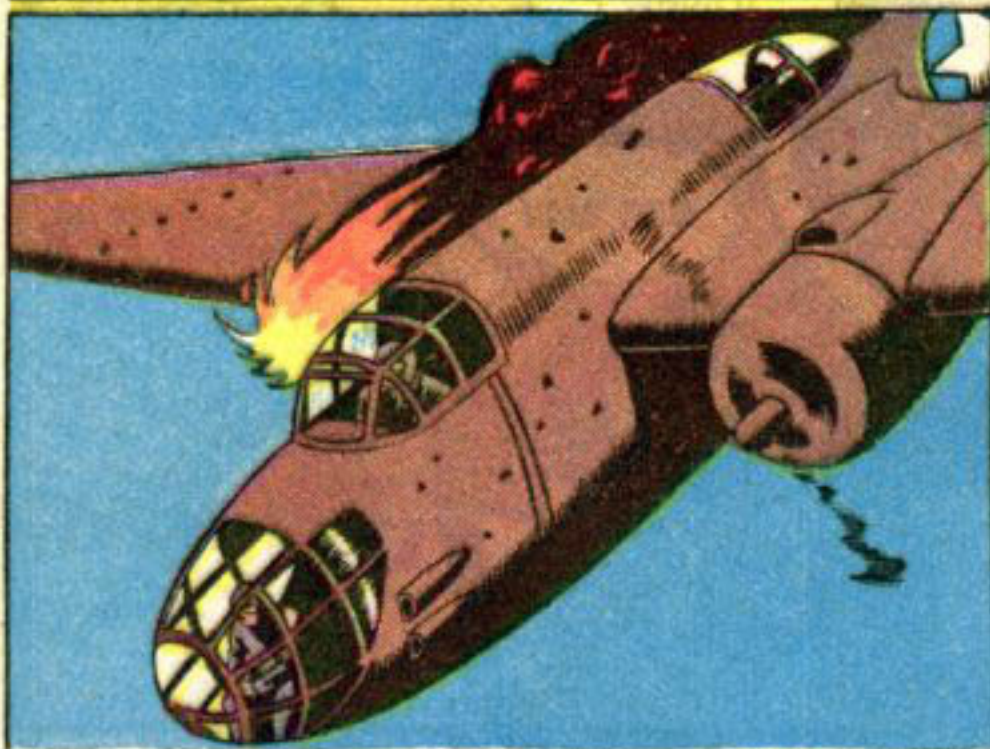


IT'S ON FIRE!

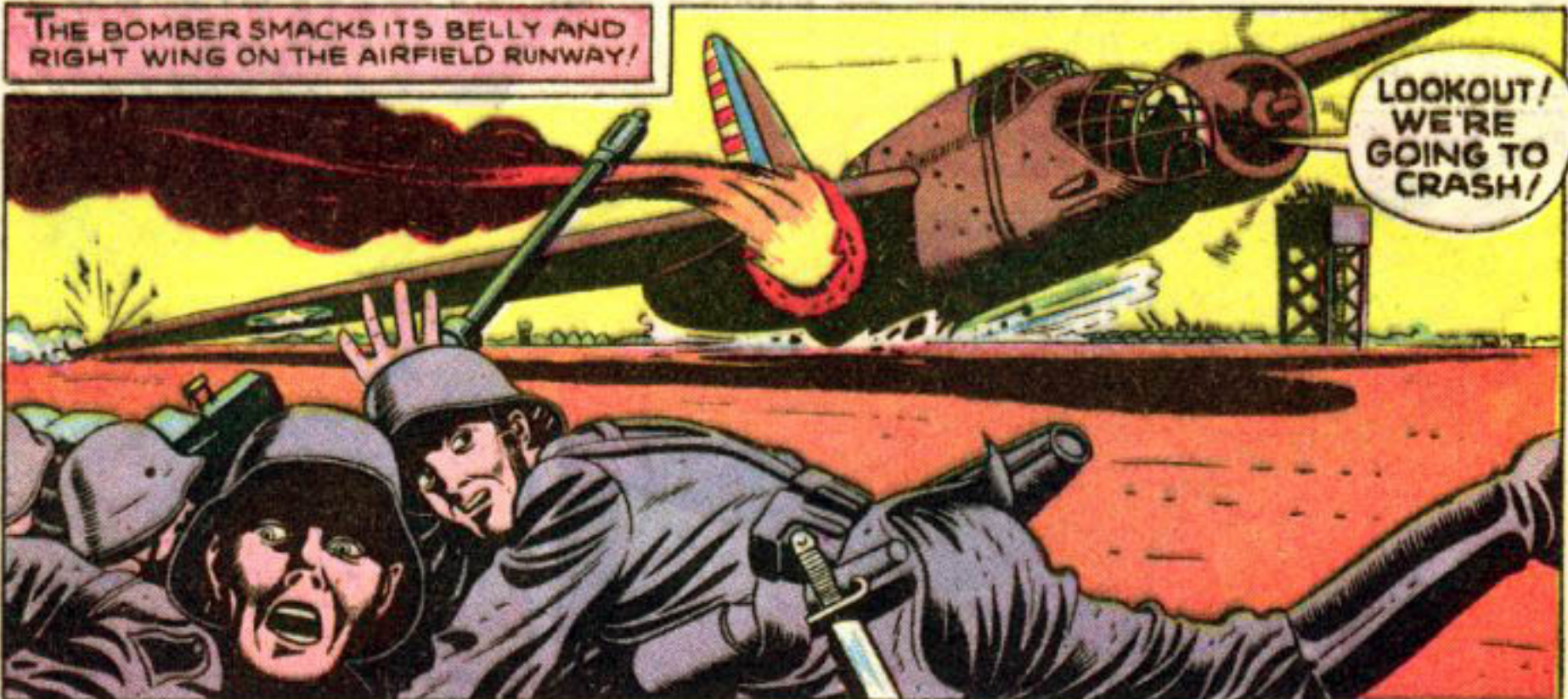




SUDDENLY THE PLANE SWERVES AND DIPS DOWN!



THE BOMBER SMACKS ITS BELLY AND RIGHT WING ON THE AIRFIELD RUNWAY!

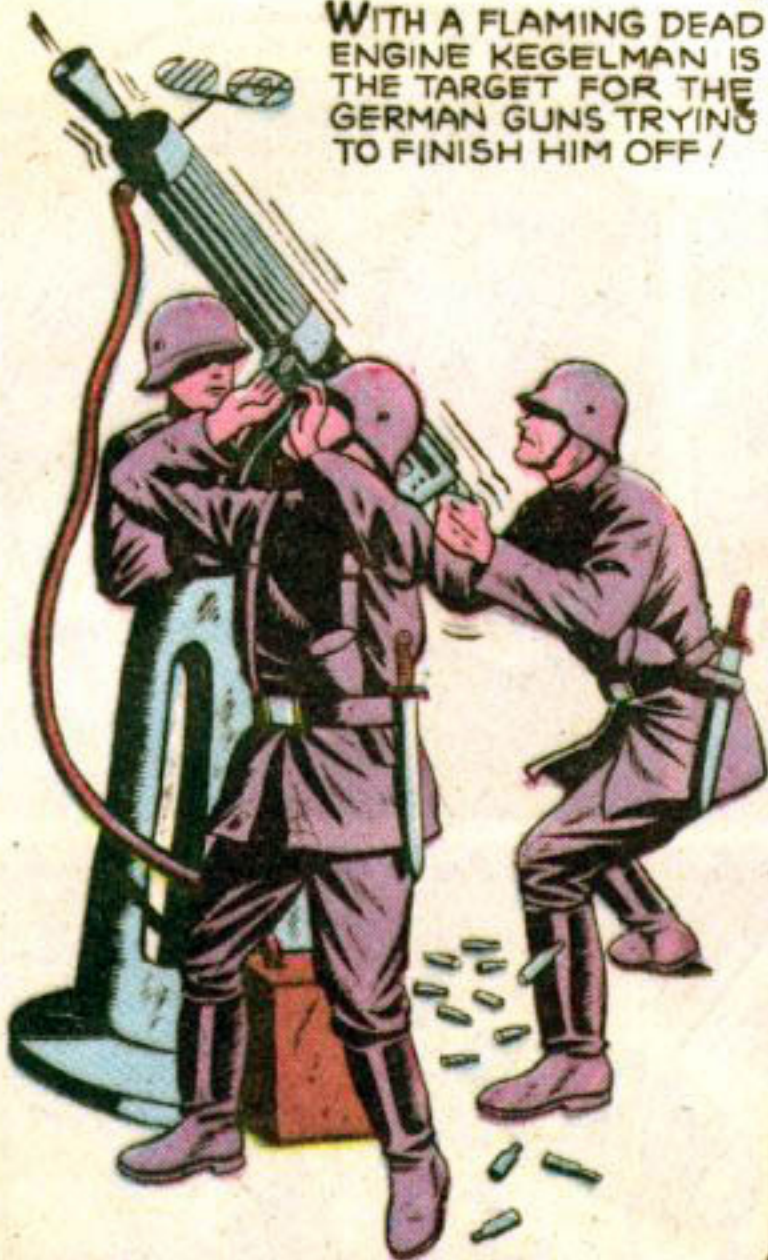


BUT THE ROCKETING SHIP CAROMS OFF!

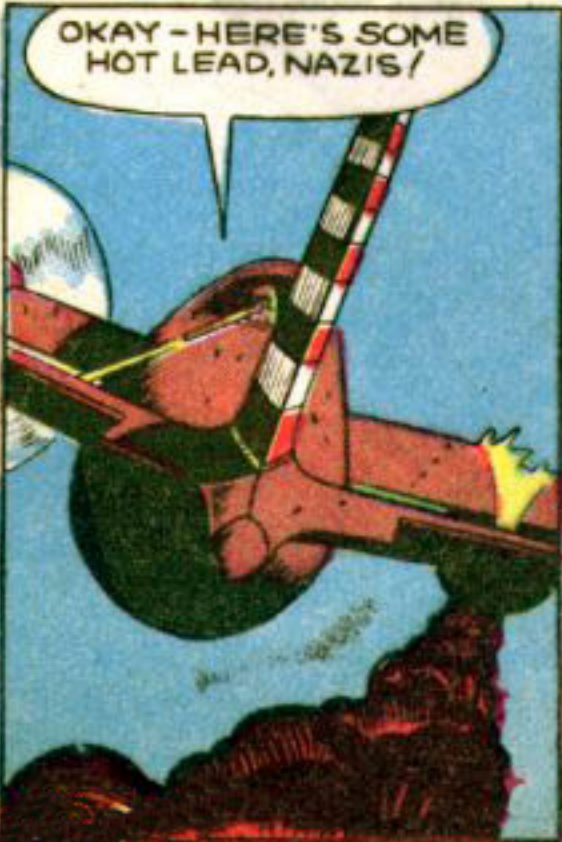




WITH A FLAMING DEAD ENGINE KEGELMAN IS THE TARGET FOR THE GERMAN GUNS TRYING TO FINISH HIM OFF!



FINALLY THE DAMAGED PLANE IS STRAIGHTENED OUT AND THEY BLAST ANOTHER FLAK TOWER!

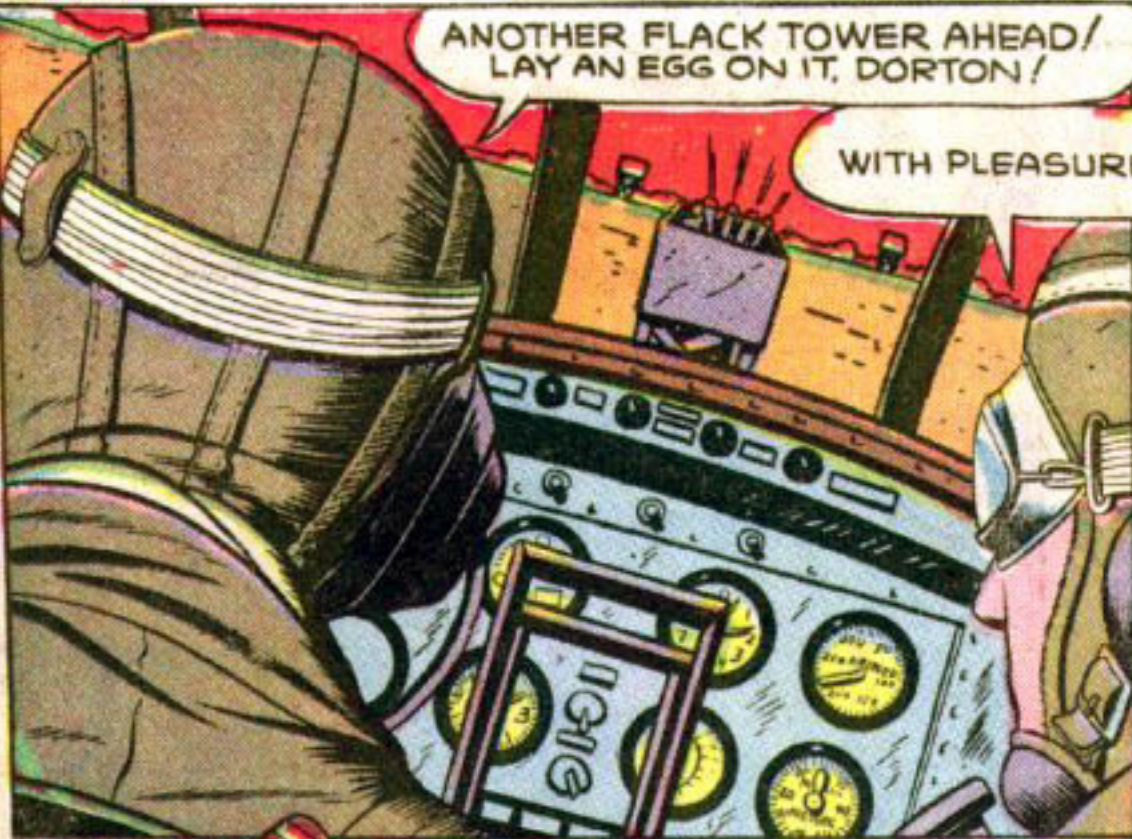




ANOTHER FLACK TOWER AHEAD/  
LAY AN EGG ON IT, DORTON!

WITH PLEASURE!

LIEUTENANT DORTON, THE BOMBAR-  
DIER, AIMS THROUGH HIS BOMBSIGHT.



THE PLANE'S BELLY  
OPENS UP AND A BOMB  
STREAKS TOWARD THE  
TOWER!



**CRASH**



THAT'S ALL  
BOYS! NOW WE CAN  
STEER OUR ONE-  
LUNGER HOME!

THIS  
SURE IS A  
TOUGH PLANE!  
THE BOYS IN  
THE FACTORIES  
ARE CERTAINLY  
TURNING OUT  
SWELL  
SHIPS!





# SAILOR DANNY

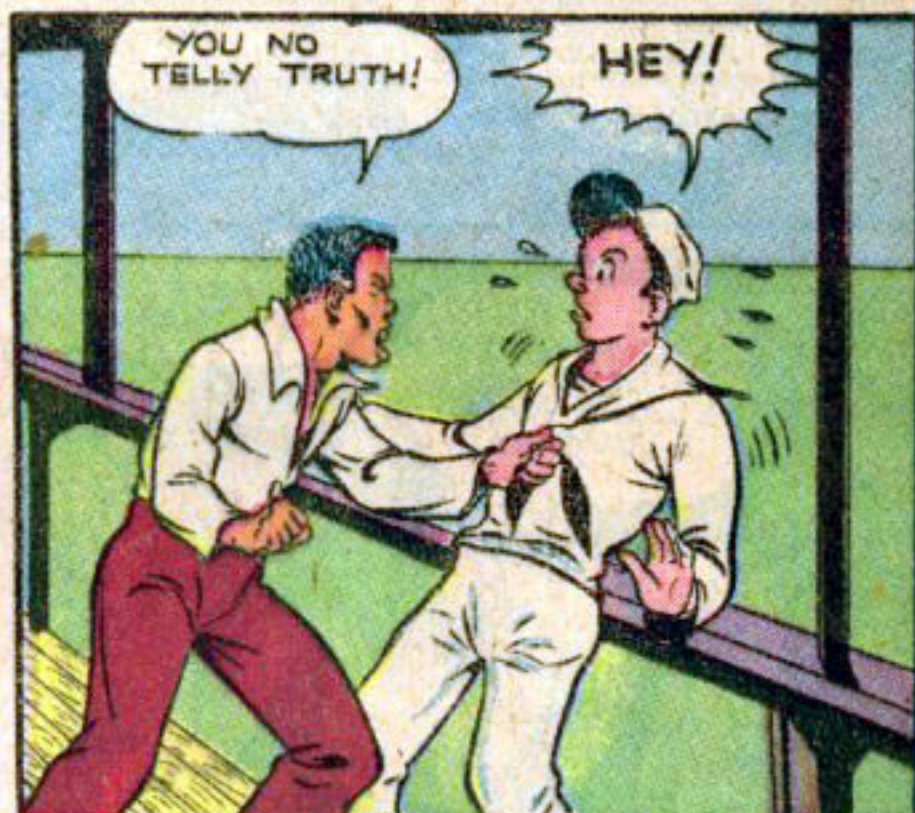
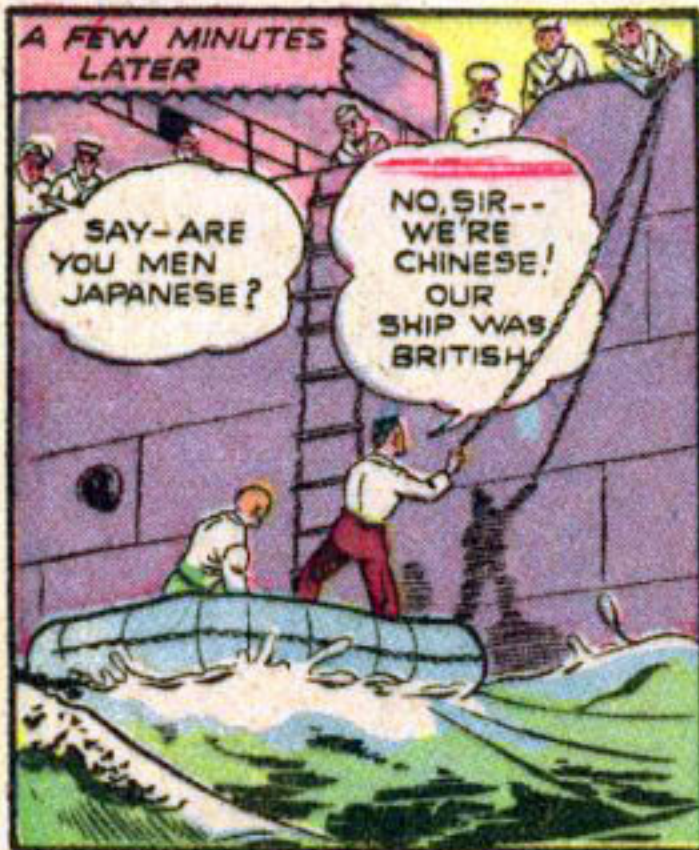
BY  
ART  
GATES

SAILOR DANNY IS A MEMBER OF THE GUN CREW OF THE MERCHANT SHIP - "BLACK DRAGON" WHICH IS A FEW DAYS OUT OF FRISCO ENROUTE FROM INDIA.

SO FAR THE PARROT WHICH HE BOUGHT IN BOMBAY HAS NOT BEEN DISCOVERED BY THE SKIPPER AND AS OUR STORY BEGINS HE IS GIVING IT A FEW LESSONS IN SIMPLE GRAMMAR!











BY JOVE -  
YOU'RE RIGHT!

WAIT - HE  
MAKE MISTAKE  
-- MY HAIR  
DOESN'T GROW  
AT ALL!



-- BECAUSE I  
WEAR A  
WIG!



!★!! DANNY--  
I'LL SEE YOU  
IN A FEW  
MINUTES - YOU  
MEN COME  
WITH ME!

BOY-- NOW I  
AM IN TH'  
DOG HOUSE  
FER KEEPS!



JUST A MINUTE  
NOW AND I'LL  
GET A REPORT  
FORM --

IT WON'T BE  
**NECESSARY,**  
CAPTAIN!



HUH! -- WHAT'S  
TH' MEANING  
OF THIS!!

YOUR SAILOR WAS RIGHT,  
CAPTAIN - WE **ARE** JAPANESE!  
OUR SUBMARINE HAS HER  
TORPEDO TUBES  
TRAINED ON YOU RIGHT  
NOW! WE WANT FOOD  
AND OIL ---



WE ARE GOING TO SINK  
THIS SHIP-- BUT UNLESS  
WE GET THE SUPPLIES--  
THERE WILL BE NO  
**SURVIVORS!** -- DO  
YOU UNDERSTAND??

WHY YOU  
!★!!!



**SILENCE!!**  
ORDER YOUR  
CREW TO THE  
DECK--AND  
IF YOU TRY  
ANY FOOLISHNESS  
-- **EVERY**  
MAN WILL  
DIE!!

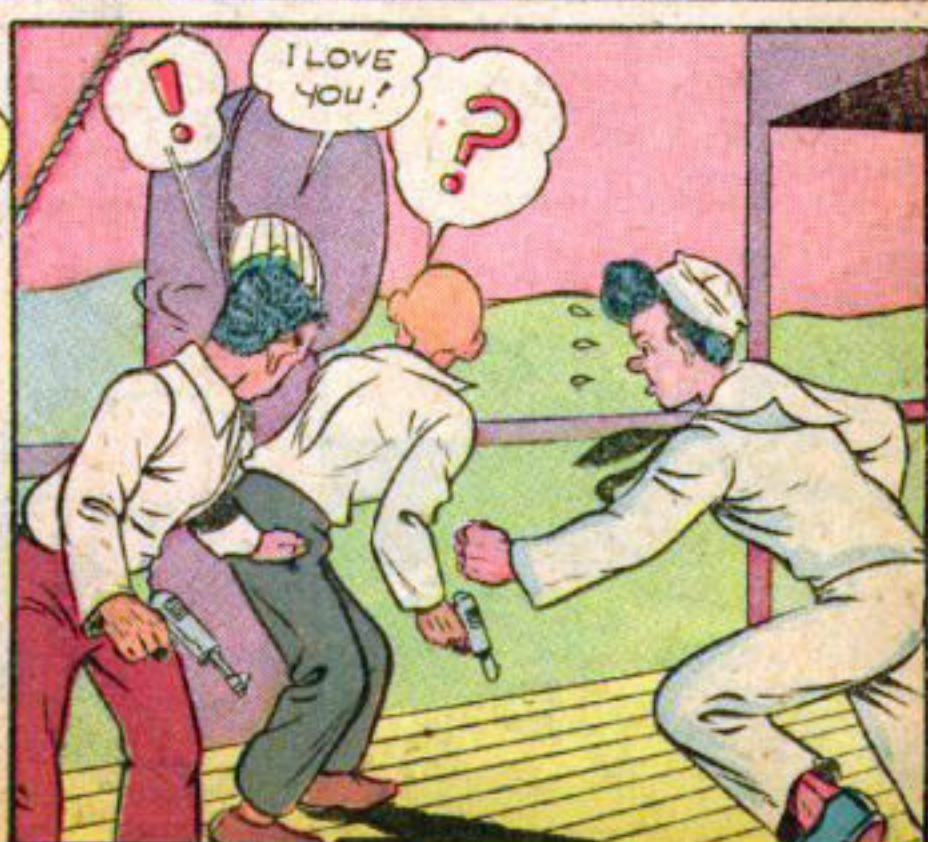
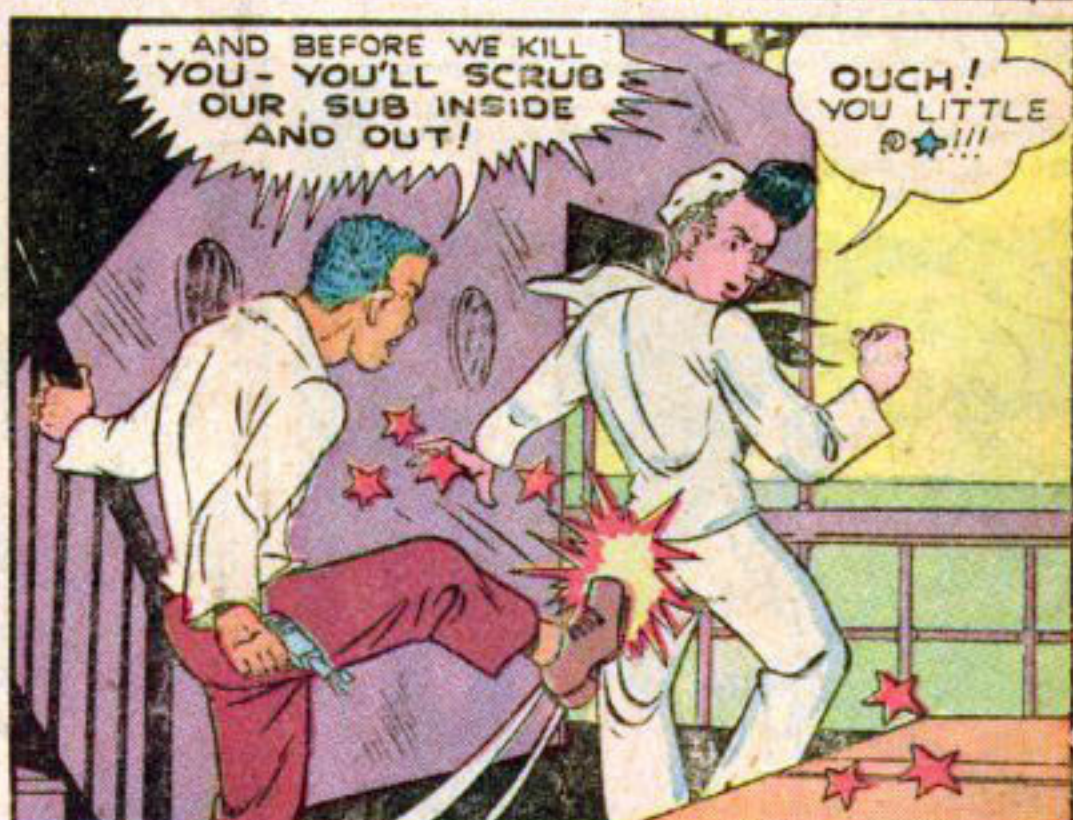
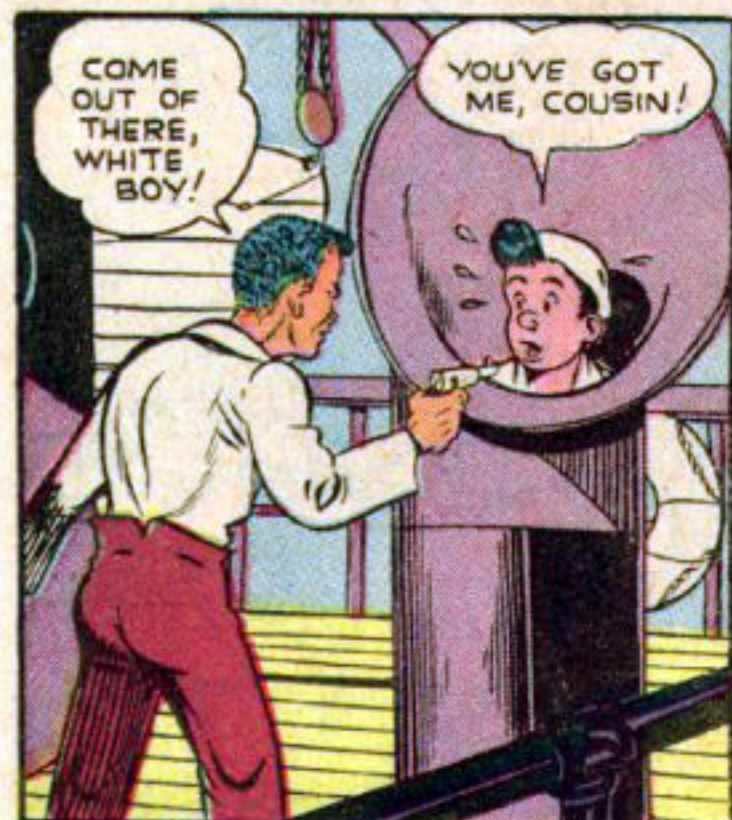


REALIZING THE USELESSNESS OF  
RESISTING, THE CAPTAIN CARRIES  
OUT THE JAP ORDERS!

THE ONE WHO  
STRUCK ME IS  
MISSING! GET  
HIM!

WE CAN'T  
FIND HIM  
ABOARD!

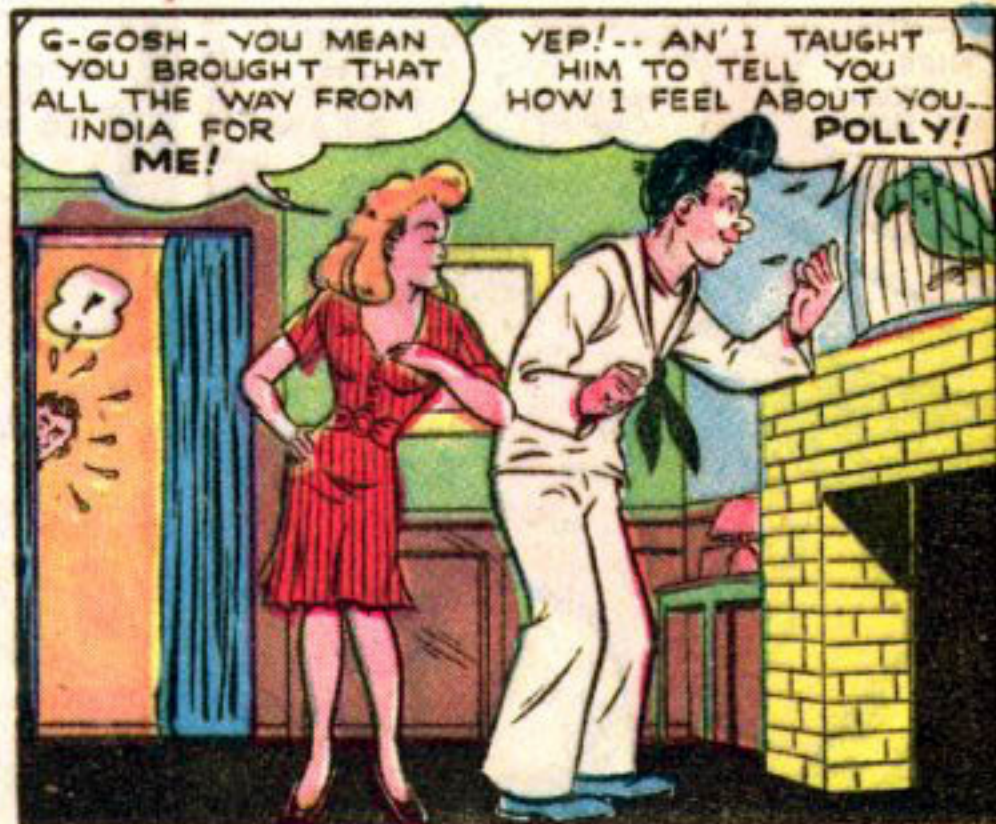
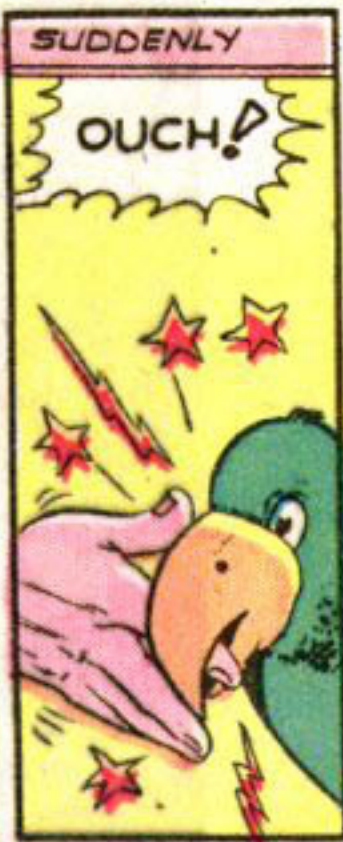












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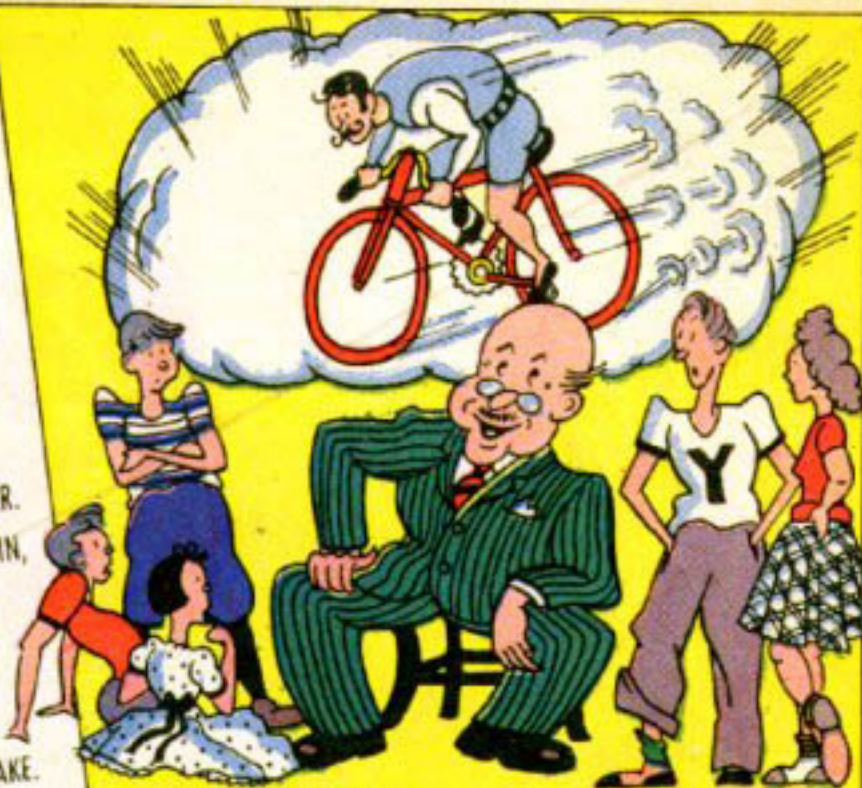


## GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

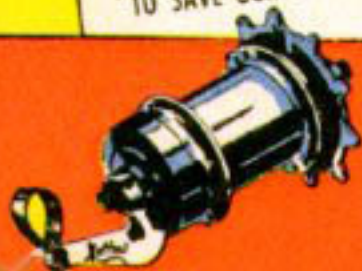
OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,  
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!  
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,  
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—  
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."  
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,  
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,  
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE.  
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—  
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



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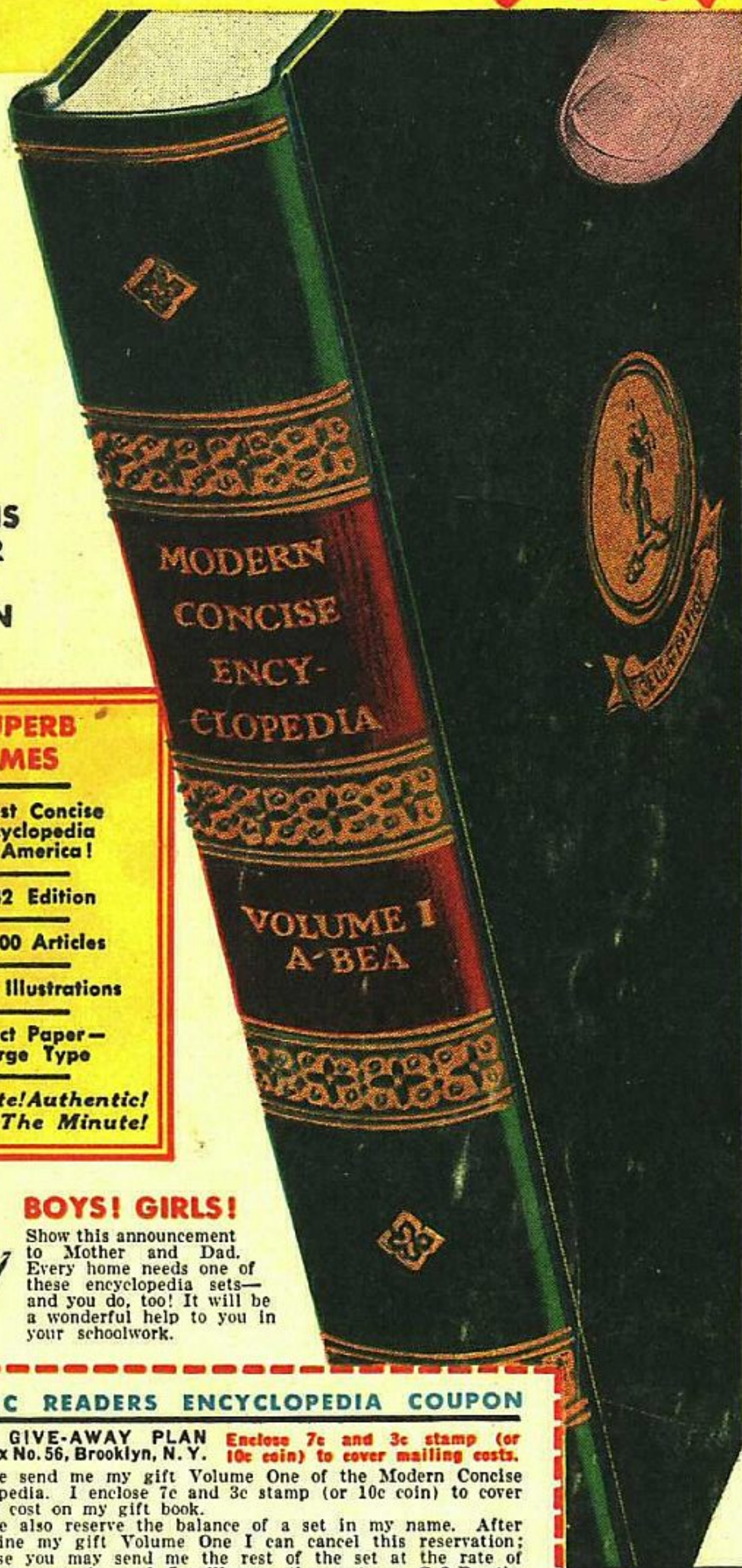
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